

RADIO-TV MIRROR

FEBRUARY



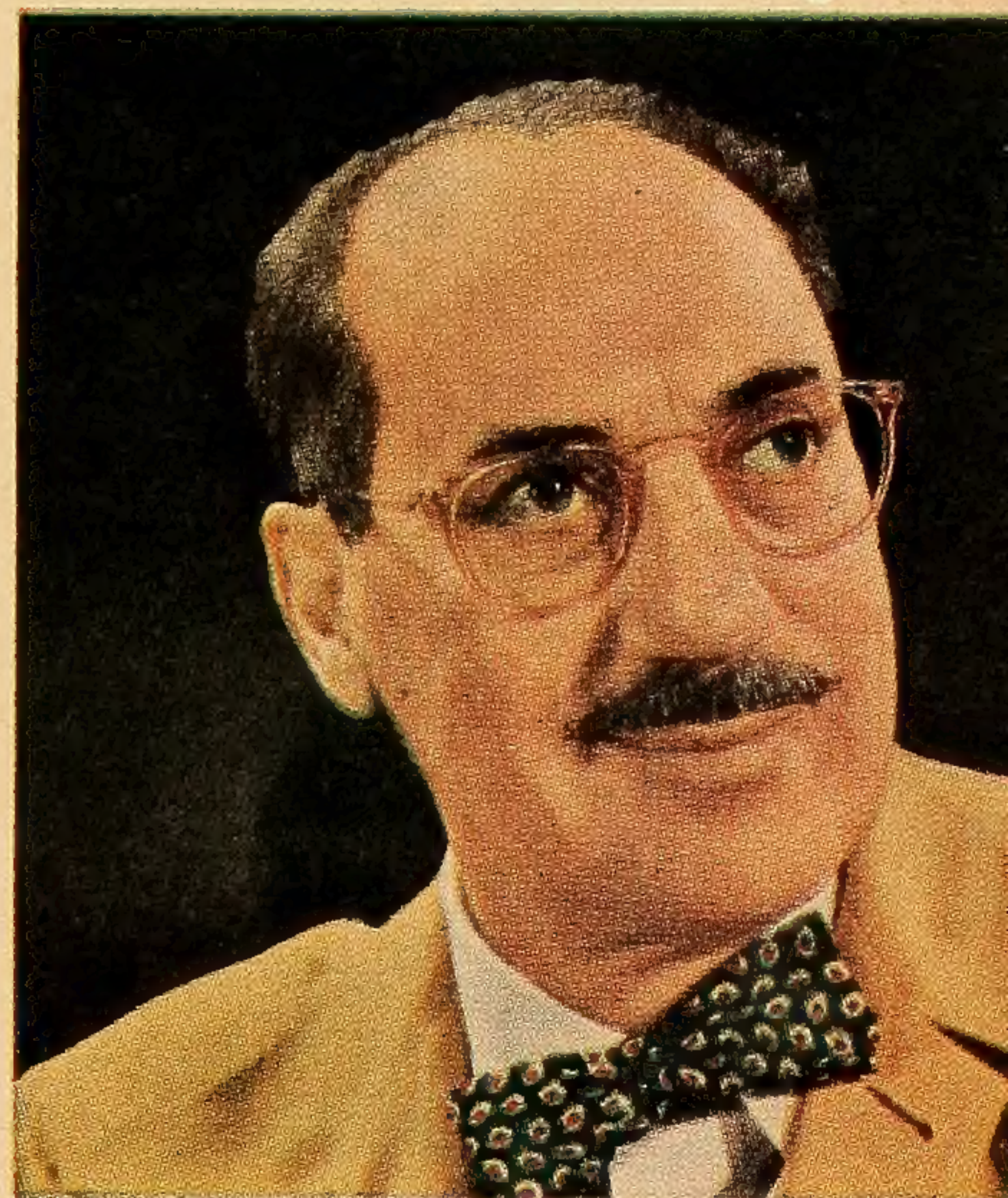
Grace Matthews,
Court Benson,
children
Paul, Andrea

N. Y. radio, TV listings

Elaine Kent
Our Gal Sunday



Groucho Marx
Man Behind the Cigar



Elaine Rost
Perry Mason



ey Say We're in Love — Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker 25¢

WIN your "dream kitchen"! **20 CONTESTS IN 20 DAYS!** Enter every contest!

20
BEAUTIFUL
CROSLEY
KITCHENS!

OVER \$100,000 TOTAL VALUE
IN PRIZES!

ENTER THIS BIG **CAMAY** and **IVORY SNOW** CONTEST NOW!



CROSLEY ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHENS are a sensation among homemakers! Finest design—sturdiest construction—beauty and convenience in every detail. Your Crosley Kitchen makes meal-planning, cooking, and "kitchen-living" more fun . . . saves you time, work, money! First-Prize Kitchens include all these units, plus installation allowance of \$500 in cash!

Crosley Shelvador® Freezer with shelves on the lid for extra "top-level" space.

Crosley Electric Range with double-oven, divided top, and deep-well unit.

Crosley Automatic Dishwasher-Sink Combination with Revolving SwirlClean Tray.

Crosley Shelvador® Twin-Automatic Refrigerator that doubles front-row space.

Crosley Kitchen Cabinets—up to value of \$400—to fit individual kitchen needs.

Crosley Coloradio designed especially for the kitchen.

SEE these magnificent awards at your Crosley Dealer's!

Look! You can win these prizes every day!

1 FIRST PRIZE EVERY DAY!

Luxurious Crosley All-Electric Kitchen (described at left), plus \$500 cash installation allowance!

3 SECOND PRIZES EVERY DAY!

8-cubic-ft.-capacity Crosley Shelvador Freezer!

25 THIRD PRIZES EVERY DAY!

Smart, console-toned Crosley Coloradios!

PLUS GRAND PRIZE OF \$5000

for best 1st-prize-winning entry in entire contest!

WIN EXTRA AWARDS!

1st-prize winners who send boxtop from Giant-Size Ivory Snow, or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers, with entries, win an extra \$100 down payment on a new Crosley Television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner!



FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. Complete this sentence—"I keep (choose one—Camay, Ivory Snow) on hand because" in 25 additional words or less.

2. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

3. **Mail to: Contest, Box 3-M, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.** Send as many entries as you want, but enclose 1 Ivory Snow boxtop or 3 Camay wrappers (any size) with each entry. If you enclose 1 Giant-Size Ivory Snow boxtop, or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers with your entry and you win one of the Crosley Kitchens, you will also receive an extra \$100 down payment on a new Crosley Television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner.

4. There are 20 separate contests, each with an identical list of prizes. A new contest each day (except Saturdays, Sundays and February 12th) from January 19th to February 16th inclusive. The winner of the grand prize of \$5,000 will be selected from the winners of the first prizes in the 20 daily contests. Entries received before midnight, January 19th, will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be entered in the contest for the following Monday. Entries received on February 12th will be entered in contest for February 13th. Entries for the final (20th) contest must be postmarked before midnight, February 16th, and received by midnight, March 2nd.

5. Prizes awarded each day will be—

First Prize . . . Crosley Kitchen consisting of Shelvador Freezer (CDF-8), Electric Range (RD-

CO), Dishwasher-Sink Combination (DE-48), Shelvador Refrigerator (T-CAD-12), Crosley Cabinets (up to value of \$400), Crosley Coloradio, plus installation allowance of \$500 in cash.

3 Second Prizes . . . Crosley Shelvador Freezers (CDF-8).

25 Third Prizes . . . Crosley Coloradios.

Grand Prize . . . \$5,000 in cash to be awarded to the best entry of the 20 first-prize winners.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted except for incidental help from family and friends. Only one prize will be awarded to any person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes.

7. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, AVCO, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

8. Except for the 20th contest, the first-prize winners' names will be announced daily, beginning approximately Monday, February 2nd, over one of these radio programs: "Rosemary" or "Pepper Young's Family." The first-prize winner of the 20th contest and the grand-prize winner will be announced over both of these programs on or about Monday, March 16th. All prize winners will be notified by mail. Prize-winner lists will be available on request approximately two months after the close of the last contest.

Just complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less!

"I keep (NAME OF PRODUCT.) on hand because . . ."
(FILL IN IVORY SNOW OR CAMAY)

Now you have *twenty* opportunities to win a Crosley "Kitchen of Your Dreams"! What's more, Ivory Snow and Camay are offering you 20 chances to win 560 other magnificent prizes in these 20 daily contests! Enter now; enter *every day* for the 20-day contest period! It's easy! In your words, finish this sentence, using 25 additional words or less: "I keep (fill in Ivory Snow or Camay) on hand because . . ." Send in as many sentences as you like. Be sure each entry is accompanied by an Ivory Snow box-

top, or 3 Camay wrappers. Your dealer has handy entry blanks. Read the contest rules for mailing address and closing dates.

To help you get started, think of the advantages these two products offer. Ivory Snow is the safest possible soap you can buy for everything you wash with special care . . . by hand *or* machine. Ideal for diapers, too! And there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Changing to regular care and Camay can help you win that lovely, smoother Camay Complexion!

Here are sample sentences to help you WIN!



"I keep Ivory Snow on hand because it's safer for the lingerie I wash by hand and baby things I do by machine, and being granulated it's 'double perfect' in my machine."



"I keep Camay on hand because Camay is so mild and refreshing—just right for my face—and it's so fragrant, lathers so quickly that it makes my bath truly luxurious!"

ENTER TODAY! CONTEST CLOSES FEBRUARY 16th!

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** *Quick!*

It Can Help Head Off Trouble or Lessen Its Severity

Yes, used thoroughly and often, Listerine Antiseptic can actually help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen their severity.

It fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

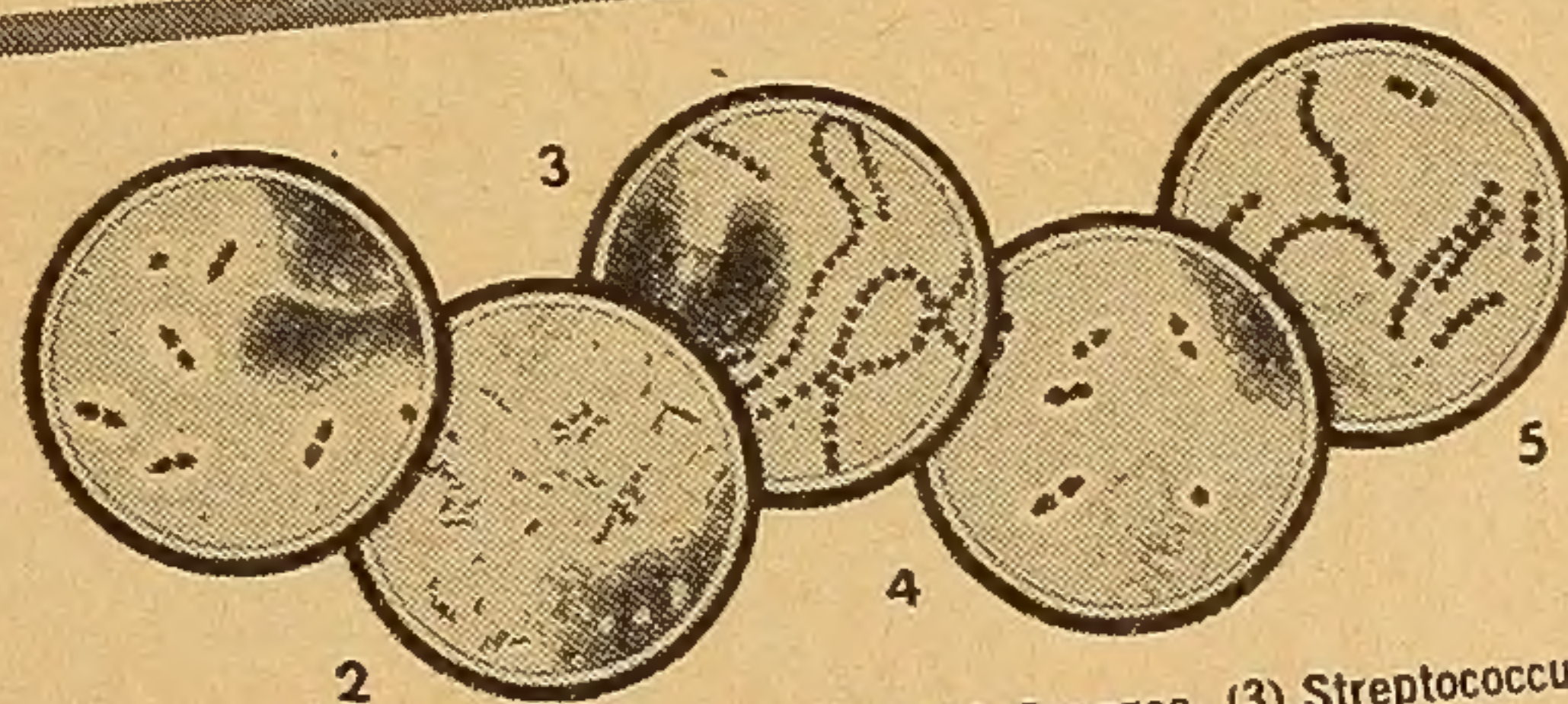
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel below). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you? Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

And to be *Extra Careful* about Halitosis (bad breath)
Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** . . . no matter what else you do



Do you know *why* Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs . . . that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis . . . no matter what else you may use . . . use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

She Even Stumps This Expert!



WHAT A FRAUD YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN I DO ABOUT THE WAY TO FRANKIE'S HEART!

OH YES I DO, SUE! BUT BAD BREATH STUMPS EVEN ME! THE EXPERT FOR YOU TO SEE IS YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WORKED FINE FOR FRANKIE'S NOW MY VALENTINE!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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Ann Daggett Higginbotham, *Editor*

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Editorial Staff: Teresa Buxton, Betty Freedman, Helen Bolstad (Chicago)

Art Staff: Frances Maly, Joan Clarke

Fred R. Sammis, *Editor-in-Chief*

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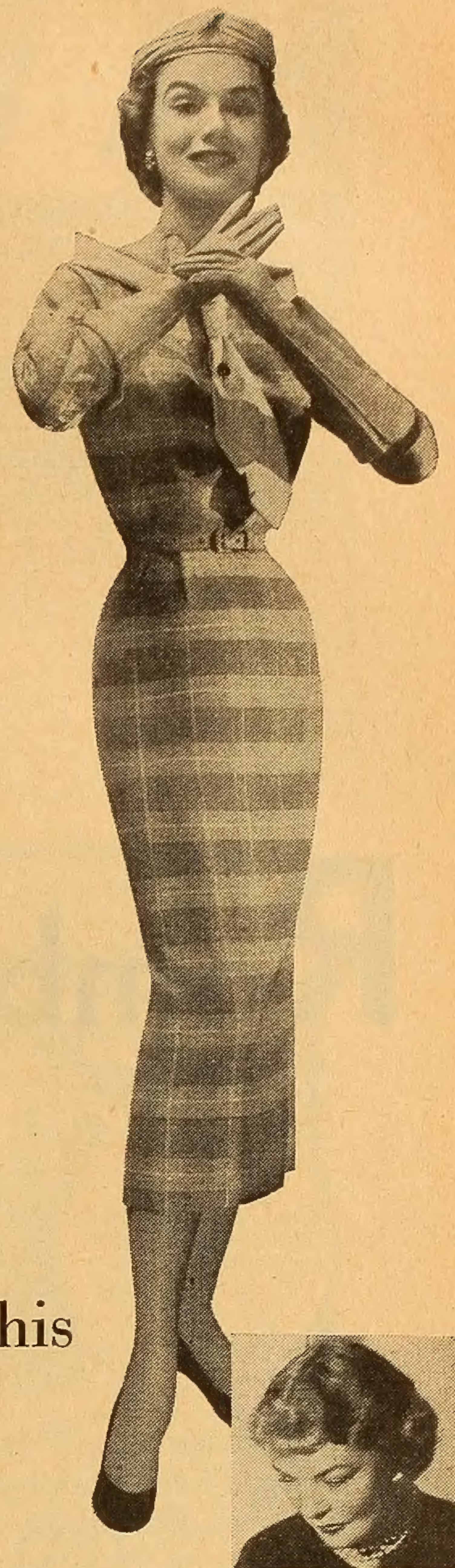
Pauline Trigere, award-winning designer: "This dress reveals your figure boldly! It's for *you*—if you wear a Playtex!" Playtex works figure-slimming magic without a seam, stitch or bone . . . it's invisible, even under this sheath!



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Monte Sano, American suit designer, says: "The secret of a successful suit is the long, smooth body line—and the secret of *that* is Playtex!" All-way stretching, all-way slimming Playtex controls, moulds you from waist to thigh!



Jane Derby, famous for sophisticated style: "I design for slender elegance—but I want *you* to be comfortable. I suggest a Playtex Girdle!" It's naturally slimming, and the cloud-soft fabric is so comfortable next to your skin!

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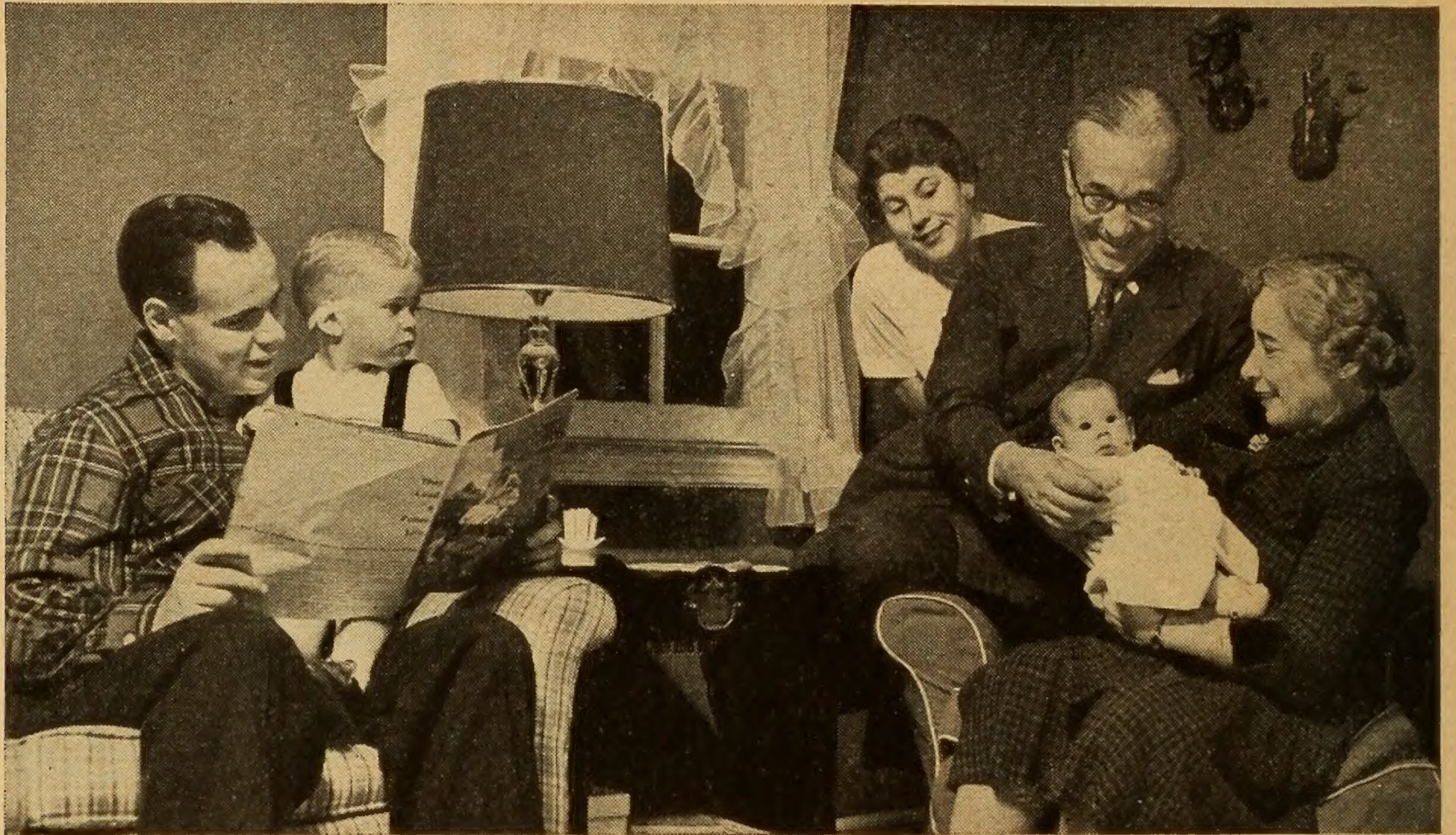
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John A., John R., Rita, John B., Ann (aged nine weeks), and Rita Gambling—three generations.



Rambling with Gambling

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN years New York radio listeners have been waking to the friendly voice of John B. Gambling—who has spent the same amount of time in marriage to his wife Rita. As a matter of fact, John and Rita were married the day that John got his first job with WOR when it was still a tiny station atop Bamberger's Department Store in Newark, New Jersey. They met while Rita was a passenger on the ship on which John was wireless operator. It was an American cruiser, and John, a Britisher, had gotten the job as a result of his experience with the English Navy.

That first meeting in the radio shack was the beginning of their courtship—from that time on Rita used all of her persuasion to get John back on dry land. His WOR opportunity clinched it—and he and Rita were married. In those days John was handling a program of morning exercises. Today, twenty-seven years later, he still gets letters from people who used to take part in his calisthenics.

Around the station John has been dubbed the "Dietrich of radio" because he, too, is a great success though he's a grandfather. In fact, John is more active now than he was when his own son was a baby. He has no less than five separate radio shows. One reason for John's ability to carry such a heavy schedule is the type of show he runs. Everything is easygoing, informal, and almost lazy in pace.



The Gamboleers—Sorey, Rosco, Roviero, Biamonte and John.

Listeners like it, too. Most people would rather awaken to John's soft voice—and the semi-classical lilt of radio's "greatest little orchestra" than to some of the shouting, happy-go-lucky variety of wake-up men.

Of course, another big reason for John's ability to maintain the pace is that his son John A. Gambling helps him with his work. John teams up with his father on their daily John Gambling Club. He intends to keep up the Gambling tradition by taking over for his dad some day.

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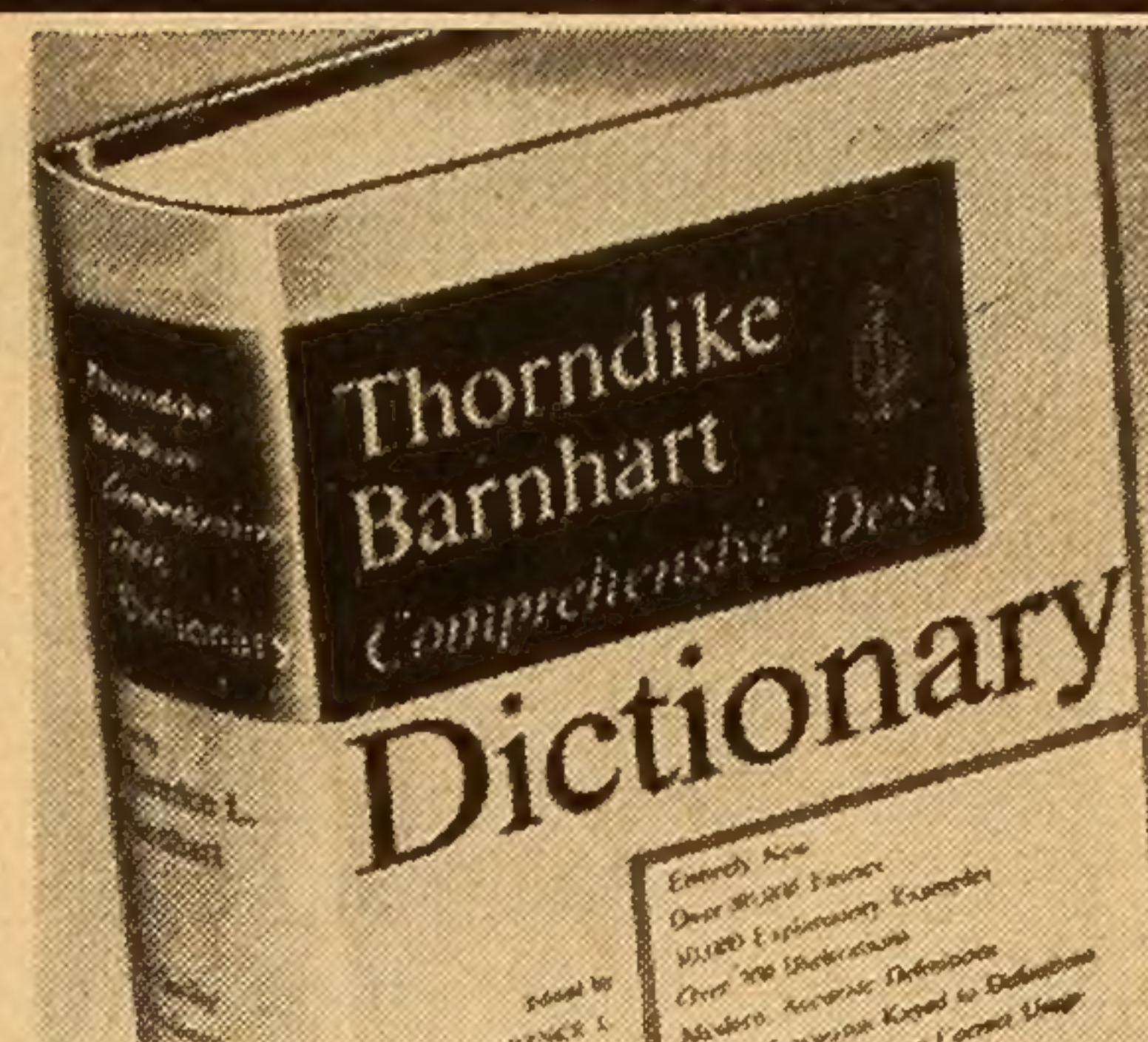


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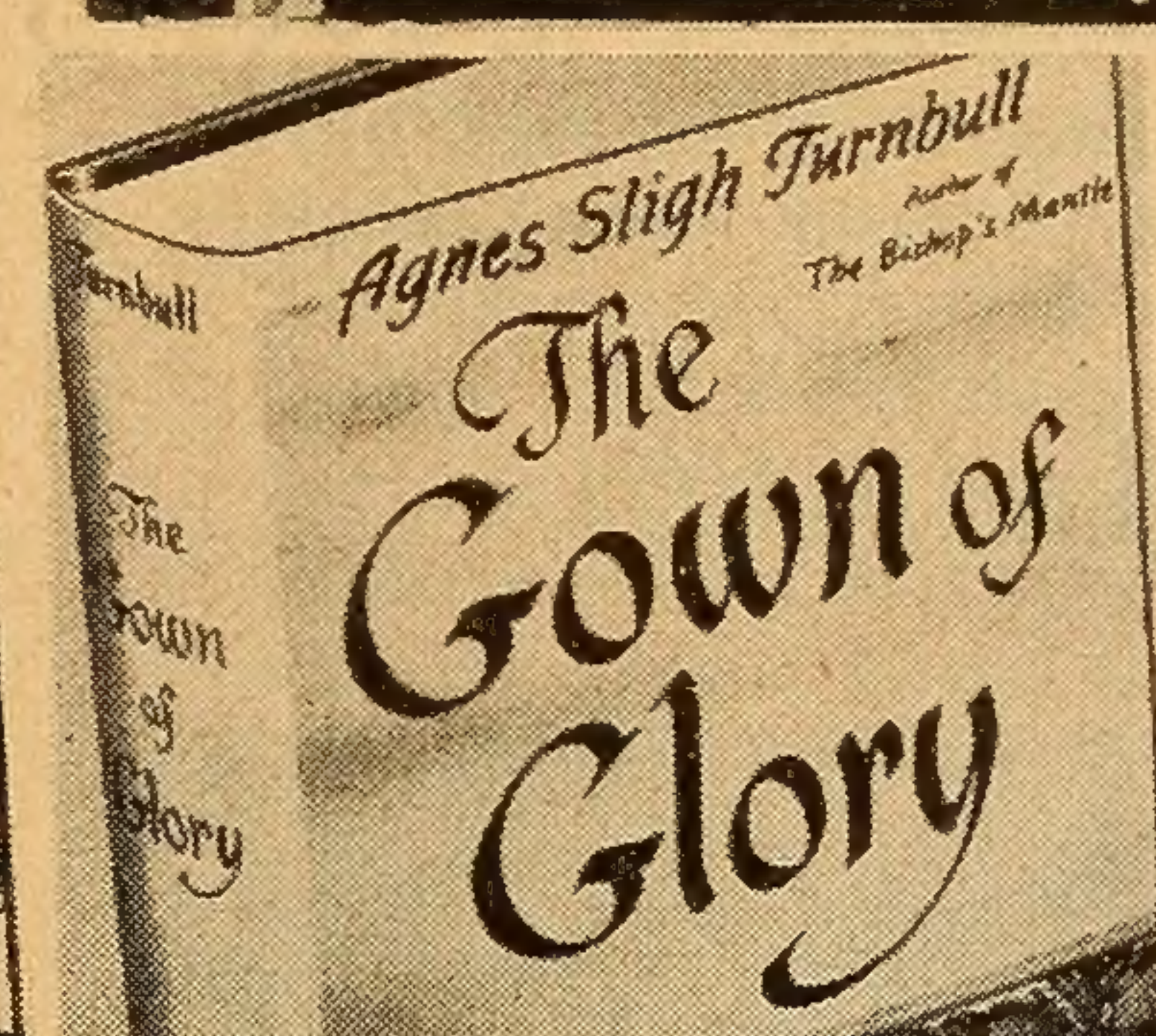
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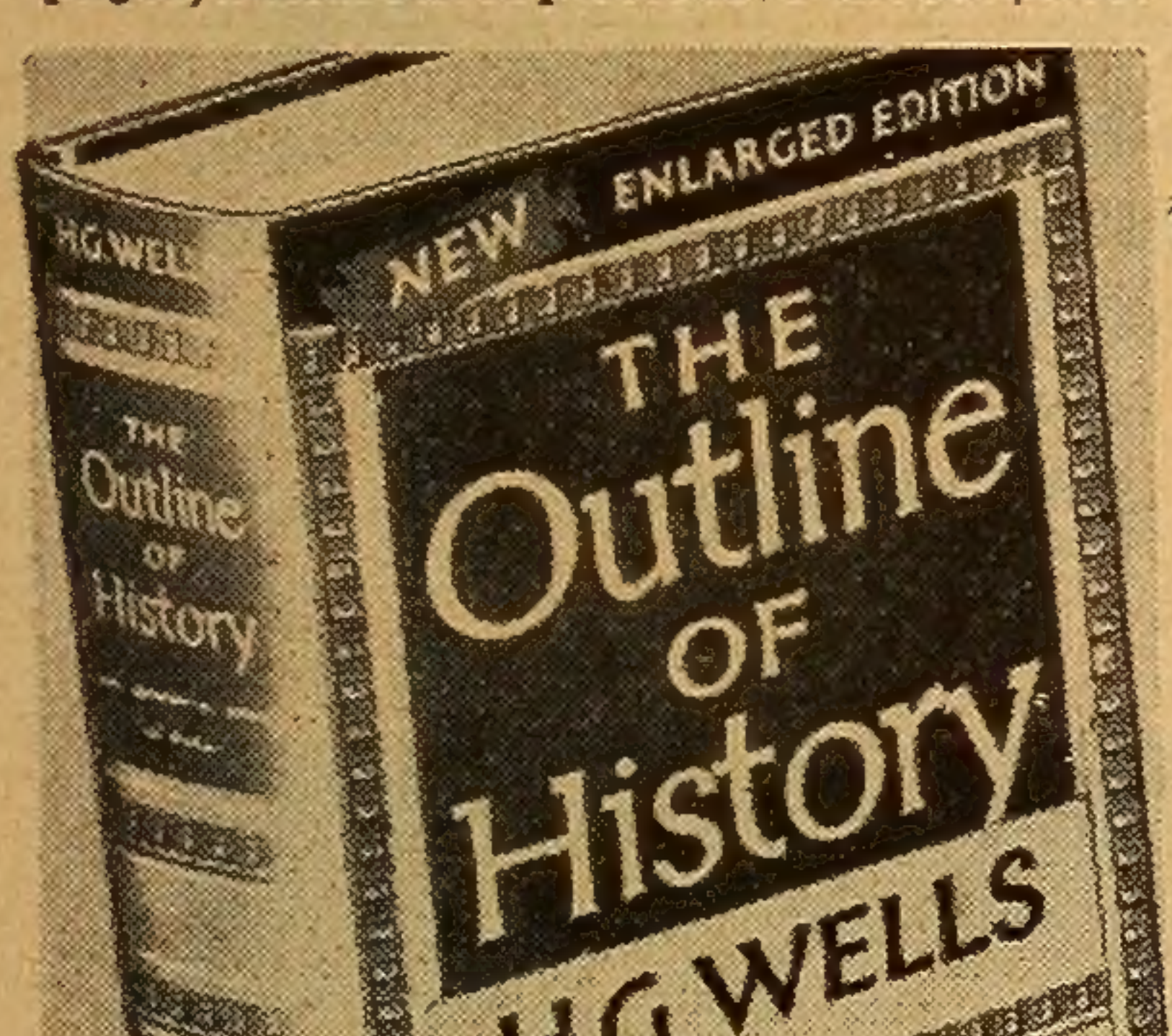
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DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

who's who in Crime-busting

THREE PRIVATE EYES

IF A MAN wants to find out who's out to kill him—and if he can't get any leads from Martin Kane or Nick Carter—he'll probably end up in the office of Barrie Craig, Confidential Investigator. Bill Gargan, who portrays Craig, guarantees success. This guy Craig's a sucker for a \$100 retainer. . . . Bill Gargan's a native of Brooklyn, where he was born forty-four years ago. He was stuck on the footlights and—even though his father was a detective and Bill himself was one for a while—the stage finally won out. His great success came in the play, "The Animal Kingdom," which starred Leslie Howard. Howard later became Bill's best friend. Bill's son is named for Howard. After his stage success, Bill was seen in hundreds of motion pictures. His wife Mary is a former dancer. Bill has two children. The Gargans share their happy home with a Siamese cat, a collie, and George, a twenty-two-pound turtle. Efforts of the dog and the cat to humiliate George are effectively stymied by the old turtle method of pulling in head, tail and legs. As Bill says, "George has the best method yet devised for clamming up." Some crooks wish they could pull a "George" when Craig's around.

Barrie Craig, Confidential Investigator, heard Sundays, 10 P.M. EST, on NBC, for Bromo-Seltzer (Emerson Drug Company).

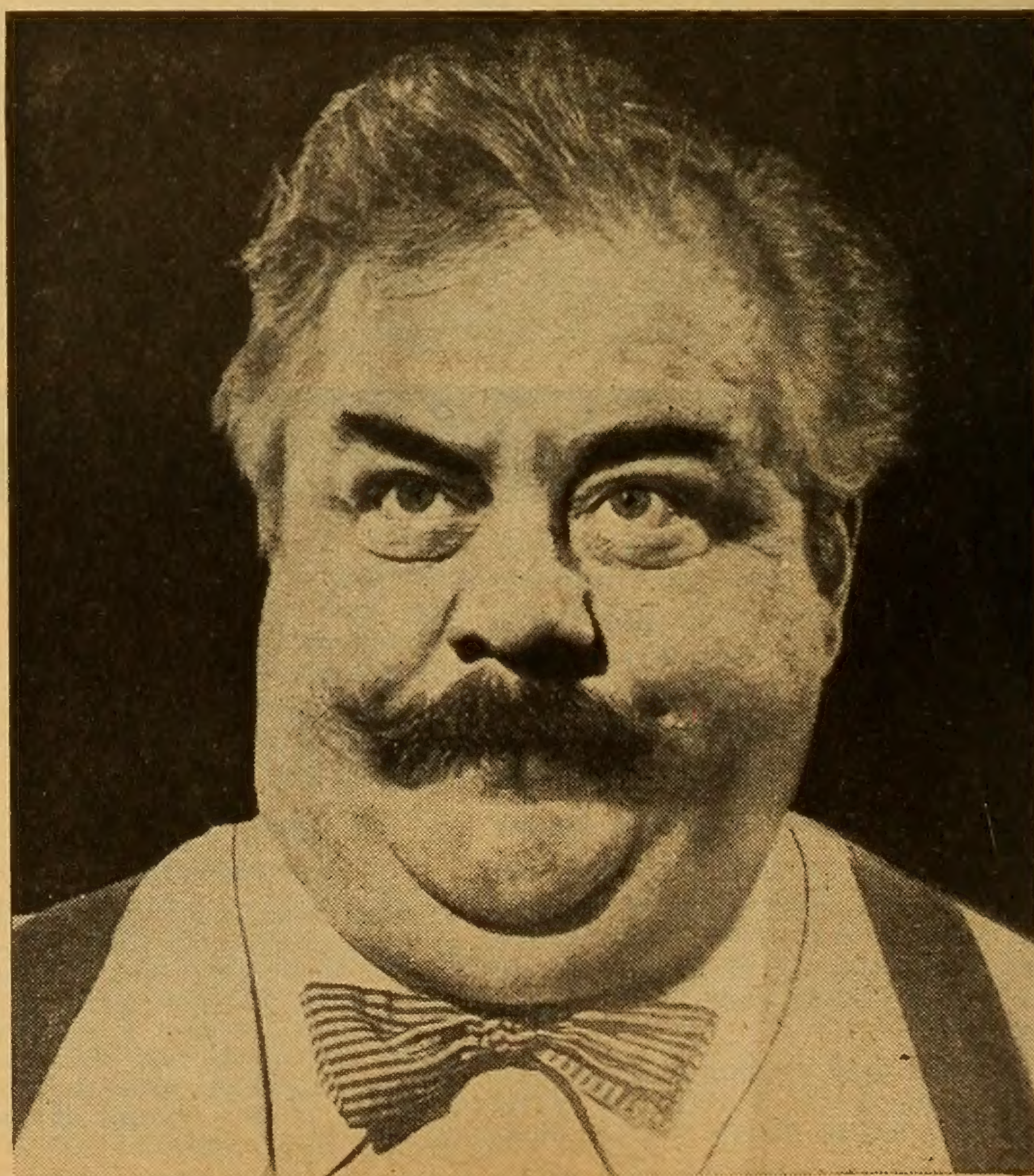
William Gargan



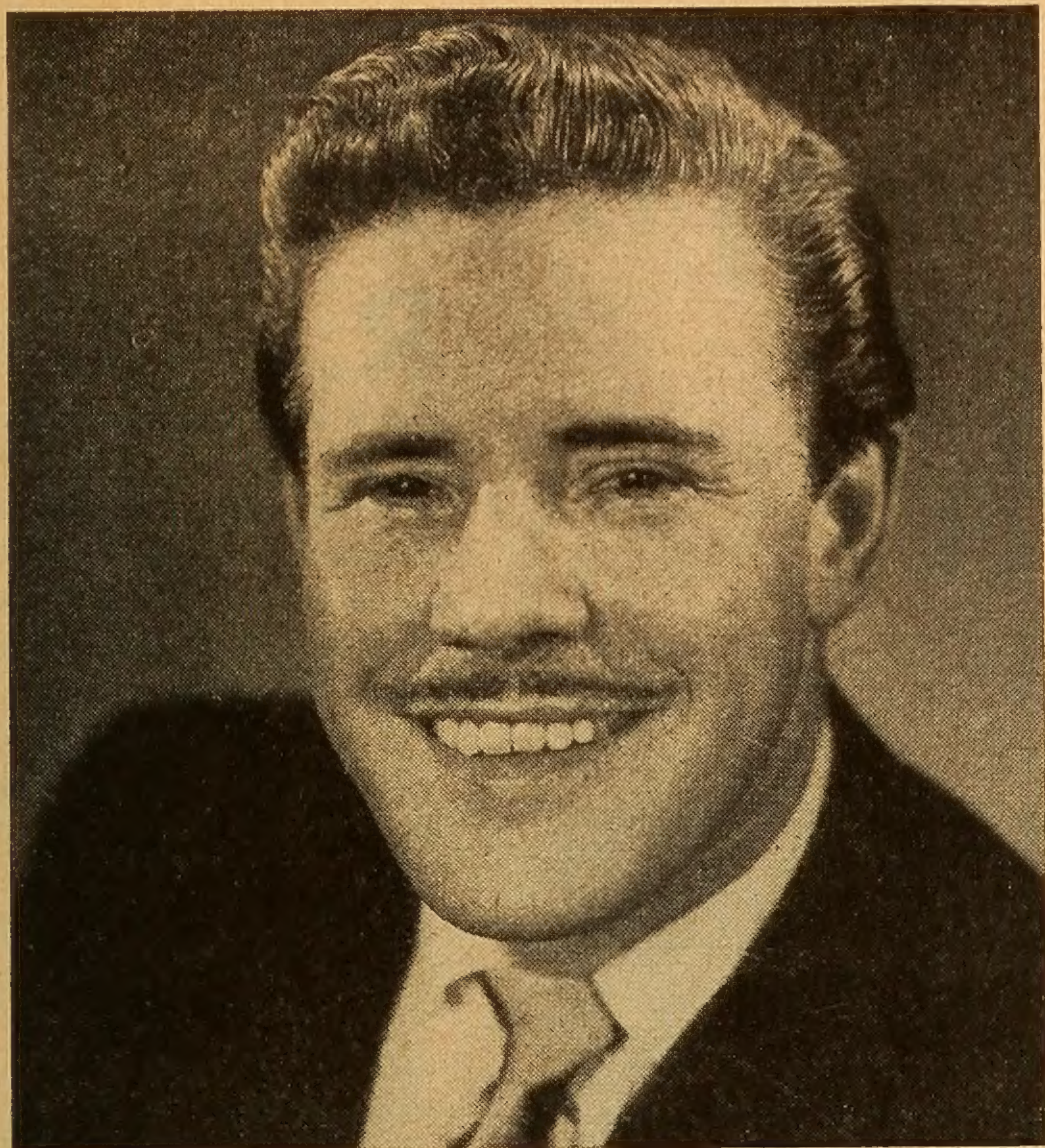
TRADING in his private-eye license for a police commissioner's gold shield, J. Scott Smart is now The Top Guy for ABC. Behind that switch, and behind Jack's switch to show business (he was once all set to join the Navy), is a set of drums. . . . His father gave Jack the drums just about the time he got out of high school—after playing football in high school, that is. As Jack puts it, "That set of drums changed me from a normal human being into an entertainer." Jack got a job playing in a band, and was soon doing a song-and-dance specialty. After sacking the snares, he got a job with a stock company and toured the New England area and upper New York State for four years. His radio work started in Buffalo. In 1929, Jack decided he was ready for New York. He landed a leading role in a network program. Jack's been in stage plays and in movies, but he feels most at home tracking down criminals. . . . When he's off his beat, Jack calls Ogunquit, Maine, his home. There, he spends his time painting water colors, and trying out new recipes on his bride, Mary Leigh Call. Jack's specialty is clam spaghetti, New England style. "And it's good, too," claims Mrs. Smart.

J. Scott Smart stars as The Top Guy every Thursday evening, 8 P.M. EST, over the American Broadcasting Company network.

J. Scott Smart



AND ONE POLICEMAN TRACK DOWN UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS



Lon Clark

WHEN the men that haunt the haunts of that nether-world called crimeland come face to face with Nick Carter, Master Detective, their spines turn to jelly and their knees get real weak. Nick's just too smart for crooks. Strange too, considering that Nick started his career as a piano player—can't get much tamer than that. . . . Of course, it wasn't really Nick, but the actor who impersonates him on the radio, whose first taste of radio was as a singing piano-man. Lon Clark was born in Frost, Minnesota, on his grandfather's farm. He knew he wanted to be in some phase of show business the first time he saw a silent movie. After that, he went every chance he got—it was free, because Lon's mother played the piano accompaniment at the picture house. After high school, Lon attended the Minneapolis Music School and worked his way through college by playing in a dance band he organized. From there, he went to Chicago and his first radio work. At one time Lon thought he wanted a career as an opera singer, and worked with the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company. It was there that he met his wife Marjorie. . . . The Clarks have two children.

Nick Carter, Master Detective, sponsored by Libby, McNeill and Libby, is heard every Sunday at 6 P.M. EST, over Mutual.



Lee Tracy

MARTIN KANE, Private Eye, relentlessly routs out his criminals and leads them to justice, despite frequent beatings administered by sundry underworld hoodlums and their pals. Lee Tracy, who plays Martin Kane, is one of the many stage and screen greats who brought their talents to radio. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, the son of a railroad man. Because of his father's job, Lee lived in a lot of places, like St. Louis, Louisville, and Kansas City. He went to Western Military Academy and Union College. . . . The stage had always been his first interest. In 1924, he made his debut in a play called "The Show Off." He followed up this beginning with "Broadway" and his greatest theatrical success, "Front Page," in which he was brash reporter Hildy Johnson. Lee sort of specialized in reporter parts for many years, in pictures and on the stage. . . . He has been married for fourteen years. Lee met his wife on his yacht, where she had come to sell him some insurance. Lee was about to take off on a cruise so he married her and took her along. The Tracys live off Central Park in Manhattan. The Lee Tracys, that is, not the Dick Tracys—Dick's a policeman—Lee's a private eye.

Martin Kane, Private Eye, sponsored by the United States Tobacco Company, is heard Sundays at 4:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Ray's a song-Smith



WCOP in Boston features Western singing star Ray Smith on the Hayloft Jamboree.

RAY SMITH sings what he likes, and his listeners like it, too. The popular star of WCOP's Hayloft Jamboree in Boston has an appealing style that lends itself to the Western ballads he sings.

Born in Glendale, California, Ray was only eight when music first caught his imagination. This first music he made on the mandolin his father gave him. At the age of eighteen, Ray was singing at rodeos and fairs around the country. From those beginnings, he got a break and did a Mutual network show from the Village Barn in New York's Greenwich Village. A few years after that, Ray did a show over WMCA in New York, and from then on Ray hit all the networks, doing dramatic parts as well as singing. He appeared on Gangbusters and Hopalong Cassidy.

Recently WCOP signed Ray to headline their Hayloft Jamboree. Led by Ray, and featuring Boston favorites like Eddie Zack, Nelson Bragg, and Tex Logan; plus guest singers like Carl Smith, Hank Snow and Elton Britt, the show plays to a capacity studio crowd every day and packs them in on their weekend show broadcast from Boston's huge Mechanics Hall.

Ray can't read a note of music but he has a repertoire of several thousand songs. He started singing at eight, and claims he'll keep at it till he's eighty-eight. Ray's just a natural songsmith.

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"



Yes, you get more lather... faster...in an Ivory bath!

You should be *pampered* at your bath time—and Ivory is the soap to do it! For Ivory's always right in sight, floating there beside you. And Ivory makes such creamy heaps of lather so *easily*. Why, Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

You get famous mildness...and the cleanest, freshest odor!

You should be smoothed and *soothed* at bath time—and you are, with Ivory! For Ivory lather is the softest, gentlest ever—99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure and so mild! More doctors, you know, advise Ivory than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, clean *smell* of Ivory lather. It's so fresh, so refreshing!

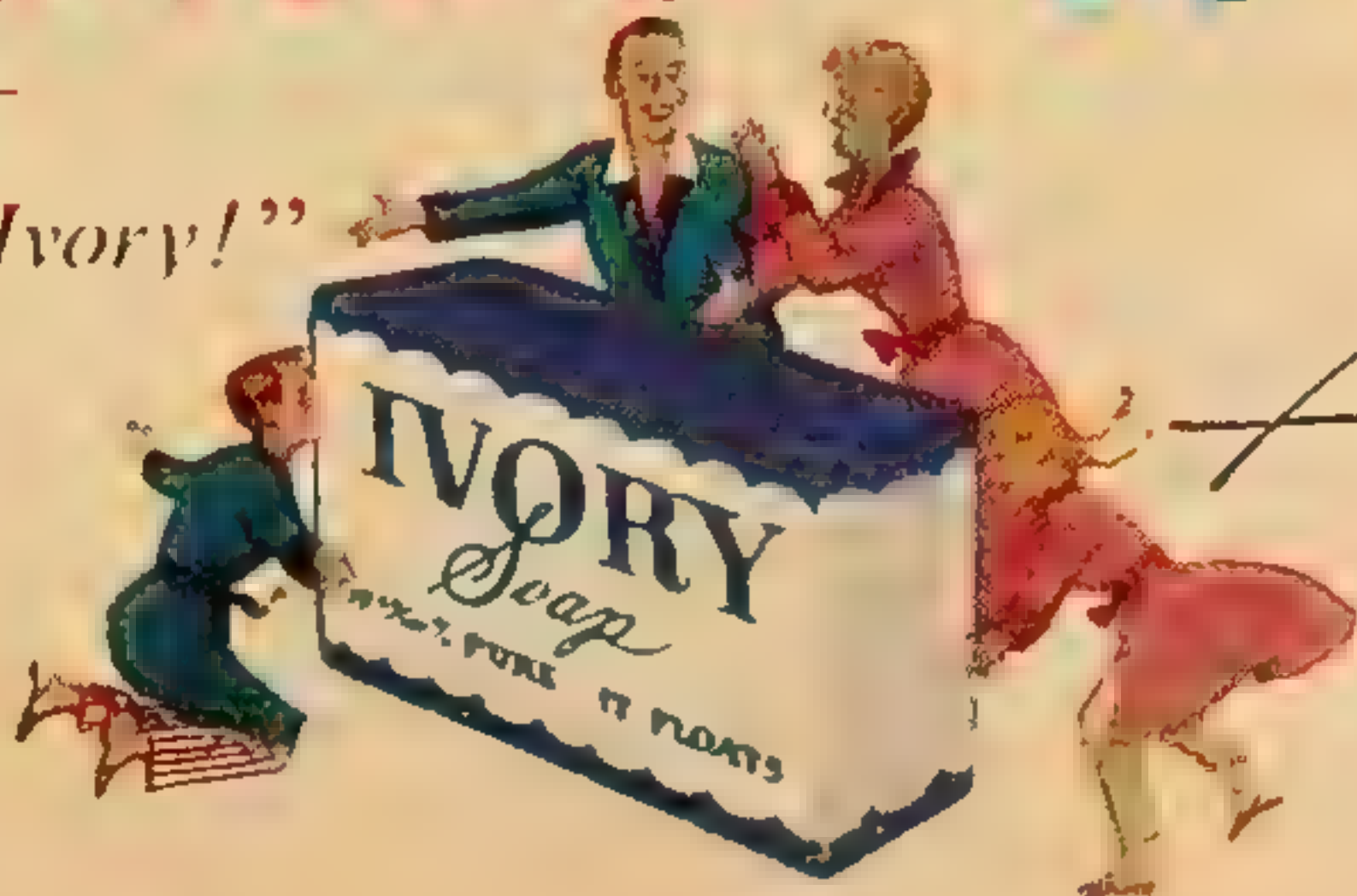
You get more for your money, too!

Who'd expect the world's best soap—wonderful, floating Ivory Soap—to cost less! Yet it does. Ivory gives you more soap for your money than *any* other leading bath soap!



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"



America's Favorite Bath Soap!



EDDIE FISHER

ANNE BAXTER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Anne Baxter—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

AT TWENTY-THREE, Eddie Fisher is riding high. His rich baritone has sent him a long way since he won his first singing prize when he was thirteen. The prize was a cake from Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour. While in high school in Philadelphia, Eddie worked on four radio programs making a total of eighteen dollars a week. One of the radio shows he appeared on was sponsored by a milk company who put Eddie's picture on trolley fronts. Often at the end of trolley runs the pictures were plastered with lipstick imprints placed there by Eddie's large teen-age following.

All his life, Eddie wanted to be a singer, and he was always encouraged by his family and friends. The first concert he ever attended was one given by Frank Sinatra at Convention Hall at the beginning of the Sinatra bobby-sox craze. Eddie was sure that some day he, too, would sing there, and sing there he did, appearing with his sponsor Eddie Cantor to tumultuous applause.

His first real break came when Eddie Cantor discovered him singing on the same bill at Grossinger's in up-state New York. That meeting led to a tour with the great comedian, and an RCA Victor recording contract. New York critics first raved about Ed when they saw him pinch-hit for singer Fran Warren at Bill Miller's Riviera. Within twenty-four hours after his opening there, a star was born. It has been rising ever since.

Now Eddie, along with many other boys of his age, is serving his country in the United States Army—his present tour of duty is in Germany, but several months ago he was in Korea—singing for the men over there. He's well liked everywhere he goes, and although Eddie's traveled pretty high on the success ladder—he's still a plain guy with his feet on the ground.

Eddie Fisher can be heard on your local CBS and ABC stations during the week.



In Manchester, New Hampshire, Donn Tibbetts spins discs and reports sports over WFEA.

Tibbetts and the Tea-strainer

WHEN WFEA's Donn Tibbetts was knee-high to a grasshopper some unsuspecting member of his family left a tea-strainer within his reach. From that day forward his career was mapped out for him, although it took the family and Donn himself several years to find out about it. Oddly enough, Donn immediately held the strainer by its handle in microphone position and began to broadcast through it. This apparent bent towards radio didn't stop his father from sending Donn to LaSalle Military Academy in hopes that he would choose a career in the Army.

But Donn decided to go to the University of New Hampshire where he became class president and joined the Mike and Dial Radio Club. Three weeks later he was chosen chief announcer for the college. During vacations, Donn asked for a try at a local station, and was given a staff announcer's job. On a night off, he faked a play-by-play broadcast of a

basketball game on his tape recorder, and the station was so impressed with it that three months later he was promoted to Sports Director.

Eventually the sportscaster branched into deejaying as well, and had built up a large audience for both types of program over WFEA, Manchester, New Hampshire. Donn always thought that although he was a New Hampshire radio personality, he could compete with big names in larger cities—and he has succeeded in doing this better than he hoped. He has been mentioned in magazines like *Billboard*, *Variety*, and *Cosmopolitan*. The latter rated him as one of the top twenty disc jockeys in the nation. Donn wants to stay in his native state because he feels that he, his wife Jane, and their new baby can enjoy their home life more among the lakes, mountains and beaches that most city people only get to in the summer. That's the story of Tibbetts and the tea-strainer.

By JILL WARREN



Barbara Britton, new honorary Mayor of Hollywood, and Richard Denning are TV's Mr. And Mrs. North.



Hedda Hopper, Hollywood columnist, and Art Linkletter, host of House Party, swap witty words about people they know well.

BOB HOPE is set to start a new nighttime radio show over NBC on Wednesday nights. It probably will begin January 7 and will be comedy-variety in format. The comedian will continue on his Monday through Friday daytime program, which is now carried by many additional NBC stations about the country. Hope's morning commentary sessions seem to have caught on with listeners and now network executives are thinking of signing other big-name stars for daytime appearances. Rumors are around Radio City that the old Lum 'N' Abner show soon may be heard coast to coast in an early morning spot. This would be good news to the veteran team's long-time radio fans.

The Metropolitan Opera Auditions Of The Air return early this month over ABC Radio. This popular series is starting its fourteenth season of broadcasting, with Milton Cross the commentator, as always. Eleanor Steber, Patrice Munsel and Robert Merrill are among the famous music names who were previous winners.

Life With Father And Mother, based on the writings of Clarence Day, Jr., will soon be presented as a weekly half-hour dramatic show on CBS television. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, who fashioned the hit play "Life With Father" from Day's original stories, will serve as consultants on the programs, with Ezra Stone producing and directing. Dennis King will play Father, and Elizabeth Scott has been pencilled in for the Mother role.

William Bendix has finally arrived with The Life Of Riley, which will be seen on television, Friday nights over

what's new from Coast

NBC. This replaces the Gulf Playhouse program and is being done on film in Hollywood. The role of Riley is a familiar one to Bendix, as he recreates the comedy character which brought him radio success over a period of years. Appearing with him are Marjorie Reynolds as Mrs. Riley, Eugene Sanders as Babs, Wesley Morgan as Junior, and Tom D'Andrea as Gillis, the Riley's next-door neighbor.

Date With Judy, which went off last October, is back before the cameras on ABC-TV Wednesday nights. Mary Lynn Beller is still Judy, and Jimmy Sommers resumes as the comical Oogie. Incidentally, Pat Crowley, who originally played Judy, is now in Hollywood and just recently signed a contract for the movies.

One of the most popular kiddie television shows, Rootie Kazootie, has just moved from NBC to ABC. Rootie and his gang have a new sponsor, and they've been assigned a half-hour every Saturday morning, which is good viewing time for the small-fry audience.

Speaking of the young ones, if you have one or more kids from two to five years old, and a television set, be sure to tune in on Ding Dong School, Monday through Friday mornings, on the NBC station in your area. This is a wonderful show aimed specifically and directly at youngsters of pre-school age. Those of you in and around Chicago are undoubtedly familiar with this program, as it was seen locally for a short time before going on the network. Ding Dong School is conducted by Miss Frances R. Horwich, chairman of the department of (Continued on page 14)



TV's latest romance—Bunny Lewbel, the sweetheart of the Danny Thomas Show, and Stefan Olsen, a young actor. He's 10, she's 9.



Pinky Lee and Martha Stewart (Those Two) learn new steps from Fred Kelly—he's Gene's brother, and a fine dancer in his own right.

to Coast

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Slenderizing Fashions
For Stout Women



Remarkable money-saving values . . . and everything in your size!

IT'S EASY TO SAVE MONEY with this new 108-Page Style Book. See the latest styles proportioned by experts who KNOW how to slenderize stout women. Here are youthful clothes, in sizes 38 to 60. All at low prices! See hundreds of fine values just like this . . .

The Dotted-and-plain Cotton Broadcloth Frock shown, youthfully smart in your size, is only \$3.98. Others \$2.59 up to \$25.00. Coats as low as \$12.98. Also suits, hats, shoes, corsets and underwear.

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education at Roosevelt College in Chicago. The show is sort of a nursery-school class, during which Miss Horwich talks directly to the children, entertains and educates them with constructive toys, games and puzzles, and tells them stories. School administrators and educators have praised this show highly, and, besides, it's an excellent suggestion for keeping your little ones quiet and in one place for a half-hour in the morning.

The American Broadcasting Company is merging with the United Paramount Theatres, Inc., and the network will soon be known as the American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Inc., which will be quite a mouthful for the announcers. With the additional finances plus new stations around the country which will be added to the network, the program future of ABC looks bright, and many new shows and projects should be announced shortly.

The major networks are planning complete coverage of the Presidential Inauguration on January 20, both on television and radio. There will be five hours of actual broadcasting from Washington, from 10:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Eastern time, with top commentators and newsmen on hand. And the actual inaugural ceremony itself, on the east portico of the Capitol building, will be televised as well as broadcast.

There have really been a pile of letters asking about the television version of One Man's Family. Folks surely missed this show when it lost its sponsors and went off the air. NBC-TV's as eager to bring it back as the viewers are to have it return. The entire cast is still under contract to the network—Bert Lytell, Marjorie Gateson, Eva Marie Saint, and the others, but there's just the problem of finding a sponsor and the proper time slot before the program can resume. When it does resume, NBC-TV hopes to present it as a fifteen-minute daily strip rather than the half-hour once-a-week show it was before.

This 'n' That:

For several weeks following the death of Hattie McDaniel, the sponsors played tape recordings of old Beulah shows she had done. But now it looks as if the radio program will be dropped entirely. Louise Beavers, however, will continue to play Beulah on the television version.

Perry Como was chosen the 1952 "Personality of the Year in Show Business" by Variety Clubs of America. The award is given each year to top personalities in show business for their contribution to the world of entertainment. Previous winners were the late Al Jolson, Arthur Godfrey and Joe E. Brown.

Michael Pingatore, one of the nation's outstanding banjo musicians and the only remaining member of the original Paul Whiteman band established over thirty years ago, passed away recently in Hollywood after a long illness. He was sixty-four years old.

Bob Sterling is the new leading man on The Adventures of Michael Shayne, having replaced Don Curtis. In private life Bob is married to Anne Jeffreys, and he's pleased as Punch with his part because it means he can remain in the East near his bride, whose work in television and on the stage keeps her in New York City.

Looks like conductor Dick Stabile and his wife will reconcile and have another wedding ceremony in a church, instead of arranging a divorce. Stabile's bosses, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, did everything they could to keep the Stabiles from breaking up. As for the Garry Moores, however, it appears a reconciliation is out of the question and that they'll probably take their troubles to a divorce court.

Bing Crosby and his family are making plans to establish the Dixie Crosby Foundation for Cancer Research in memory of his late wife. Bing went back to work on his new picture a few days following the funeral, feeling it was the best thing to help keep his mind off the tragedy.

The Mr. and Mrs. North radio show just celebrated its tenth birthday, and with the same leads all these years, Joe Curtin and Alice Frost.

Whatever Happened To:

Eileen Wilson, the singer on the Hit Parade show for so long? When Eileen left this program she played a few personal engagements in the East and then went to Hollywood to join her husband, Ray Kellogg. Ray is also a singer and is now busy with a movie career, so Eileen is concentrating all her professional activities on the West Coast. So far she is appearing mostly in night clubs and hotel supper rooms.

Lamont Johnson, well-known radio actor who used to be Mark on Wendy Warren And The News? Johnson moved to California and settled permanently in Hollywood, where he is heard on many of the top shows now originating from there.

Barbara Weeks, who used to be Anne Malone on Young Dr. Malone? Lots of confusion about Barbara when Anne was killed in the radio script. Some of you readers wrote that you thought Barbara had died also. The mix-up probably occurred because Barbara was ill and in the hospital just about the time that Anne left the story. At the moment Barbara is recovered and back to work and has been heard recently on F.B.I. In Peace And War and Mr. and Mrs. North. In private life she is married to producer-director Carl Frank, who says that in spite of the fact she's his wife he still considers her just about the best radio actress on the air.

Parks Johnson, who used to co-emcee the Vox Pop program with Warren Hull? When this show went off in 1948, Parks retired to his ranch at Wimberly, Texas. Warren tells me he still corresponds with Parks regularly and that "the farmer" has no intention of returning to show business. Warren says Johnson raises cattle, corn and cotton, with the help of his son, and that he also keeps busy as sort of a consultant to a small radio station in San Marcos, Texas, which is run by two former G. I.'s.

Jane Wilson, former singing star on the Fred Waring show? When Jane and Waring parted company she signed with the Celebrity Time TV program and was on it for thirty-nine weeks. Since then Jane has been studying voice intensely, concentrating mainly on opera roles. She also hopes to increase her repertoire and plans to do a concert tour later this year. In the meantime, Jane says she'll probably only do guest shots on radio and television. Her husband, Johnny Richardson, is still a violinist with the Waring organization.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television drop a line to Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have room to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities on whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

(NOTE: On all shows, both radio, and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)

You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft
and sweet, you're every inch a
desirable woman!*



Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

*You can feel that Shasta Shampoo
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do *wonderful* things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look *and* feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

New
Shasta

the Softest of the Cream Shampoos

Which of these skin problems
spoils your appearance?

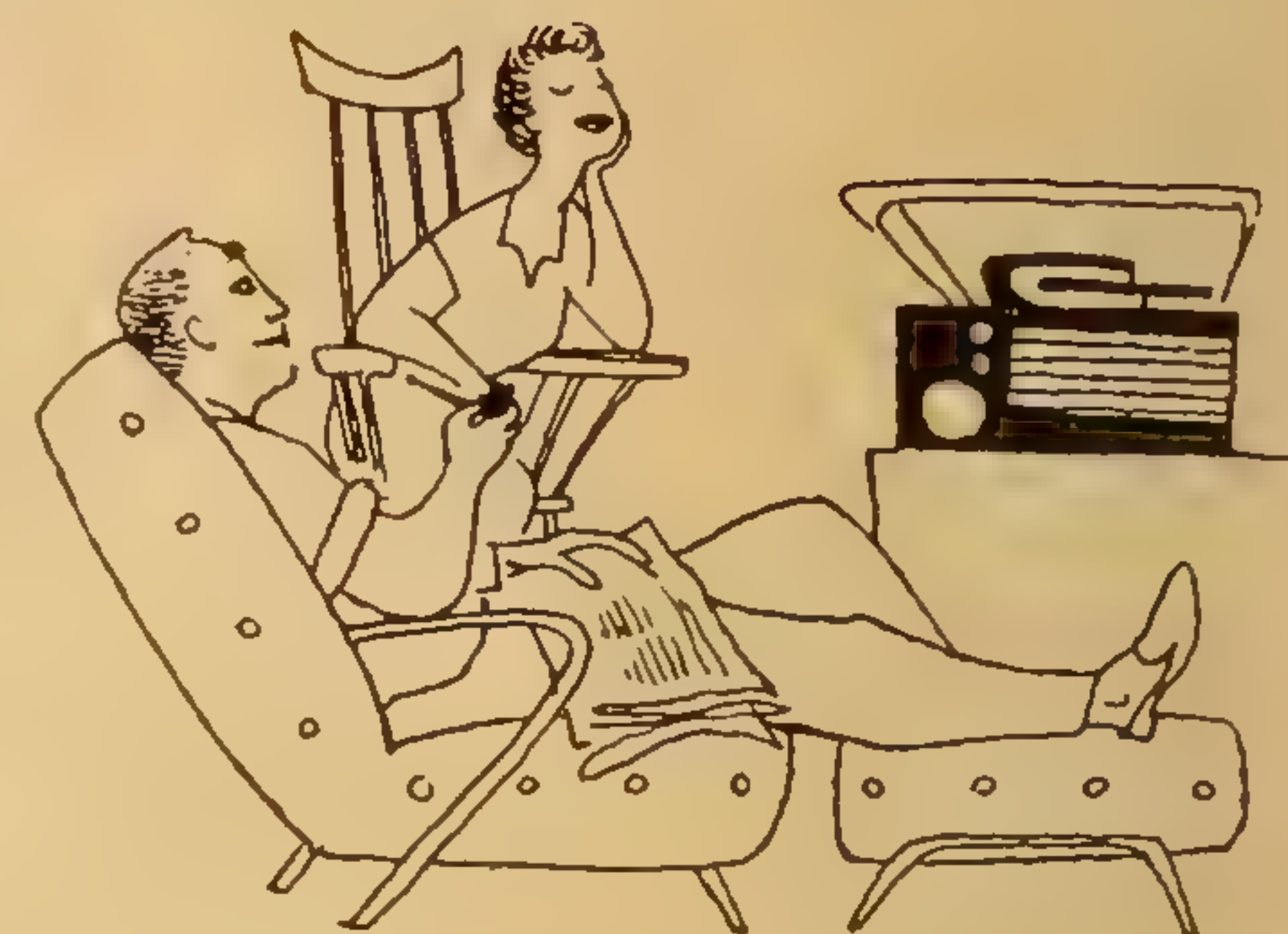
What's



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helps me keep my extremely sensitive skin looking smooth and unblemished*!" says Cindi Wood of Springfield, Pa.



Dry Skin: "'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin; helps it look much softer, smoother," Marjorie Weir of Huntington, L. I. says.



BIG NEWS in the record field this month is the industry's drive to make every radio and television set a complete home entertainment unit. In most instances, a TV receiver or a radio has a tiny phonograph jack and—merely by inserting the jack which comes attached to the wires of any one of the many types of record players—records can be heard through the modern amplifier and speaker of the radio or TV machine. Price of these units ranges from non-automatic players at \$12.95 for three speeds, through an automatic player for 45-rpm records at \$16.75, to the complete three-speed automatic attachment for \$50.

Keeping pace with this drive, nearly all the large record companies are putting out pressings on records that cost less than those under their regular label. Besides this, there are now single discs which are filled to the hilt with music, giving you twice as much for your money. All in all, this year of 1953 looks like a time when you can't afford to be without the musical entertainment you prefer. Just to list a few: MGM has its Lion label—RCA Victor, its Bluebird Classics—Columbia, its Entre series.

Is it possible to grow them any younger? Following the Bell Sisters' popularity, little Jimmy Boyd, eighty-five-pound, freckled redhead, enters the arena. His "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus," coming from nearly every jukebox and teen-tuner during the holidays, reminded this columnist that "we're never too young." This thirteen-year-oldster will probably have all the bobby-soxers sewing patches on their blue jeans since he makes his personal appearances attired in tattered blue overalls, plaid shirt, straw hat—and barefoot. Jimmy was born in 1940 in McComb, Mississippi, and started at the age of seven singing Western tunes accompanied by his father, who plays "a gee-tar, much better'n me." He was with Texas Jim Lewis, a California-type cowboy, for over a year. Later he won a talent contest Al Jarvis was running on station KLAC-TV, following this with ap-

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days ...or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

Different! This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it brings such thrilling results.

Quick! Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally-caused



Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Special Trial Offer: For a limited time, you can get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax—at drug or cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA *skin cream*

Spinning?

By CHRIS WILSON

pearances on Frank Sinatra's show, and then began recording for Columbia. His favorite "occupation" is still playing baseball—thank goodness, there is something "normal" about this newest recorder.

Incidental Information:

Jo Stafford celebrated the anniversary of her six-year series of hit tunes with the sale of her 22,000,000th recording. Her "Keep It a Secret" and "Settin' the Woods on Fire," both for Columbia, will make this number much higher in weeks to come.

Andre Kostelanetz' new album, "Stardust," for Columbia, grew out of an envelope full of scraps of paper. For years he's jotted down—on scraps of paper—those song titles that appealed to him but which sometimes were neglected by popular taste. Showing this list to Columbia executives, nine were picked for his latest album release. Besides the classic "Stardust," the album includes "The Boy Next Door," "One Morning In May," and "Intermezzo," from the film of the same name. Good, relaxing listening.

The monologues of the late Will Rogers are now out under the label, "Will Rogers Says," for Columbia. Rogers described himself as "an old cowhand that had a little luck"—and we're lucky we can still be amused by his Oklahoma drawl taken from his radio broadcasts that have been preserved over the years.

Woody Herman recently visited New Orleans and ran into an old friend, Leon Kelner. The two got to talking about music and during the conversation brought out a tape recorder. The result is an impromptu, unrehearsed lowdown version of "I Cried for You," with a sax solo by Herman, on the MGM label—"Livin' On Love" is the other side, with a vocal by Woodrow.

Debbie Reynolds and Barbara Ruick did a hilarious hillbilly version of "Over the Rainbow" just for laughs and, the next thing they knew, this was being issued, along with "No Deposit, No Return," on

ONLY with **SHADOW WAVE** patented 1-step lotion
HOME PERMANENT

NO NEUTRALIZER

NO TIMING



NEW CURLERS

FRENCH-STYLE—END PAPERS ATTACHED



The easiest, most natural-looking home permanent you ever had—
GUARANTEED
by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap—or money back.

WAVES AND NEUTRALIZES IN ONE APPLICATION

1. Roll curls on French-style curlers—no resetting.

The only curlers that give you the hair style you want while waving. Use again and again. So soft you can sleep on them!



2. Apply lotion—no rinsing—just let dry.

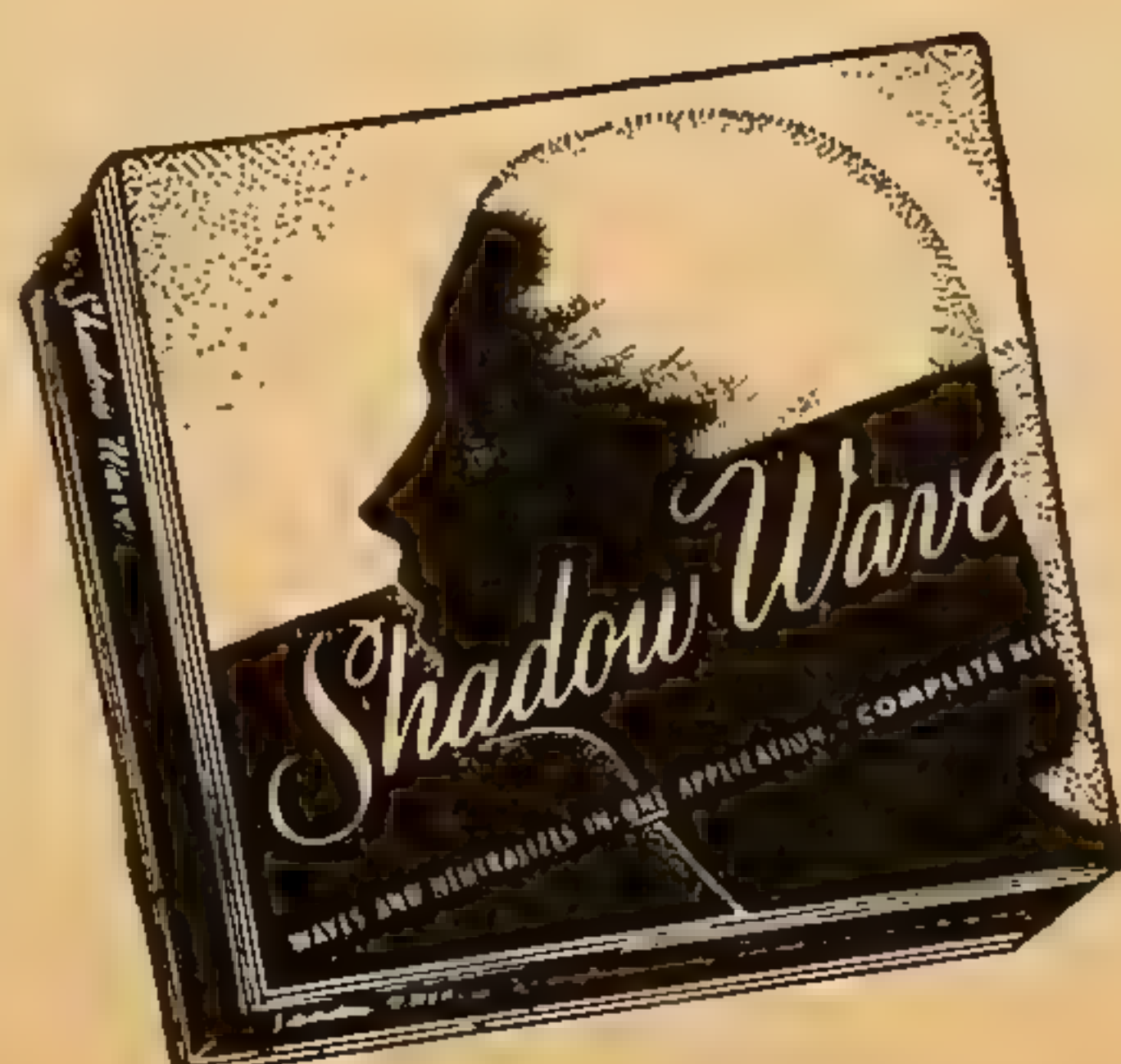
The only lotion that waves and neutralizes without timing, rinsing or resetting. One single lotion right for every type of hair.



3. Brush into springy, soft, long-lasting curls.



When dry, simply remove curlers—no resetting—just brush and the set becomes a lovely, lasting wave.



\$2²⁵

Complete Kit including curlers... Plus Fed. Tax

\$1⁵⁰

Refill Plus Fed. Tax

SHADOW WAVE
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when hair loses that
"vital look"



Helene Curtis

shampoo plus egg*

brings out natural
"life" and sparkle...
conditions even
problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



Available at
All Cosmetic Counters
and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

Helene Curtis

The Foremost Name
In Hair Beauty

*2%

What's Spinning?

an MGM label, for regular release!

Jack Berch, who has four sons of his own, knows the value of teaching youngsters the Bible stories. His latest release is "The Little Lost Sheep" and includes, besides the title selection, "The Good Samaritan," "The Story of the Fiery Furnace" and "The Story of the Rainbow." All are good bedtime listening for the kiddies.

You'll be able to see Connie Russell soon in the Columbia Technicolor musical, "Here Comes the Showboat," and Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels and the Bell Sisters are all set to back up Connie musically in the show.

Classics We Dote On:

As winter heightens the appeal of the hearthside, nothing could be finer than an evening spent with some of the classics recorded recently. There is RCA Victor's fine complete opera, Verdi's "Il Trovatore," which is just about as exciting a performance as we have ever listened on. Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, and Zinka Milanov, soprano, head a dream cast of all time. We've noticed even the bubble-gum set stops to admire when the familiar "Anvil Chorus" portion of the re-



New filmusical spotlights Dick Haymes and other disc favorites.



An important anniversary passed, Jo Stafford relaxes with "Beau."

corded clangs forth its rhythms.

At long last, Toscanini has put his seal of approval on a performance of his conducting of Beethoven's "Symphony No. 9 in D Minor" (the "Choral Symphony"). Although he's broadcast this symphony five times, it wasn't until he made this present recording that he said he was "almost satisfied" with the results. This RCA Victor release is the closest anyone has ever gotten to having Toscanini put his seal of approval in his own work—and it's a masterpiece of understatement. The choral movement features Eileen Farrell, Nan Merriman and Jan Peerce.

If you were impressed by "Amahl and the Night Visitors" when it was performed Christmas Eve over the entire NBC television network, you'll want to own the RCA Victor recording recently released. The cast includes Chet Allen, the boy soprano who played Amahl, and Rosemary Kuhlman as his mother.

Watch for the March issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR

There's going to be a full color picture of Patti Page on the cover, and a story about her life in the magazine.

Read about how Patti got started on the road to being one of the nation's top recording stars. Remember, you Patti Page fans—read about her in the

MARCH ISSUE OF RADIO-TV MIRROR

on your neighborhood newsstands February 11

Information Booth

Theme Songs

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me what theme songs are used on the programs, *Treasury Men in Action* and *Big Story*?

R. C., Finchville, Ky.

Since you didn't specify whether you meant the radio or television version of *Big Story*—here are both themes. On radio, it is an original composition by Vladimir Selinsky. On TV, it is "Heldenleben" by Johann Strauss. The T-Man theme is "Splendor and Victory" by Herman Fink.

Haleloke

Dear Editor:

I would like to know something about Haleloke, the Hawaiian singer on the *Arthur Godfrey* program. We think she is a very charming person.

J. S., Macedonia, Ohio

Haleloke was born in Hilo, Hawaii, to Mr. and Mrs. James Kahaulopua. Haleloke is the youngest in a family of seven children. Most of the members of her family are schoolteachers, and Haleloke started out to be a teacher, too. But after graduating from Hilo High School, she changed her mind. The war was on, and she got a job with the Army Ordnance Department. When peace came, Haleloke, who, like many youngsters in Hawaii, could sing and dance, decided to try show business as a career. She appeared at a few hotels, but in 1947, she got her first big break. She was invited to become a member of the cast of *Hawaii Calls*, the program which is broadcast from the Islands to the Mainland. When Arthur Godfrey visited Hawaii, he heard her sing, and gave her a job on his show. Haleloke is unmarried and spends her weekends visiting and playing tennis. The Godfrey gang thinks she's a charming person, too. They call her Holly.



Haleloke

Here's to FIRST AID for COLDS



Alka-Seltzer

BRAND

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"SPEEDY"

Trade Mark

• Here's fast, effective relief from the headache, the feverish feeling, the aches and pains of a cold. Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. For cold discomforts, try sparkling ALKA-SELTZER ... and feel better while you are getting better.

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM THESE COLD DISCOMFORTS

- ✓ ACHE-ALL-OVER MISERY
- ✓ FEVERISH FEELING
- ✓ HEADACHE
- ✓ SORE THROAT OF A COLD

Also Try ALKA-SELTZER
for ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHES
MUSCULAR ACHES



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED
BY THE
CONSUMER
SERVICE BUREAU
OF
PARENTS'
MAGAZINE

DISPLAYED AT
DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
U. S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

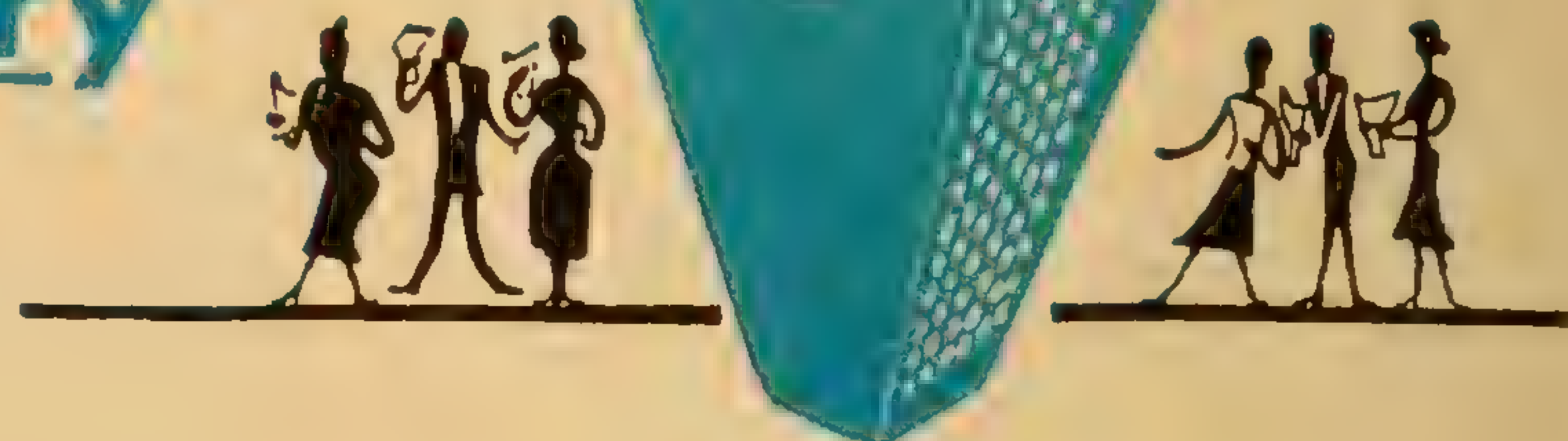
- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**[®]
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small town, pleasant, placid, unsensational. At least it would look that way to a stranger passing through. But Aunt Jenny, who really knows her town, can tell all the stories that would be hidden from a stranger—the stories of love and hate, of laughter, misunderstanding, and hope, that are being lived all the time behind Littleton's quiet-looking front doors. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Actor Larry Noble's leading lady, Judith Venable, has made no secret of her romantic interest in Larry despite his happy marriage to Mary. Both Larry and Mary are trying to encourage Judith to see more of wealthy playboy Waldo Pearson, who finds Judith the greatest attraction of his new hobby, the theatre. But if Judith does transfer her interest to Waldo, what will it mean to Larry's play? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Although the Reverend Richard Dennis made the decision to move to New York after much serious thought, a part of his heart remained behind in the small towns he had left—Plymouth, and Three Rivers. Almost gladly he receives the news that a task awaits him in Three Rivers—an enormous task of persuasion and explanation to a townful of suspicious, unhappy people. How will this new move affect the entire Dennis family? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE The childless Palmers are delighted when young Jigger slowly adjusts to his father's death and seems willing to accept the love and security Dan and Julie are so eager to provide. But always in the background of their new family happiness lurks the threat of Jigger's unknown mother. What happens when this woman does appear in Stanton and meets the child she deserted years ago? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter of the New York *Daily Eagle*, runs into a good deal of personal danger on his sensational assignments, and his wife Sally is constantly trying to talk him into transferring into some quieter work. Nevertheless, Sally is usually right there beside David when a big story breaks. Together the Farrells have trapped many a criminal who might have gotten away if it weren't for them. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Kathy's dangerous attempt to conceal from her young husband the truth about her marriage to the now-dead Bob Lang, and the fact that the child she is carrying is Bob's, leads to tragedy more widespread than Kathy dreamed. For Joe Roberts, Kathy's father, cannot forgive his wife Meta for concealing her knowledge of her stepdaughter's secret. Can this damage to their relationship be mended? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Saddened by her break with Dr. Ricky Browning, Julie Paterno is nevertheless certain she was right to break off their engagement. But Ricky persists in believing Reed Nixon was responsible. When fate, in the person of a young woman who claims to be carrying Reed's child, offers him a weapon against Reed, Ricky uses it at once. But the situation climaxes in a way Ricky was far from anticipating. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Although his faith in Paul Norton has been proven worthwhile, Bill Davidson has been unable to convince Paul's aunt, Josephine Bradley, that Paul sacrificed four years of his life in prison for a murder he did not commit in order to safeguard Josephine herself and his sister Virginia. Why is Josephine so frantically certain that her nephew and niece committed that early murder

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin
QUICK HOME FACIAL
WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



*Now . . . follow Lady Esther's super-speed
 recipe for true loveliness!*



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads . . . relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really pretty* always.

So easy. Just think . . . with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. And *all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

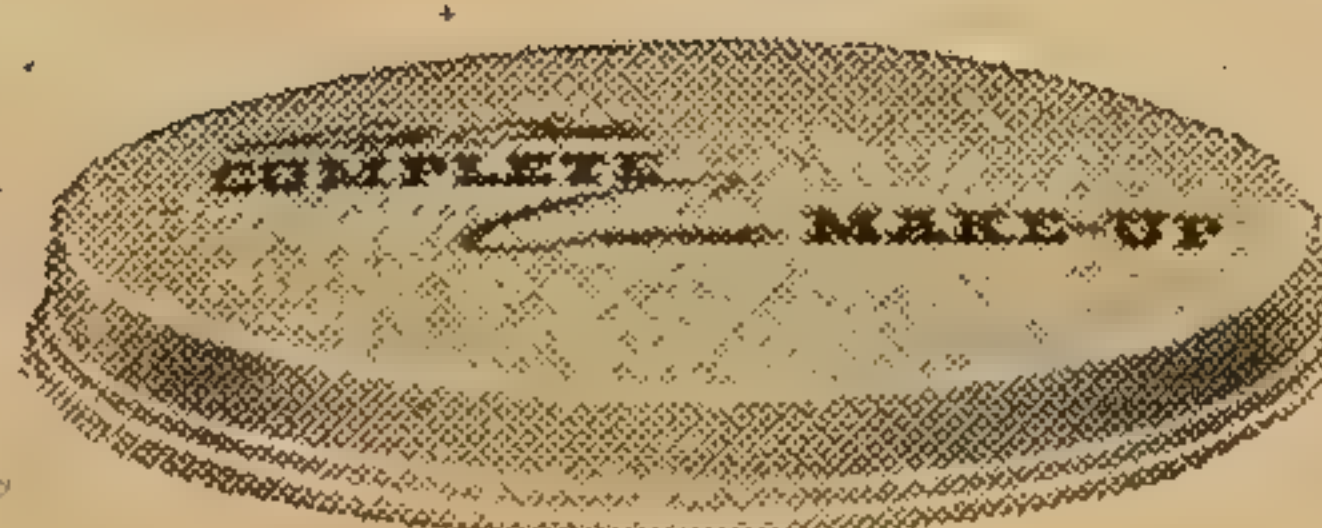
4-Purpose
FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Generous
 Compact

50¢
 Plus Tax
 (Slightly Higher
 in Canada)



Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.

R
 M

Daytime Diary

knows how deeply Lord Henry resents and dislikes him. What will this mean to her marriage? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda Young had reached a dangerous crisis in their marriage before their recent decision to adopt a child. Now, however, drawn closer than ever before by the new-found happiness that makes them a real family, Pepper and Linda are making exciting plans for wonderful years ahead. How can they foresee that with their joy will come a strange, terrible heartache? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON As Perry Mason approaches closer to the secret of Mark Cesar's sinister organization, the frantic master-criminal tries to use his underlings as pawns to confuse Perry. Even the fascinating Barbara Kenney, almost as dangerous as Cesar himself, is not as necessary to her chief as she believes. But Perry's chief concern is Ruth Davis. Can he save her from the mesh of lies which threatens to ruin—perhaps end—her life? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson faces the complete ruin of the life which promised so much happiness just a short time ago. The dangerous mission she undertook in order to save the administration and reputation of her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, exposes her to an attack which she is unable to meet without Miles's complete support. What has happened to Miles's faith in her—and who is responsible? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE For a short time, Dr. Jim Brent feared that Malcolm Overton might be duped by the explanation of his brother Conrad as to what had happened to Malcolm's estate. But Malcolm was not so easily fooled, and now he and Jim know enough of the truth to be aware that until they have pinned down Gordon Fuller they will not know it all. Will Fuller be smart enough to get away scot-free? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen Trent, on the biggest job of her career as gown designer for Kelsey Spenser's important new documentary film, has reason to wonder if this assignment will prove her greatest opportunity or her greatest mistake. Certain mysterious activities of Spenser's arouse her suspicion, and the opposition and enmity of Spenser's strange wife, Rowena, fill her with

apprehension. Can she win Rowena's friendship? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Just as Bill and Rosemary Roberts reach the conclusion that there is no future for them in Springdale, the wealthy Mr. Van Vleck finally decides to back the new newspaper they have talked of, with Bill as editor. Though her elation matches Bill's, Rosemary wonders if he ought to take into account the bitter enmity of Edgar Duffy, which will surely be intensified now that he and Bill are rival editors. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON A new, exciting world opens up for Stan and Terry Burton right in the familiar background of Dickston, as Stan takes over publication of the *Herald*. The one fly in the ointment is Mother Burton's cagey retention of financial control. Is it possible that this dictatorial woman will not eventually seek to apply other controls—for Stan's own good, of course—whenever she feels it necessary? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas derives some comfort from the budding romance between her two young friends, Edna Randolph and Stanley Darnell, but it only increases the heartache she suffers over the disrupted marriage of her beloved daughter Laurel, who still refuses to return to her husband, Dick Grosvenor. Gradually, Stella realizes that Laurel's unhappiness may be a prelude to tragedy. Can Stella learn the full truth in time to help? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Both Fred Molina and Dr. Robert Sergeant have asked Nora to marry them, but Nora will not feel free to make a decision until something has been done about Robert's daughter Grace. Embittered by her father's refusal to remarry her mother, which she blames on Nora, Grace seeks reckless excitement in a teen-age underworld. Can Nora help the girl before the situation explodes in danger for all of them? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Wendy would not have kept Mark from going to Hollywood even if she could. The opportunity presented by Maggie Fallon's play was too important to bypass at this critical stage of Mark's writing career. But will she have cause to reproach herself in the future? Will the disaster that threatens Mark be the result of his trip—or would it have stalked him even if Wendy had remained beside him? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

Compliments
spun of glamour,
romance, drama.
Heady, heavenly
temporary color...
subtly, safely,
brilliantly yours.
At cosmetic counters
everywhere, also
professionally applied
in beauty salons.
Available in Canada.

Noreen

**SUPER
COLOR
RINSE**

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The tough courage hidden beneath Joan Davis' fragile loveliness has never stood her in better stead than during this nightmarish experience that has grown out of Donald Brady's twisted infatuation for her. With her sanity and her life in daily peril, Joan still hopes Harry will somehow learn that she is still alive. Meanwhile Harry, convinced of Joan's death, becomes increasingly enmeshed with Claire O'Brien. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Violence doesn't often touch the lives of families like the Carters, in their quiet suburban environment. When Jeff Carter, the oldest son, is made the target of an apparently murderous attack, the whole family is startled into a new awareness of what is going on in the lives of some of their neighbors. Meanwhile, Sandy Carter continues her confused search for a purpose in life. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE As Jerry continues his difficult fight to make a new life in Three Oaks for himself and young Jill, his friend elderly Dr. Browne has cause to wonder if his own daughter's life might not have followed a different course if Jerry had remained in New York. For Mary's marriage to writer Ernest Horton has not been smooth. Will Ernest's editor friend, Bunny, affect it in a serious way? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring has renounced all thought of a possible future with Ellen Brown because he feels inextricably tied to his ailing wife Ruth by the sinister web she and her brother Conrad Phillips have woven about him. In her desperate loneliness and heartbreak, will Ellen turn to young architect Christopher Eliot, with whom Anthony believes she can find the happiness he is not free to offer? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Dreams DO Come True!

Thanks to

ARTHUR GODFREY

two youngsters are leading fabulous lives—read what success has meant to

JULIUS LaROSA

and

LU ANN SIMMS . . .

just one of the many fascinating features and picture stories in the March issue of

RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale . . . February 11

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY
—NBC, Weekdays



Do you know her well enough to ask?

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

How does she do it—day in, day out, *the whole month round*? Theaters, dances, club meetings . . . always fresh, poised and at ease . . . never excuses herself at the "monthly time," as so many women do. What is her secret? Do you know her well enough to ask?

On second thought, don't bother to ask! Just try *Tampax** for sanitary protection on "those days" each month. You wear it *internally* instead of the outside pads, pins, belts, etc. It gives you freedom you haven't had since you were a girl. Invented by a doctor and now used by *millions*, Tampax is thoroughly scientific in construction. Made of pure surgical cotton for great absorbency, it is so small it is contained in slender applicator for easy insertion.

You can't feel the Tampax while wearing. No chafing or odor—easy disposal. Wear it in tub or shower. Month's supply will slip into purse. . . . Sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Laughter

RADIO AND TV ENTERTAIN YOUNGSTERS WHO MAY



Captain Video relates an adventure to muscular dystrophied children at a party held by the Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America.



Joyce Naiduk listens to one of Sheriff Bob Dixon's adventures

IN NEW YORK CITY a few weeks ago, members of the radio and TV industry gathered with several hundred victims of muscular dystrophy. They were giving a party for these children who may never live beyond adolescence—supplying them with the laughter which may so soon be stilled. Star of the children gathered at the party was poster boy, Michael Danna, ten-year-old victim of the disease. Michael will be seen on billboards all over the nation during this month, appealing to you to give funds for research to find treatment and a cure for this crippling and deadly disease that affects more than 100,000 Americans. The party was sponsored by the Muscular Dystrophy Association, National Campaign Headquarters, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This headquarters will receive the contributions which will be sent by the public for aid to these children and hundreds of others like them.

and life

NEVER WALK AGAIN

Mike uses a toy persuader to get Roy Rogers and Bullets to their party.



Mike Danna, poster boy, shakes hands with Al Hodge, TV's Captain Video.



Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film... just soft shimmering beauty

Now... try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way... With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

Suave

End dry hair worries
with miracle Curtisol—
Only Suave has it



created by *Helene Curtis*
foremost name in hair beauty

Little Buck loves to watch Tennessee Ernie shave.

Ernie's a pea-picker



The Fords take a look at the Baby Book in their living room—Ernie, Little Buck and Betty are a happy threesome together.

IN LESS than four years, Ernie Ford from Tennessee has reached the top of radio's ladder. Starting out as a disc jockey on a small Pasadena station, Ernie is now a deejay from coast-to-coast. Grand Ole Opry fans will remember Ernie's appearances on that folksy show. Well, along with some of his buddies from the Opry, Ernie rode in on the hillbilly boom, and is doing right well.

Part of the reason for Ernie's success over ABC is most definitely due to the fact that Ernie's a real pea-picker. If there are any people left in the United States who don't "reckon" to what a pea-picker is—why, it's a swell guy. Ernie invented the word to describe people he likes. Only thing is—Ernie likes everybody, which means that there are approximately two billion pea-pickers alive today.

Aside from Ernie's chore as a deejay, he has become something of an authority on odd recipes—American style. One day he asked his listeners to send in recipes for dishes that didn't ordinarily get into cookbooks, classified as "lickin' good eatin'" by our boy. Thousands rolled in. Ernie and his wife Betty think they'll put them all into a cookbook when they get the time—they're all kitchen tested by the Fords.

Betty and Ernie and their two children, Bucky and Brion, live in the Whittier Hills section of Los Angeles in an early-American type bungalow. The place is furnished with antiques—many of which were sent in by listeners. The neighbors are pretty fond of the Fords and wouldn't part with that champ pea-picker, Tennessee Ernie—for all the "spinach" in the world.

Information Booth

(Continued)

Mr. Peepers

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me something about Wally Cox, who is so delightful as Mr. Peepers, the science teacher over TV?

B. G., Wilton, Conn.

Wally Cox was born in Omena, Michigan, and came to New York at the age of twelve. When he got out of the Army, Wally went to school to learn how to be a silversmith. He is as accomplished in that field as he is in the theatre. Marlon Brando heard Wally do one of his humorous sketches at a party, and talked him into trying show business. Marlon booked him into New York's Village Vanguard, a night club famous for young talent, who usually end up famous. Once the quiet young man got started, there was no stopping him. He appeared in New York night clubs like the Blue Angel, did TV appearances on Ed Sullivan's show, for sixteen weeks on the Perry Como Show, the Kate Smith Show, and Broadway Open House. It might interest you to know that when Mr. Peepers was first featured as a summer replacement, the viewers wrote so many letters to NBC, that the network decided to continue the series.

Bill's A Family Man

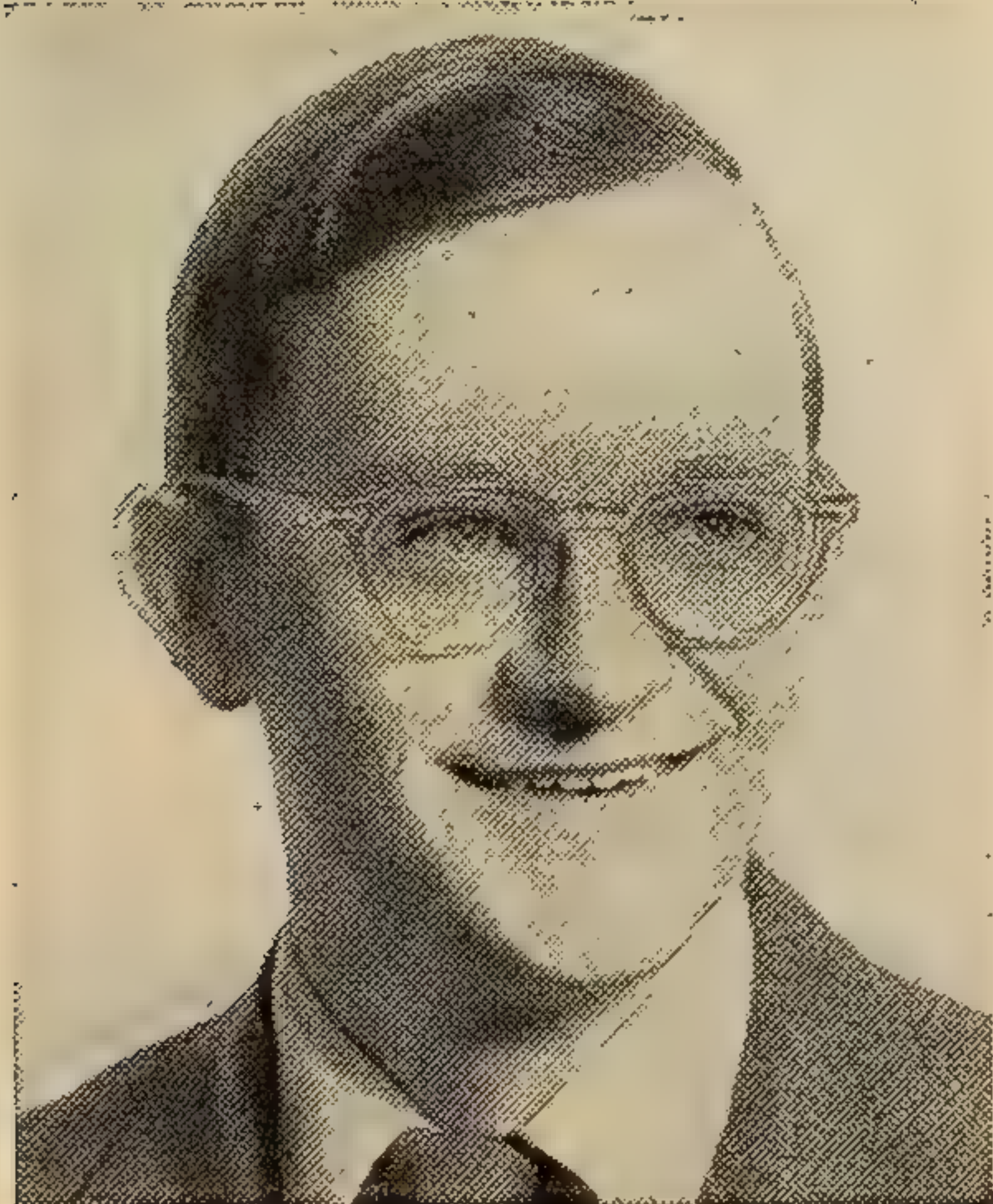
Dear Editor:

Is Bill Hayes of Your Show of Shows married, and does he have any children?

P. F., New York, New York

Yes, Bill is married, and has two adorable children.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Wally Cox

Sandpaper Hands feel

Caressable

in 10 Seconds!



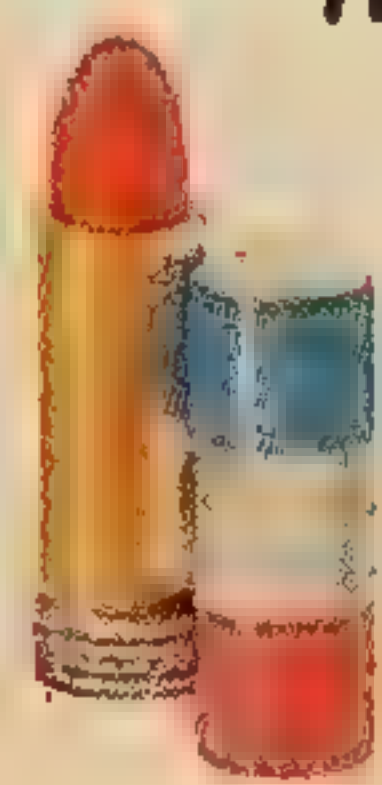
Cashmere Bouquet

Hand Lotion

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear** Lipstick!



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢

New! a shampoo that

Silkens
your hair!

Picture *you* . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
to see your hair so silky soft,
so silky bright . . . to feel the
magic of this lightning lather—
milder than castile. No other
lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.

New Lightning Lather—

a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use Drene every day!



New
Drene

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



BERT PARKS— Luck over his shoulder

by Frances Kish

THE STRING orchestra in Luna Park, North Carolina, played softly for the summer guests lounging in near-by chairs. Along the dais, potted palms screened the edge and a little boy, age three, stood, his sturdy legs planted firmly, his arms waving in close imitation of the orchestra leader's motions with the baton. If the little boy heard the laughter and the comments of "Isn't he cute?" from the guests, he gave no indication—seriously, intently, he kept up his imitation. Finally the orchestra leader leaned

Bert believes all things are possible in this big, wide, wonderful world of opportunity



At ten, Bert got his first taste of applause—imitating Charlie Chaplin.



School books and radio scripts vied for his interest—radio finally won!



Break The Bank thrills not only winners but Bert and Bud Collyer, too—it's been their baby from 'way back.

BERT PARKS—Luck

over, helped him to the bandstand and placed the baton in his hand. Whispering in his ear, the bandleader asked the little boy if he could also sing.

"Oh, sure," came the prompt reply. "You play the songs I know and I'll sing them."

For more than an hour the little boy stood in front of the guests, singing those words he'd memorized of the songs he'd heard. The laughter and applause which followed each number were as exciting as a double chocolate sundae would be to most children. Then, at the end of the hour, his mother kindly, gently, came to the orchestra stand and told him it was bedtime. Much as he hated to give up the fun of having people applaud him, the little boy knew he'd be less than a troupier if he displayed any emotion over going upstairs in the resort hotel. So, as self-composed as he had been when the leader placed the baton in his hand, he bowed his way off the stage and, holding his mother's hand, moved off to bed. This was Bert Parks's introduction to show business—a beginning for the kid who was just a little different, the one who couldn't resist a band, or a parade, or the



From teen days, he's been in broadcasting—with time out for the Army.

over his shoulder



Twin sons, baby daughter Petty, wife Annette—these are the loved ones who write the "happily ever after" ending for the Parks success story.

spotlight, with people waiting to be entertained.

Today, thirty-four years later, Bert Parks of Break The Bank, of Stop The Music, of Double Or Nothing and Balance Your Budget has the same thirst for the applause, the rewarding laughter of an audience. His glossy dark hair, his heavily marked brows over large brown eyes, the snub nose and the mobile mouth and firm jawline translate themselves into action, noise and laughter many times a week over the nation's airwaves and through the TV screen. Off-camera, he's as stoically calm as the little boy who long ago was taken off the stage to go to bed.

There has always been in Bert this mixture of composure and energy, and always this quick but quiet way of going from one thing to the next. Always a great interest in people—average, ordinary people, in liking to entertain them and in making them like him. It began, this lucky, wonderful life of his, back in Atlanta, Georgia, where he was born December 30, 1914, and named Bertram but immediately called Bert.

"I guess I was a run-of-the-mill child with a normal, average childhood," he says. "There was

only this one thing. From some remote ancestor I seemed to inherit a flair for theatricals. Certainly not from any of my immediate family. My father was a merchant, my mother a homemaker, and my brother—who is two and a half years older than I—knew he wanted to be a business man. He is now with an automobile company. But from the beginning I liked everything that had to do with show business. I devised costumes, made up skits, learned to apply make-up to myself and other kids at summer camps that I attended. I would sing, dance, handle the curtain and the box office. And when that wasn't possible I'd simply tell stories around an evening campfire, rambling on and on until I could find a suitable, dramatic ending for the tale."

School was somewhat less interesting to Bert. He liked English and (*Continued on page 97*)

Bert Parks emcees the following shows on CBS-TV: Balance Your Budget, Sat., 10 P.M., for Sealy Mattresses—Break The Bank, Sun., 9:30 P.M., for Ipana Tooth Paste—Double Or Nothing, M,W,F, 2 P.M., for Campbell's Soups; all EST.

Tomorrow the sun will shine again

LITTLE DOE's black eyes shine as she listens to her new father sing songs of the Cimarron, of cowboys and open fires and the tom-toms of her own Choctaw homeland. She sits fascinated by the music he makes and by the guitar in his hand, and now and then she reaches out with a sturdy little fist to try a string for size.

She's too young, the baby Dale and Roy Rogers adopted, to know how fortune—and heaven—have smiled on her, setting her own life to music from now on. Too young to realize that the comfortable, rambling, red-roofed, white stucco Encino rancho of the Rogers is now her reservation, too. Or that the pretty girl who holds her is her new sister, Cheryl, who years ago came from the same Dallas orphanage from whence she, too, found her way to the Rogers' hearts and hearth.

She's too young yet to (Continued on page 101)

The love of children led Roy

and Dale Rogers through their deepest

sorrow—into their greatest joy

by
Maxine Arnold

The Roy Rogers Shows—NBC Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, and NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M.—sponsored by Post Cereals.

Now the Rogers tribe grows ever stronger—in love, in health, in numbers! Young Sandy (left) and baby "Little Doe" are gleefully welcomed by Dusty and Cheryl (standing) and Linda Lou (kneeling).







Two active children, two busy careers: At left, two-year-old Paul and four-year-old Andrea have their own ideas about lunch. Right, Papa Court and Mama Grace study their acting scripts together.



Some day, their children may add to the four generations of actors represented in the Bensons' picture collection.

Grace Matthews'

It's always the unexpected
waiting for the Court Bensons
around the bend—and the
unexpected's always wonderful!

By MARIE HALLER



Court—who served overseas with Canada's 48th Highlanders during the war—films his family in appropriately Scottish headgear.

ROAD OF LIFE

A FROWN momentarily shadowed Grace Matthews Benson's pretty, youthful face. In the act of putting down the telephone receiver, she glanced at the blank wall above it and thought to herself how many times she'd lifted that receiver in telephone booths, in her own home, in a friend's home—to find that either she or her husband, Court, were going to have another day disrupted with an urgent work call. Then the blank wall and the telephone booth came in focus almost together and her face lit with its characteristic smile.

"I'll fix it," she said to herself. "I'll fix it once and for all. I'll get a bulletin board, and then if Court gets a call he can put the time and the day up here, and if I get one I can do the same thing. Then, when he's not

home, I'll know whether or not we can accept a dinner invitation. If only Court and I could work out a schedule—"

There couldn't have been more seriousness or determination of purpose written into Grace's expression at that moment, even if she'd been playing Dr. Carson McVicker in *Road Of Life*. Why, in just the length of time it took to pick up that telephone, any feeble attempts she might have made for arranging their evening could be completely disrupted. (*Continued on page 68*)

Grace plays Carson McVicker on *Road Of Life*, NBC, M-F, 3:15 P.M., for Procter & Gamble. She is also heard frequently on Armstrong's *Theatre Of Today*, CBS, Sat., 12 noon. Both EST.



Melinda gets a mustache just like Daddy's, and lots of toys—Groucho can deny her nothing. Mattie, third member of the household, watches over them all.

THE MAN

Groucho Marx knows

the mainspring of life

is in the heart—

but it takes little Melinda

to make him reveal it!

By ELIZABETH MILLS

GROUCHO MARX, cigar in mouth but with the characteristic leer gone from his eyes, paced impatiently up and down the hall of his home waiting impatiently for the doctor. Looking like a big, worried father bear, every few seconds he would tip-toe noisily into six-year-old Melinda's room. Little Melinda hardly stirred in her bed but, each time Groucho bent over her, she'd manage a brave smile for her father in spite of the 105° temperature which was making her cheeks burn bright.

Mattie, the other member of the household, who watches over the Marx family, tried to tell Groucho that all this looking, all this pacing, all this worrying, wasn't going to do Melinda a bit of good. All she got was a look, and Groucho continued his pacing up and down, back and forth.

Finally, the doctor arrived. Yes, Melinda would be all right—she had a virus infection. Yes, he could reduce her fever. Yes, he'd given her a thorough examination. Finally, in exasperation, the doctor turned to the nervous father.

"All this child needs now is the medicine I've prescribed—and a little rest," the doctor said sternly. "Now go away and let her sleep so she can get a little peace and quiet. When she awakens, she'll be like a new child."

Grumbling, Groucho followed the doctor out the door and the doctor turned and shut the door with a firm hand. As the two walked down the hall, the doctor turned to Groucho, "By the way, I have the results of our little discussion last week. You've got to take better care of yourself. You haven't been getting enough rest, and your diet has got to be watched. Here, this is *your* diet for the next few months." He handed Groucho a diet. (Continued on page 93)



BEHIND THE CIGAR

"When Melinda comes in," says Mattie, "he's all smiles, and they play together like two kids."





For the present, Elaine's enjoying her bachelor-girl apartment, loves parties, chunky gold bracelets—and lots of shoes!

Much-married on the air, Elaine Rost is
really single—still waiting for that right man

by Martin Cohen

WHEN THERE is gayety, exciting work, loads of friends, Manhattan is a wonderful place to live in. When jobs are slow and the city's concrete looks gray and grimy and the neon lights grow shabby, New York is a wonderful place to be from—

Elaine Rost, heard daily as Mrs. Ruth Davis, one woman in Perry Mason's life, has seen both sides of the town. If there were a female list to match "the ten most eligible bachelors," ash-blonde, blue-eyed, high-spirited Elaine would unquestionably be one of the women. She has common sense to match her beauty, small-town roots which give her anchorage in the big city, a personal warmth that belies her efficiency, and a capacity for hard work which is bound to net a girl a place in the entertainment firmament.

(Continued on page 79)

Perry Mason stars John Larkin, with Joan Alexander as Della Street, Elaine Rost as Ruth Davis, on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble.



Flowers and food are a Rost specialty.



Pretty Girl in

With mikes and mysteries
forgotten, John Larkin, Joan
Alexander and Elaine can
relax and enjoy a good laugh.



PERRY MASON'S life



Paul Dixon— SONGS FOR HIS SUPPER

On the record, he “borrows” other people’s voices—but the way he does it has brought him a fame all his own!

By BETTY HAYNES

DOTTY MACK snuggled up to Paul Dixon before the television cameras as the lights went on and they both broke into a pantomime of “Million Dollar Baby.” Dotty’s grin was a little broader than usual as she stepped away from Paul and moved behind the counter in the “five-and-ten-cent store.” Paul, full face to the camera, finished acting out the song and immediately knew Dotty’d done it again! The cameraman, producer Len Goorian and even Mort (Continued on page 69)

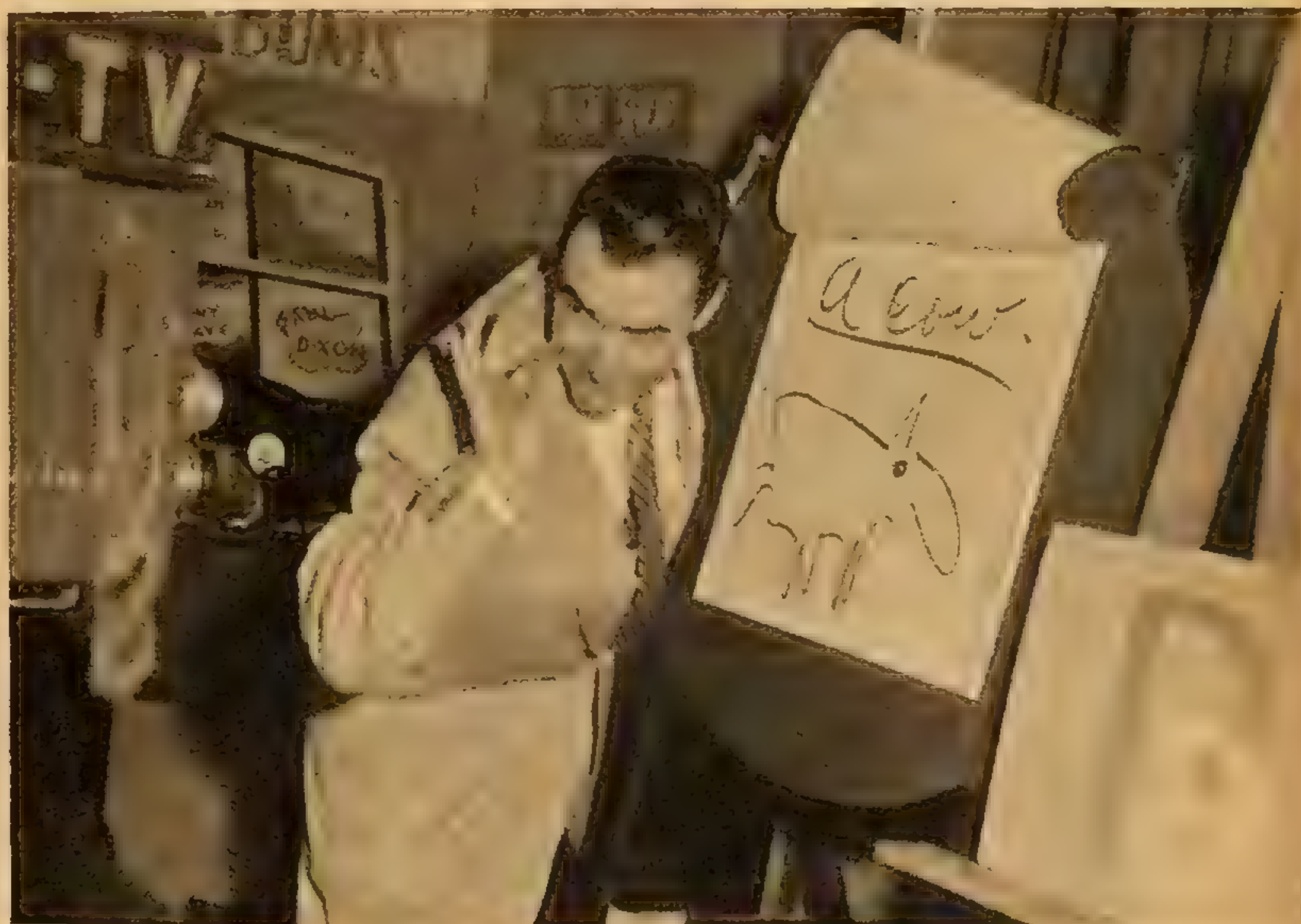
Paul Dixon Show is seen on Du Mont TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EST. See local papers for TV and radio times in Midwest area.



Paul's TV girl friends, Dotty Mack and Wanda Lewis, help him pantomime "Around the Corner."



It's a serious time, when Paul greets the shy youngsters bringing daily polio fund donations.



Paul's imitation of Wanda "drawing a record" falls somewhat short of art. He's more in his element, acting out a disc with Dotty, to the lines: "You're not sick—you're just in love."



KATHI NORRIS SAYS A SCHEMING

KATHI NORRIS could hardly wait for Jill Deering to finish her meal so that she could hear the end of her story. The first time Kathi ran into Jill was at the big Chicago stock-car races. Jill, for all her blonde femininity, was an ex-Marine mechanic who then had a job as the famed Gib's grease monkey. Kathi had been attracted by the bland, mild-mannered girl who was so intently interested in the whole technique of Gib's driving, in the excitement and thrills of this off-beat racing life. It had been with a heavy heart that Kathi had picked up the paper and learned that Gib was in the hospital, victim of a wild turn which had sent him crashing into a racing-stadium fence. . . . She'd wondered what had happened to little Jill, and it was sheer delight for Kathi when Jill came around and invited herself to lunch. "You always thought I was a little crazy to be interested in stock-car races, didn't you, Kathi?" Jill said in that soft-spoken voice of hers. "Well, I was and I wasn't. You see, as one female to another, I had a scheme in mind. The first time I saw Gib race, I was certain that he had more stuff than any man I'd ever met. . . . I watched him handle a car, watched him take well-calculated risks to win races, and I thought: If that determination could ever be put to use as a business man, Gib would be about as successful as a man could be. That's when I maneuvered a job with Gib." "But," protested Kathi, "don't tell me you were thinking yourself in love with a man whom you'd only seen driving a car!" "Madly, insanely, in love with him," Jill said ruefully. "But how to tame him was a different matter." "Well," said Kathi impatiently, "I'm as interested as any woman would be—go on." "First off I bought myself the most unglamorous coveralls a woman could wear," giggled Jill. "For six months he only knew I knew about cars. Then he invited me out to a show on a rainy night. I had on the most feminine-looking suit in my wardrobe—and he noticed that I was a woman. . . . Then—then came the day of the crash and he thought he was through, but I let his business partner give him the information that I'd advised the investment of his money in an automobile agency in Kansas City. That's when he thought I'd make a good partner." Jill paused for breath and Kathi interrupted, "And that's when you said 'yes' to his proposal." "No," Jill said, seriously. "It wasn't until I realized that he might die and I threw myself at him in a most unladylike manner, having discovered that I didn't give a darn what he did for a living—this was the time I begged him to marry me." "Well, your plan, your scheme worked," Kathi said. Jill laughed. "It was *his* plan, *his* scheme! Gib was no more dying than I was! Imagine pulling a trick like that to get me to propose!" Kathi laughed, too, and added: "The best laid plans of mice and men—can sometimes exceed those of a woman!"

Escape With Me is heard on ABC, Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, as produced by Wilbur Stark. Kathi Norris, narrator and hostess, is pictured at the right, with Donald Buka as Gib and Lorna Lynn as Jill.



WOMAN CAN MAKE OR BREAK A MAN WHEN SHE BEGS HIM TO:

"Escape with me"

Kathi was intrigued by the situation — Gib, all daredevil masculinity — Jill, all bland femininity — and both apparently interested only in racing!



They say we're in love



They don't always team up with each other (as on the opposite page). Marion also performs with Godfrey and Frank even hoofs with him!



But what do Marion Marlowe and

Frank Parker say about themselves?

Here's a peek behind the scenes

By CHRIS KANE

ON TELEVISION, they sing, gazing soulfully into each other's eyes . . . on television, they speak, gazing soulfully into each other's eyes . . . on television, they kiss, their soulful eyes closed. . . .

But what they do off television—ah, that's a case for a private detective.

The public, titillated by the romantic goings-on of Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker in their (the public's) living rooms, writes thousands of letters, and jams the CBS switchboard daily, trying to discover whether the two Arthur Godfrey stars are "that way" in real life. But members of the Godfrey gang, apparently enjoying the mystery, just won't say.

The only thing you can find out from anybody around CBS is that you can't find out anything from anybody around CBS.

Not that Marion and Frank aren't glad to talk about each other.

"He's an amateur cook," she'll say. "He makes a fair pot of lasagne, but he cooks the cheese too long—"

And if you want to conjure up—out of that—a cozy scene with soft music and the delicate tinkling of wine glasses, and Marion lighting candles at the table, while Frank, in an apron, cooks the cheese too long . . . well, go ahead and conjure. It's a free country. But ask her outright if he's ever cooked for her, and she's likely to give you a detailed report about the weather in Missouri (where, as it happens, she was born).

So we'll tell you what we know, and you draw your own conclusions.

Marion's first meeting with Frank was painfully unromantic.

Arthur Godfrey had heard her sing in the Kenilworth Hotel dining room in Miami, Florida, and invited her to New York to do a guest shot (*Continued on page 74*)

Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe: Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M. (CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11), for Snow Crop, Star-Kist, Fiberglas, Frigidaire, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Toni, Nabisco, Chesterfield—King Arthur Godfrey And His Round Table, CBS, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury. All EST.



John Nelson and his family find richness in the laughter and love at home



It isn't money that makes Nell and John feel rich as Rockefeller. It's those family jewels—their twin sons Chris and Greg, and shining-haired daughter Penny—plus the wealth of affection which they treasure.



By GLADYS HALL

ON A QUIET, tree-lined street in Rye, New York, there is a typical old house, sort of Victorian in style, with large spacious lawns surrounding it. From the outside, there isn't much to separate it from its neighbors, unless perhaps the number of cars parked in its driveway at all hours of the day and night. But inside—inside is another story . . . for this house is occupied by Arnell Nelson, twins named John Christopher and William Gregory, a four-year-old named Penelope, and the master of the mansion, John Nelson, cherub-faced master of ceremonies on *Live Like A Millionaire* and *Bride And Groom*.

And that isn't all. This family just forms the skeleton crew, the base number needed to begin a good time. Each day, from five to fifteen persons augment this family group in a house that rings with laughter and good cheer. For Nell (shortened from Arnell) regards herself as having three

WE LIVE LIKE



John knew Nell was a gem—and set out to provide a platinum setting!

A MILLIONAIRE

WE LIVE LIKE A MILLIONAIRE



Kitchen raids, led by Penny and the twins, can't dismay the loyal Olivia. She's used to having the house full of company—five to fifteen extra at dinner, is just about normal.

men in her life, three men who've been teamed like the three-legged stool ever since they met. These three men and their families have formed the nucleus of an ever-widening circle of friends who have been eagerly embraced by the happy-go-lucky, gay John Nelsons.

The three Johns—Masterson, Reddy and Nelson—met in the Thirties (they're in *their* thirties now!) at Spokane's Gonzaga University, which is also Bing Crosby's Alma Mater. The same Gonzaga Dramatic Club that "spawned Bing," as the Johns put it, staged a play called "The Ghost Train" and the Johns met on the worn boards once trod by Bing.

In the play John Nelson, described as "a dark cherubic fellow with a free-wheeling tongue," played the lead; John Masterson, who described himself at the time as "a skinny basketball player," helped direct; and John Reddy, "a freckled, aspiring poet," wrote the publicity.

"The Johns have been pals and business partners, modern Three Musketeers, 'one for all and all for one,' ever since," Nell Nelson says. "Dumas, I often think, should have lived so long!"

Today the Johns, known as "Television's Terrible

Trio," have swank offices in New York and Hollywood. Their chastely engraved stationery reads impressively, "Masterson, Reddy & Nelson, Television and Radio Productions." Their list of achievements on the airways, both radio and TV, reads even more impressively than their letterheads.

They were the first, for instance (and what an instance!), to invent the giveaway show. "The happy accident," John Nelson calls it. "We stumbled into it when we were producing the Breakfast In Hollywood radio show and got the idea of having the late Tom Brenneman give a hothouse orchid, during each broadcast, to the oldest lady on the program." This gift, trifling as it was, became the feature of the show. It was the appeal, the Johns realized, to people's free-loading instinct, and this inspired them to utter the network-shaking sentence: "Let's start a show that *really* gives

John Nelson emcees *Live Like A Millionaire* over ABC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Charles Antell, and also *Bride And Groom*, over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, for General Mills, Inc.



John's learned one way to get Penny to sit still—for a moment—is to ask her to pose for a "pitcher." Then she's off again, in full cry, after her brothers.

the public something!"

It was with these epic words that the airways' philanthropic frenzy was born.

In the career of the Johns, the immediate result was CBS-TV's *Bride And Groom*, on which John Nelson interviews the couples who get married on the program, sends them off on their free honeymoons and dispenses such additional largesse as stoves, pianos, trailers, baby shoes, swimming pools, vacuum cleaners, aeroplanes—not to mention more exotic items such as the Colorado gold mine given one pair of newlyweds and the two honeymoons given another. This last prize consisted of a six-day flight around the world, which the Johns followed up with a second honeymoon at California's Arrowhead Springs. "So they could recover," the Johns laugh, "from the first one!"

In addition to *Bride And Groom*, the trio are currently producing *Live Like A Millionaire* of which, on TV, John Nelson is the emcee and on which the boys pass out weekly such posh knickknacks as yachts, jewels, butlers, and the interest on \$1,000,000 for a week.

In the six years since they (*Continued on page 95*)



Favorite sports are baseball for the boys (Dodger rooters, in and out of season) and golf for the grown-ups—an enthusiasm John and Nell have shared since courtin' days.





Jerry smiled as he thought of his daughter, now the only sunshine in his life—he must never let the loss of her mother dim that radiance!

SHALL TEACH US



David and Ricky have instructed me in playtime—and comforted me in hours of sadness.

by Harriet Hilliard Nelson

I HAVE a friend whom I have known since girlhood days and who has always been amusing, but—as I told her the other day—it seems to me that in recent years she has matured into an exceptionally wise woman.

After my comment, she said laughingly, "My parents didn't think I'd ever grow up—and, to tell you the truth, I hadn't the faintest notion of how to go about it. Then along came the children, and I began to learn how to live. I've come to the conclusion that, in the schoolroom which this world seems to be, children are the best teachers."

This struck me as being one of the most provocative ideas I had heard in a long time. Considering my own situation, I realized with some astonishment that many of my most useful lessons have been taught me by my sons: David, who is now sixteen, and Eric, who is twelve.

The life story of Nick, our dog, is an excellent example of what I mean.

Nick adopted us. About five years ago, he showed up at the back door one morning and woofed to ask for food. We fed him, looked over his elegant spaniel frame and decided that he was (Continued on page 81)

The Nelson family stars in *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, Fridays, at 8 P.M. on ABC-TV and at 9 P.M. on ABC Radio, under the alternate sponsorship of Hotpoint Co. and Listerine.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

"God never closes one door that he doesn't open another.
I lend a hand to those groping for that door."

By MRS. OTTILIA STEARNS



Pretty assistant Rae Culliton helps Todd Russell keep a "permanent record" of guests on the program.

YEARS ago there was a song published, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" That's exactly how I felt during and after my experience on the CBS-TV Wheel Of Fortune.

Friday morning, when I left my house, I was just Ottilia Stearns, housewife and mother. When I returned home I was a local celebrity. I had thirty congratulatory phone calls within two hours—several from out-of-state. That afternoon, townspeople I had never met walked up to me on the street to congratulate me. The postman, instead of just dropping the mail in our box, rang the bell and doffed his hat.

Among the many prizes I won was a fine portable typewriter, for quizmaster Todd Russell had discovered that my secret desire is to write. And along with the typewriter was my first assignment for RADIO-TV MIRROR. I was asked to write about myself and how I happened to get on the show.

As you may know, Todd Russell asks viewers to write in about anyone they know who has performed a heroic deed or who has done something outstanding in the community. A friend, without my knowledge, sent in such a letter about me.

Frankly, my husband Kenneth sometimes teases by calling me a "do-gooder." My daughters—and I have three—have on occasion said, "Mother, be careful you don't sprout wings." I mention this, for you must understand that neither my family nor friends view me pompously. Helping people is just a hobby for me.

This has been said: "Mrs. Stearns must be a woman of means to be so good to others."

The truth is that we are a family of moderate circumstances. I am a housewife and mother first. Our home in Little Neck, a small town on Long Island, has seven big rooms, and one day a week a maid comes in. My daughters are ten, twelve, and sixteen years old. They are very helpful, but it is my opinion that a mother owes much of her time to her children. My oldest daughter, I say proudly, cooks as well as I do and even makes her own clothes. When I say that we live modestly, I mean just that. I doubt that I have ever spent more than a hundred dollars a year on

The Wheel Of Fortune turns on CBS-TV, Fridays, 10 A.M. EST.

SPUN FOR ME



Todd Russell enjoys giving prizes to "good neighbors" like Mrs. Stearns (that typewriter helped her write this story).

clothes for myself, just for my personal wardrobe.

The point is that helping others requires no capital and just the time that a housewife might occasionally give to a club or bridge game. Usually, the chance to help someone just happens and I'm involved in a set of circumstances which follow through to a natural ending.

For example, one winter afternoon I was driving to the grocery. Stopping for a red light, I saw a young mother with a three-year-old boy standing at the corner. The boy was coughing badly and the mother looked confused. It was natural to offer them a lift.

The girl was anxious to talk. She was an English war bride whose husband was an alcoholic. She had been able to find only the most menial kind of day work and couldn't afford to give her child the care and attention he required. She wanted to do housework but was a farm girl and had lived simply. She didn't know enough about electricity and gas to get a decent job. All she knew was a broom and scrubbing brush.

I took this girl into my home. Our doctor discovered the boy had whooping cough and was undernourished. It was necessary for me to take a part-time job myself in order to give the (Continued on page 72)

Young Widder Brown—



1. All Simpsonville watches eagerly to see whether or not Ellen Brown will find happiness with Dr. Loring.

Troubled Heart

How long can a woman's love stand firm against terror and intimidation?

FOR YEARS the people of the little town of Simpsonville have watched with fond regard the romance of Ellen Brown, who owns the tearoom on Main Street, and Dr. Anthony Loring, the eminent doctor—who, with Ellen's help, created the vast medical building there, Health Center Hospital. The women, especially, have watched and waited, wondering when Ellen would obey the dictates of her heart to marry this worthy man, yet (and such is the fashion of small towns) each ready to criticize should the young widow turn her back on her two small children. Obviously, Ellen's first duty is to Mark and Janey, who have deeply resented the thought of their mother marrying again.

Then came the event which sent Simpsonville inhabitants into fast and furious debate. Was their

beloved doctor all they had supposed him to be? For, suddenly, everyone was shocked by his terrible deception—their doctor had a wife, even as he was wooing Ellen! To Ellen, this was an unbelievable possibility—until that dread moment came when the two could be alone to talk the whole situation out between them. It was then Anthony confessed that when he was a young student at medical college he had met a girl, a girl named Ruth Phillips, who was under the cruel domination of her crippled brother, Conrad Phillips. Filled with romantic notions of rescuing Ruth from Conrad, Anthony had persuaded Ruth to elope with him. Hardly had the marriage ceremony been performed, however, when Ruth ran away from Anthony to rejoin her brother. It was almost with relief that Anthony received a letter a

See Next Page ►

2. Ruth, Dr. Anthony Loring's wife in name only, shows Ellen how cups were switched and poison intended for Ellen was administered to Ellen's friend Mathilda. Ellen is horrified.



YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



3. Constance Eliot, possessive mother of engineer Christopher, who is in love with Ellen, shows her a letter revealing Ellen's friend Mathilda expected to die. Constance tries to implicate Ellen in Mathilda's death!

short time later in which Ruth said their marriage had been annulled. Realizing he didn't love Ruth, the years had dimmed the memory of his vain attempt to free Ruth from Conrad, and the whole episode became a meaningless chapter in his mind and heart. Actually, he'd never thought of mentioning it to Ellen, because he'd not thought or talked about it to anyone then or since.

Even as the townspeople were taking firm stands—some for, some against Anthony—Ruth Loring moved to Simpsonville, telling anyone who would listen that she loved Anthony, now wanted his protection and his support. As the weeks passed into months, Anthony

searched for some record of the annulment of his marriage to Ruth. He did not uncover any legal papers, but he has made two fearful discoveries: Ruth is definitely a mental case. Her brother Conrad is engaged in criminal activities—activities which are carried on in the house Anthony rented for Ruth, but in which Anthony refuses to live. Conspiring with Conrad are two other occupants of the house—Roy and Betty Maxwell. Meanwhile, Ellen, with determination and heartbreak, is pursuing every clue she can find to help Anthony out of his predicament. She discovers the existence of Mathilda Maxwell, an older, more mature sister of the two, living with Conrad. Ellen



4. Ellen and Dr. Loring consult the medical examiner about Mathilda's death. They learn Mathilda was poisoned before coming to the tea shop.



5. Conrad Phillips, Ruth Loring's crippled brother, says he will prove Ruth poisoned Mathilda—for a price. Ellen and Constance Eliot can't believe what their ears hear.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

knows that behind Mathilda's evasion of her questions lies fear, and knowledge which might free Anthony. Then, finally, comes the fateful day when Mathilda feels she has to speak, and she comes to Ellen's tearoom. With swift, horrible sureness, Mathilda's lips are sealed forever—she is poisoned and dies in Ellen's tearoom. Once again Conrad's vicious influence on Ruth is felt. He and Roy have terrorized Ruth into believing that she is partly responsible for Mathilda's death—in her deranged state, Ruth believes she was going to poison Ellen and that, instead, when the poison was administered, Ellen inadvertently switched cups and the one containing poison was given to Mathilda.

To further complicate Ellen's life, Christopher Eliot, a young construction engineer, and his mother Constance, have come to Simpsonville to live, and Christopher brushes aside gossip to fall head over heels in love with Ellen. Constance, a possessive mother who will not easily relinquish her hold on her son, is determined that nothing shall come from what she terms Christopher's "infatuation." Her way, however, of making it certain is to undermine Ellen, no matter what the cost to Ellen's character, reputation or feelings. Beset on every side, Ellen in her darkest moments thinks in the terms that Anthony has urged upon her—with Ruth mentally ill, there is no escape from the ties of matrimony which seem to enmesh Anthony and, therefore, no hope that Ellen can ever be more than "the other woman" in the triangle situation; Anthony would have her end the doubts of her heart and her soul-searing allegiance to him and turn to Christopher for comfort. Anthony would even have her marry Christopher if, in doing so, happiness could be hers. Buffeted by these events, Ellen faces the future. Will her heart or her head guide her to a happier life?



7. Proof of Ruth's complete mental derangement comes when Ruth threatens murder. Help must be found for Ruth in an institution!



6. Dr. Anthony Loring sadly reveals to Ellen that Ruth's mental illness will never allow him to be free of his marriage vows to Ruth.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Ellen Brown.....Florence Freeman
 Dr. Anthony Loring.....Ned Wever
 Ruth Loring.....Ann Shepherd
 Conrad Phillips.....Bret Morrison
 Constance Eliot.....Ethel Owen

Young Widder Brown is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, for Haley's M-O and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste.



8. Ellen looks sadly at the engagement ring. Should she accept Christopher's plea for marriage or remain "the other woman" in the life of Dr. Anthony Loring, the man she loves?





Elaine understands and pities Charlotte, who's missed so much that Elaine has—pride in her husband, the love of children

let yourself be happy!

As Charlotte Abbott in

Our Gal Sunday, Elaine Kent

has learned why a woman

can be her own worst enemy

By MARY TEMPLE

DEVOTED listeners to Our Gal Sunday know kind, elderly Dr. Abbott—and they love him. They know his young wife Charlotte—almost too well. No one loves or envies Charlotte, despite her fine husband, her lovely home, her power in the community as wife of its leading physician. Charlotte herself has never appreciated her own blessings, has always been bitterly jealous of others. She is quarrelsome, malicious, thoroughly discontented.

“And yet,” sighs Elaine Kent, who portrays this symbol of feline dissatisfaction, “Charlotte could be so happy if only she would let herself!” Elaine has a right to speak, to give advice to the misguided character she plays. For no two women ever differed more. Perhaps the greatest contrast between them is that Elaine can understand (and *(Continued on page 99)*)

Our Gal Sunday, on CBS Radio, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. for Anacin.



Unlike Charlotte, Elaine knows the warmth and sentimental value of all the objects that make a home one's very own—the piano which Elaine really loves to play, the antique pitchers she's enjoyed collecting.

In a quiet moment Elaine relaxes—and counts the blessings Charlotte never learned to share.



A Saga of America

ONE MAN'S



Son Jack Barbour (played by Page Gilman) is part of the second generation in radio's longest-established household. Joan (Mary Lou Harrington) and husband Ross Farnsworth (Vic Perrin, right) are third-generation, just started a fourth!

FAMILY

Through the years, the loves
and lives of the beloved Barbours
have revealed real-life secrets



Mother Barbour is played by Minetta Ellen, who's just like her role—except that she has even more greatgrandchildren.

By FREDDA DUDLEY

A LITTLE more than twenty years ago, American radio audiences were introduced to a remarkable family—a family that was to become as a mirror held up to the years, reflecting change, growth, sometimes-troubled and sometimes-triumphant times. In the year 1932, Father Barbour, his wife, Mother Fanny Barbour, and their five children—Paul, Hazel, the twins Claudia and Clifford, and Jack—established their residence at Seacliff Drive, San Francisco.

Unemployment was widespread, the bank holiday had just ended and so had thousands of banks—the country was suffering, in general, a severe case of economic virus; in a way, the Barbours served as a sort of spiritual medicine to combat the ailment. The creator of the Barbours was Carlton E. Morse, then and now a spiritually wise, humorously idealistic chap, then just eight years out of the University of California. Very much a product of his times, Mr. Morse was creating a family in the image of people whose problems he knew and recognized.

One Man's Family is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc.



Father Barbour is J. Anthony Smythe—who couldn't love his air family more if they were truly his own flesh-and-blood.

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ONE MAN'S FAMILY



Father's a great gardener, loves to brag to son Jack, left, son-in-law Dan Murray (Ken Peters) and grandson-in-law Ross.



Home from Japan, Teddy (Jeanne Bates) tells Hazel (Bernice Berwin), Joan and Claudia (Barbra Fuller) about her work.

First of all, there was and is Henry Barbour, in those days president of a bond house which had served its clients honorably before the depression and was serving them capably through it. This was a bold notion, when one realizes that bond-house presidents and bond salesmen were not held in high esteem in that era, after the crash of '29. Originally, Mr. Barbour was not the most appealing character in the world. He was hide-bound, filled with an uncompromising integrity which is pleasant in one's broker but slightly trying over the breakfast eggs. Father Barbour was much like a desert cactus: forbidding in casual encounter, but full of life-saving substance when approached by the knowing. With the years Father Barbour has mellowed, his personality lightened with success, as he has met and conquered his day-in, day-out problems.

Mother Barbour was the "captive woman" of her era. She was philosophical, as women must be, intensely loyal to her husband but capable of understanding his weaknesses while still ap-



Gathering of the clan's younger members: From left—Janie (Jana Liff), Penny (Anne Whitfield), Elizabeth Sharon Ann (Suzanne Luckey), Margaret (Dawn Bender), Mary Lou (Merry McGovern), and Andy (Michael Chapin).

plauding his strength. Mr. Morse did not go far afield when he regarded Mother Barbour as a staunch weathervane in a stormy climate, pointing always to the eventual triumph of fair weather.

PAUL BARBOUR, their oldest son, was a member of the "Lost Generation." A veteran of World War I, he had already been married to an American Army nurse, while flying in France, and had lost her in a hospital epidemic only two weeks later, when One Man's Family came to the airwaves in 1932. There was a hint that he was deeply interested in, if not downright involved with, a brunette beauty named Beth Holly. Claudia and Clifford were the Flaming Youth of the depression days; young Jack captured listeners' hearts with the timeless appeal of an energetic, uninhibited, enterprising small boy.

Now, a little more than twenty years later, the Barbour family, along with every family in America, has changed. The original seven members have increased by (Continued on page 71)

Paul's far off in Japan, most of these days, and letters from him are treasured by Father Barbour—who reads them aloud, as Margaret, Claudia; Jack, Hazel and Joan listen.



Grace Matthews' Road of Life

(Continued from page 35)

And to make matters worse, unlike most families in radio and TV work, the Benson family contained two "unreliable" people to whom the unexpected was always happening. She and Court would just have to reform!

"Reforming" into well-scheduled human beings has been an ambition of Grace's for some years now, but there are a few things in her life which interfere. Except for occasional vacations—and the presentation of two small Bensons—Grace, until last December, arrived at the studios regularly, Monday through Friday, for one-and-a-half hours' rehearsal and fifteen minutes' broadcast time of Big Sister, which recently went off the air. Currently, of course, she's busy with her role as Dr. Carson McVicker in NBC's Road Of Life.

But the rest of the Benson family acting schedule is far more unpredictable and, consequently, hectic. Grace is heard in Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, Cavalcade Of America, The Greatest Story Ever Told, the radio version of City Hospital, and many others . . . all on a moment's notice, so to speak. Court and Grace together are often heard on the latter three shows. In addition, Court has had an important role on Brighter Day—as juvenile lead Tom Gordon—and can often be heard on My True Story, Whispering Streets, Counter-Spy, and Gangbusters, to name just a few. On television, he is seen all over the lot, usually in character roles, frequently in the TV version of City Hospital.

"I call Grace the daytime segment of the family—me, the nighttime," says Court, who has approached this problem with Grace before, "which is, I guess, why Grace is currently concentrating—and I actually believe she means it—on a bulletin board system. Sometimes—but not often, thank heavens—it seems as though we see more of each other in studio corridors than we do in our own home. I'm way beyond being surprised by friends stopping me with 'Grace wanted me to remind you, if I ran into you, that you were supposed to. . . .' You see, outside of memorizing lines, I have a notoriously bad memory, and if Grace weren't around to remind me of commitments—that is, if I remembered to tell her about the commitments in the first place—I'd probably be a dead pigeon as far as the acting profession is concerned. Probably have to go back to law, which is what I prepared for, even though I never practised it. At that, I might not make a bad lawyer—I'm certainly working up a good case for that bulletin board!"

Grace smiles a little grimly at Court's levity. The bulletin board would be a good idea, but it's one of several good ideas she's had on the subject. After all, didn't she buy an outsized daily calendar book for her husband to jot down his whereabouts . . . which, except for the first day, never indicated anything but outsized blank pages, and left her continuing to guess whether or not Court would be home for dinner.

Secretly, this life of the unexpected is exactly what Grace and Court love. It's what they're used to—what they've always had since they first met in Toronto, Canada, on New Year's Day in 1940, when Court was announcing on the daytime serial, The Story Of Dr. Susan, and Grace tried out for and won the title role. "Why, even my first approach to Grace for a date," laughs Court, "couldn't go off without the unexpected. By the time I had worked up enough courage to ask her for a date, I had also worked up a good case

of hypertension which broke out with my first case of what is called in the trade 'radio hands'—little red bumps all over the hands. Fortunately, Grace understood—as she always does—and, even though she was not free that evening and turned me down, she did it in such a way as to leave the door open for another try. Which I made a few days later, after I had recovered my equilibrium.

"Even that first date had a touch—and I use the word loosely—of the unexpected. I think I must have already been in love with Grace because I wanted this first date to be extra-special. It was! In an effort to really impress her—and completely ignoring the fact that it was mid-winter in Toronto—I drove her to Niagara Falls for lunch in the Indian Room of the Niagara Falls Hotel. The fact that we might freeze to death in the process never entered my mind. But we didn't, and had a wonderful time until returning home—when I ran out of gas! So help me, it was not premeditated! If there was one thing I wanted to do, it was to make a good impression on Grace—and her parents. The fact that they ever forgave me for getting her home at four A.M. on our first date is what I consider a major miracle. But then, I've since discovered that Grace's great understanding is something she's inherited from her parents."

"If you think that first date proved anything about our lives," interrupts Grace in a teasing way, "you should have beheld Court's proposal some six months later. I think it was actually by way of explaining the heavy coating of sugar he put over his steak sandwich instead of in his coffee while we were lunching at a little restaurant after a broadcast.

"Much as I loved Court, I was also earnestly pursuing a theatrical career, and, believe it or not, couldn't give him a direct answer at that moment. I had to ask for time. I had been toying with the idea of coming to New York to try to advance my career. Court's proposal suddenly made me realize I had to make a choice—either New York and a possible theatrical career, or Toronto and Court. You see, Court could not leave Toronto then—besides a heavy radio schedule, he was also studying to become a lawyer. So, I took off for New York—a move which was as much Court's idea as mine.

"But, after one week of being torn betwixt and between, I rushed back to Toronto as fast as the Limited would take me, and we were married in a simple ceremony in the Chapel of the Bishop Strachan School. Then, as if to make up for the simplicity of the wedding, we honeymooned at the fabulous Domaine d'Estrelle in the Laurentian Mountains. Domaine d'Estrelle is an establishment built originally by a wealthy Belgian baron as his home. We occupied the baron's own rooms and, if we never again

touch real luxury, we can always say, 'We had it!'"

While Court was in the service—the 48th Highlanders, attached to General Montgomery's Eighth Army—Grace continued her radio career, and during the course of the war years won three national awards, including the award as Canada's leading radio actress. Upon Court's return, the Bensons turned their sights upon New York—this time, together. Almost immediately Court won an audition for narrator of the daytime series then on the air, Tennessee Jed, a role that was particularly important to the Bensons, since it meant they fulfilled the immigration requirements of a job within thirty days. Court soon added Big Town and Music Hall to his list, while Grace annexed the Big Sister title role, as well as Margot Lane in The Shadow.

As for the arrival of little Andrea—rather than Andrew, as expected—she timed it with true professional sense and sponsor respect. In September, 1948, the part of Ruth Wayne was written out of the Big Sister script for several weeks. When Andrea put in her initial appearance, she did so directly after the commercial on her mother's program. Naturally, her parents immediately knew she would be an actress.

Two years later, on December 30, 1950, little Paul joined the ranks. "Even though Paul has not manifested any particular love of acting, he, too, had perfect timing," laughs Court. "Perfect, from my standpoint, at least. Got in just under the wire as an income tax deduction—which, I maintain, indicates he'll be an outstanding business man. From the point of view of this family, we could stand a good business man."

In reality, this last remark is nothing more than a good-natured quip. Grace and Court, besides being outstanding actors, are, obviously, good "business men." Their spacious apartment—spacious because it was built during the era when architects felt families in apartments, as well as families in houses, should have room to move around in—is tastefully furnished in a combination of English and French periods, with just a dash of Oriental. Even the sudden jump from four fairly small rooms to seven large ones did not throw off their good business sense. They made use of New York's famous auction sales and picked up some lovely period pieces at bargain prices.

Yes, it's as Court says, the Bensons lead a double life—domestic on the one hand, professional on the other. In this double life they try to expend their energies equally—if one day or week has been top-heavy in one direction, they try to tip the scales of the next day or week in the other direction. Never will they allow their professional lives to overshadow their home and family life—never allow themselves to get to the point where, because of accepting too many assignments, they wind up with a "passing" acquaintance with each other and the children.

"Which is one of the main reasons," concludes Grace, "I'm concentrating on that bulletin board. Sometimes it's hard to turn down assignments—you think you'll be able to sandwich in the job without too much difficulty, completely forgetting that the other half of our partnership may have made plans that actually make that 'sandwich' job a real hardship. Particularly when you have Court's peculiar memory to contend with. Yes, if we had a bulletin board by the phone, it just might help. Yes, I think it's worth working on!"



Paul Dixon

(Continued from page 41)

Watters, general manager of WCPO, were laughing silently as the TV lens focused back on Paul. Casually, Paul looked at the monitor which showed him as he was being seen by TV audiences across the nation and there—big as life and twice as corny—was Dotty Mack's beauty mark planted high on his cheekbone. Paul finished up undisturbed, for such pranks are part and parcel of his program.

The Paul Dixon Show is seen daily on the Du Mont network from three to four P.M., Monday through Friday, originating from Paul's home station, WCPO-TV, in Cincinnati. In addition, locally, the Dixon show is telecast another hour in Cincinnati with a half-hour radio simulcast. The show's as friendly as Paul's invitation to come over to his house, as homey as his wife Marge's apple pie—and as zany as three highly imaginative persons can make it.

Teamed with Paul is glamorous Dotty Mack, who casually walked into the studio with him on his first TV disc jockey show, while she was still a receptionist at the station, and has been pantomiming records for him ever since. Wanda Lewis, the third member of the team, as casually joined the two when Paul asked her to put down the paint brush with which she was about to paint a set and "draw us a record" when he first was broadcasting over television. Dotty and Wanda, with their sense of humor still intact, and still somewhat breathless over the miracle of their success, have both had offers out Hollywood way but the combination of Paul, Cincinnati and their daily stint has made both of them turn a deaf ear. The girls feel along with a letter-writer from the Bronx, New York, who says, "I don't dare leave my set while you are on the air—I might miss something." "We don't dare leave Paul," says Dotty, "because we might make more money some place else but just think of the fun we'd be missing!"

It isn't just the girls who are the participants in Paul's spontaneous humor—he uses anything that presents itself as ammunition for loading his humor gun. During one of his recent shows, Paul heard a lusty pounding on the outside door of the studio. Paul broke off the song he was pantomiming and the cameras followed him as he worked his way around the scenery and opened the door.

"Good afternoon, sir," Paul said. "What can I do for you?"

"Just want to know where the lumber goes," replied the little man standing there.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir," replied Paul. "I don't know where the lumber goes, but why don't you come in for a moment and join us." Getting the man in front of the cameras, he asked him his name, where he came from and then said, "By the way, are you married?"

"No," replied the man, "I don't like women!"

Paul immediately rushed the man back to his lumber and the proper authorities who could help him deliver it. Time for the folks around him has netted Paul loads of fun and his viewers a good many smiles. Time for everyone, too, has brought much satisfaction to Paul in another way.

Because Paul and his wife Marge waited a long time to be blessed with their first-born, Pamela, and more recently had the good fortune to have a son, Greg, the two are especially sensitive to the needs of children. Three years ago a group of youngsters in Paul's neighborhood called at his red-brick home, in the Mount Look-out section of Cincinnati, to discuss a problem they had. The children wanted to raise



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R
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When a girl changes schools, what's a good move?

- ☐ Try stalking the stags ☐ Pick yourself a pal

As "the new girl," you'll be noticed—but don't expect a brass band greeting. (Your new classmates may be shy, too!) Why not ask one gal to share a Slurp Special at the local fizz palace? Bimebye, you'll be buddies. Getting okayed by the ladies *first*—leads to meeting the boy-people. Same as the confidence you need, on certain days, begins with the *comfort* you get with Kotex. This napkin (so absorbent!) has softness that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft for hours and hours!



Which "look" is best for lasses with glasses?

- ☐ Uncluttered ☐ Dramatic ☐ Coquette

If you've got specs before your eyes, choose headgear becoming to your face type. Dodge severe or frilly-filly effects. Keep your brow uncluttered. A soft, simple hairdo plus a small or medium brimmed chapeau should suit you. For a smooth look on calendar days, let Kotex keep you outline-free. You'll see—those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!

Are you in the know?



What to do about the Spaniel Type?

- ☐ Rush away screaming ☐ Linger and learn

Adoring Egbert—always underfoot! A good kid, but you don't get his message: you're too busy torching for frost-hearted Ted. Should you ditch Eggie? Better linger. You'll learn how to charm other gents. And at trying times, learn about *poise* from Kotex and that *safety center*—(your extra protection). In all 3 *absorbencies*: Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

money for the local polio funds but, they explained to Paul, their own savings from their allowances didn't amount to very much. Paul suggested that they have a lawn party and charge admission and that, no matter how much they raised, even though it only be ten cents, he would have them as his guests on the TV show.

Since the first appearance by these young money-raisers on his program, Paul has made it a daily event with a young representative from two different groups appearing on his local show with a polio check each day. Sometimes the amount is only one dollar, sometimes it has been as high as five hundred dollars. Through this incentive which Paul has offered, over twelve thousand dollars has been contributed to the local Hamilton and Kenton Counties polio fund.

Just as Paul has been helped along the way to success by his good friend Mort Watters, who is the man who brought Paul from Chicago to his current successful stint, Paul believes in helping others. In October of last year he threw a huge Halloween party for the small children at St. Joseph's Orphanage. Paul had all the children come to the studio and the whole show was played for them. In November, he, Dotty and Wanda sold newspapers on Fountain Square in Cincinnati to help raise money for retarded children on "Old Newsboys Day." When his crew heard what he was planning, there wasn't a member who would be excluded—the entire group donated a day's time to selling papers to aid the drive.

Toward the end of that month, Paul started a drive for a Christmas Fund for Girls Town of America, now located in Cincinnati—Paul had learned that the funds available to Girls Town did not cover Christmas gifts. Through donations, Paul was able to see that every girl had a Christmas "just like kids the nation over" and, on Christmas Eve afternoon, Paul and his troupe gave a party for the girls. There was a special Santa Claus who made certain that no one was slighted.

More, much more has been done by Paul for children and their charities and more will be done in the future. Both Paul and Marge feel it is a small way to show their appreciation for the good fortune of having Pamela, now four, and Greg, almost two. Greg is a little young to be interested in personal appearances on the show but Pam, a miniature replica of her mother, has appeared with her father for quite some time. On the local show, Pam does the commercial with Dotty Mack for a margarine company. On the national show, Pam has appeared many times in Paul's children's song skits.

Mother Marge doesn't like to bring Pam to the studio early for, as it is, she can never get Pam away, once she's with her daddy. Pam takes after her father—loves spontaneous humor, likes the limelight. So far, Greg takes after his mother, who is frightened at the very thought of appearing before a TV camera.

Paul works hard and after the show is over there are several hours of rehearsal, and then home to "Marge and the kids." Nothing will stay him from this because there is only one driving reason for Paul's wanting to be a success—to build a home for his wife and his children. One afternoon, as rehearsals dragged on over the accustomed hour, Paul suddenly told the troupe to quit. "I'm tired, you're tired but, more important than that, Marge has made raisin pie with *nuts* and I want to be home on time to eat it!" Yes, Paul is a man who performs songs for his supper and the songs would be empty without his home and his family to share in the feast he can now supply.

One Man's Family

(Continued from page 67)

marriage, by birth, to twenty-two persons. Paul, alone among the children, has failed to provide children.

However, other members of the family have been admirably productive: Hazel has married twice, produced three children; Claudia has married twice, produced three children, one of whom (young Nicholas Lacey) died during the war when Claudia and her family were interned by the Germans. Clifford has married twice, produced a son; Jack has married once and produced six children, the most recent blessed event—or jackpot achievement—resulting in triplets. Teddy, Paul's ward, has married—adding a husband to the menage—but his status seems temporary. Joan, Claudia's eldest daughter, has married and become a mother. This infant has established a fourth generation of Barbours.

Over the years, the Barbours have remained as real as the family next door, and probably are far more fascinating. Drivers of San Francisco sight-seeing busses point out Seacliff, the Barbour home, to tourists. (The actual owners of the home are proud of this distinction because the Barbours, they feel, are part of their city's legend.) These same drivers supply road information so that motoring tourists, when driving south along the Peninsula, may pass the Sky Ranch, summer home of the Barbour clan. When a member of the Barbour family is ill, mail of encouragement with medical advice and sympathy is received. Too, when, in the past, Clifford has become involved in one of his characteristic jams, thousands of people have advised, admonished and berated him by air mail, special delivery.

Just as with any normal family, the Barbours receive hundreds of Christmas cards and the babies have acquired extensive layettes. And there is a reason for the authenticity of the Barbours—the intensely human group that functions off microphone—since, for each member, during these years, there has been joy and laughter, tragedy and tears.

When Mr. Morse first had the inspiration for the Barbour story, he was writing mystery and adventure stories, using a group of San Francisco radio players who had been active in the dramatic club at the University of California.

Mike Raffetto (Paul), Barton Yarborough (Clifford), and Bernice Berwin (Hazel) comprised the nucleus. At that time, incidentally, Barbara Jo Allen (Beth Holly, who was Paul's first romantic interest in the story) was married to Barton Yarborough (Clifford). Since that time, beautiful Barbara Jo has become famous as Vera Vague.

During the first Barbour script huddle, Mr. Morse was told by the original group, "There's a wonderful woman in radio here in San Francisco who was doing post-graduate work when we were at the University. She would be absolutely perfect for Mother Barbour."

Mr. Morse sent for Minetta Ellen and sat through the interview, pinching himself. She was perfect for the part; she was Mother Barbour with her sweet voice, her brightly tender eyes, her snowy silken hair.

After the third broadcast, she had established her place in the hearts of the cast. They began to come to her for advice and encouragement. Week after week, she arrived at rehearsal bearing a basket of homemade lemon tarts or chocolate cookies, or—at Christmas—fondant, penuche, or stuffed dates. Miscellaneous radio station personnel began to call her "Mother Bar-

bour," and the practice continues to this day.

In twenty years she has missed only three broadcasts, absence that was caused by a serious case of pneumonia. Thanks to modern wonder drugs, she triumphed over the illness, but one Sunday night there was some question of her recovery. Mr. Morse had "written her out" of the script, indicating that she was at the Sky Ranch with Nicky and Claudia. But, when Paul discussed this fact with other members of the family, he barely avoided breaking down in front of the mike, and the rest of the cast were in little better condition in this real-life emergency.

Today Minetta "Mother Barbour" Ellen is seventy-eight and the great-grandmother of two babies representing her personal family's fourth generation. The off-radio Mother Barbour is anxious for the on-radio Mother Barbour to acquire another great grandchild in order to even the facts.

Father Barbour's voting name is J. Anthony Smythe, and he is an alumnus of the University of San Francisco. As a student he planned to enter the priesthood, but family considerations made it necessary for him to undertake an income-producing career. Because he had always been active in school dramatics, he secured a job with a stock company and quickly became a leading man. He still receives wistfully ardent letters from ladies who were his fans in matinee idol days, but he has managed to take such blandishments in stride: Mr. Smythe has remained a bachelor.

There can be no doubt that he loves his Father Barbour role. When he takes an occasional brief vacation, away from Hollywood, he is always recognized by someone who has seen pictures of the radio family; when asked his real name, Mr. Smythe has suggested that a new acquaintance simplify things by calling him "Father Barbour."

Fans will remember a black three months during which One Man's Family was without a sponsor. This eclipse was too much for "Father Barbour." He took to his bed with what was presumed to be a serious heart ailment, and doctors warned members of the Barbour "family," as well as the sisters with whom Mr. Smythe lives, that the future was in doubt.

Fortunately, Miles Laboratories decided to sponsor One Man's Family. When the news of this revitalization was relayed to "Father Barbour," he arose from his bed and announced that he was hungry. At the end of a week, he appeared to be fully recovered and in perfect condition (astounding his doctors) and he hasn't been ill a day since.

Paul Barbour (played by Mike Raffetto) is the glamour boy of the program. On repeated occasions during the last tumultuous twenty years, ladies lovely and accomplished, and some not quite ladies but even more accomplished, have taken a double-ring interest in Paul.

However, the instant it seemed that Paul might abandon his status as combined father-confessor and alluring bachelor, the feminine members of the radio audience have rushed to telephone, telegraph office, and writing desk to file protest. As many as three hundred letters a day, voicing objection from mild to acid, have been received during the height of one of Paul's infrequent romances.

Oddly enough, very few of the communications suggested that Paul remain unmarried; the complaint was lodged against the specific girl of the moment: she was too this or too that. A better prospect, the advisers said, was sure to come along later. Often the writer outlined her own attractions as those which were most desirable.

Mike Raffetto—"Paul Barbour"—has been off the air on only two occasions during the past twenty years. In 1940 it was discovered that Mike had developed a spot on one lung; his doctor recommended the usual treatment—total rest in bed. For seven months, Mike Raffetto devoted himself to recovery while his shadow self, Paul Barbour, was sent by the government on a survey tour of West Coast air installations. More recently, Mike suffered a recurrence and once again Paul Barbour had to be written out of the script. In real life, Mike is married, his wife is an artist, and there are four daughters in the family.

Bernice Berwin, who plays Hazel, is married to a San Francisco attorney and has a son, eighteen, who has just graduated from high school. During the first five years of the Barbours, the program was broadcast from San Francisco; thereafter it emanated from Los Angeles. This meant that "Hazel" lived in the San Francisco Bay region during the week, but Friday night she took The Lark (crack Southern Pacific train) southbound from the Golden Gate, arriving in Los Angeles Saturday morning in order to attend rehearsal Saturday and to be present for the broadcast on Sunday. She would make the return trip to San Francisco on Sunday night.

There came a terrible hour when there was a rail accident on Friday night. Heart-sick members of the Barbour clan moved heaven and earth to find out whether Hazel-Bernice had been among the many people injured. At the moment of greatest confusion and despondency, Bernice strolled into the radio station. She had flown to Los Angeles for the first time.

Hank and Pinky, Hazel's twin sons, have a notable history. Conrad Binyon as Hank and Dix Davis as Pinky created the respective roles in 1937 when they were eight years old. For fifteen years they have grown up in real life, just as they've grown up in the Barbour family, completing their high school and college educations. At this writing, the original Hank is in the Air Force attending jet pilot school; Pinky, in the consular service, is serving in Pakistan.

Clifford and Claudia have always been the stormy petrels of the Barbour family, a fact which may explain the identification which many listeners seem to feel with them.

There have been two "Claudias." The first was Kathleen Wilson, who married at the beginning of the war years and notified Mr. Morse that she was planning to move to New York to live. Hoping to find a new Claudia without much delay, Mr. Morse had started to audition actresses whose voices approximated that of Kathleen Wilson, when genuine tragedy descended upon the cast. Walter Patterson, who played Claudia's husband, the delightful Nicky, died suddenly.

Mr. Morse had no heart to seek a replacement at that time. So, in his story, Mr. Morse had Nicky recalled to his old regiment in England, and Claudia decided to take Penny and young Nicky to England, too. However, their ship was torpedoed and it was presumed that the Laceys were lost.

After five years, Mr. Morse decided to bring Claudia and Nicky back into the story, so he auditioned until he found voices coinciding, as nearly as possible, with those of the original Laceys. He explained their return to the family with the story that, after having taken to lifeboats when the ship sank, they were picked up by a German submarine, taken to Germany, and interned for the duration of the war. The present Claudia is Barbra Fuller

and the present Nicky is actor Ben Wright. The character of Joan, Claudia's first daughter and offspring of her marriage to Johnny Roberts, has always been drawn in marked contrast to that of Claudia. Steadiness of purpose and level-headed approach to her problems have never been Claudia's strong points; conversely, Joan has always been a model child—tractable, even-tempered, wise beyond her years, and sometimes secretly amused by her mother's didos. Joan married wisely and in September became a mother; she is—like Mother Barbour—the epitome of the helpmeet.

And the girl behind the radio character: She is twenty-one-year-old Mary Lou Harrington, who accepted the role of Joan when she, Mary Lou, was eight, and who has grown up with the Barbours. A quiet, thoughtful girl, she attended Los Angeles City College for three and a half years, studying drama in the midst of a highly successful dramatic career in radio. In one of her courses she met a young man who hoped to become a radio, TV and film producer, and who discussed his ambitions with Mary Lou at length. Not until they had dated for several months did the emergency of a date which conflicted with one of Mary Lou's radio performances occur. When Mary Lou admitted being "Joan" of One Man's Family, her beau almost collapsed of admiration both for her abilities and her modesty. After he had served a hitch in the Air Force, he and Mary Lou began making plans for marriage.

According to the Barbour script, Clifford went to Scotland this spring; in truth, Barton Yarborough, one of the original

Barbour group and an actor who had played Clifford for almost twenty years, has taken a much longer trip—to a land even more fair than Scotland. To this day, none of the other members of the Barbour cast can discuss Barton Yarborough's death. It is made bearable only by believing the script of the program.

Page Gilman has been Jack Barbour from the beginning, when he was only fourteen years old. During the war, Page was drafted; after basic training, he spent three years in the Field Artillery in Korea, with the result that the adventures of Jack Barbour on the air were precisely those of Page Gilman behind a 109 mm.

Before he went overseas, Page secured an unexpected three-day pass from his San Diego base, hitched rides to Los Angeles, and arrived just as the Barbours went on the air. When he walked into the studio, the entire family burst into cries of delight; the reunion staged in the Barbour living room that night was actual—a swift writing job on the part of Mr. Morse—and "Jack's" report about his camp life was authentic.

When Page was shipped to the Pacific, his graphic letters were read over the air as reports from Jack; many service men wrote to the program, congratulating Mr. Morse on the exactitude of Jack's letters, without dreaming that in this instance radio life and reality were one.

The story behind the story of Betty, Jack's ultra-maternal wife, is almost too coincidental to believe, but it's true. Jean Rouverol was Betty No. 1, who fell in love with Jack and married him in the story at the same time she fell in love and mar-

ried off the air. When, a year later, she reported for rehearsal one afternoon and discovered that the script indicated a stork visit was due for Jack and Betty, the actress regarded Mr. Morse narrowly. "What are you—psychic or something?"

Her mythical Barbour child and her flesh-and-blood firstborn came into the world just a few weeks apart. Slightly over a year later, Jean Rouverol's No. 2 infant—and the No. 2 Barbour baby—were born.

On the advent of Jean's reading the script which hinted the approach of Jack and Betty's third daughter, the actress wailed in dismay. "What are you trying to do to me?" she demanded of the man who was merely writing an interesting script. "I wish you'd quit sicking the stork on the Barbours; he has me all mixed up with them."

Final count: Betty Barbour—six children; Jean Rouverol—four children. Fleeing her prolific Barbour role, Jean Rouverol has retired to private life. The Betty role was then assumed, a year ago, by Virginia Gregg, who has—so far—two sons.

The part of Paul's ward, Teddy, was played originally by Winifred Wolfe, who started with the program when she was seven, grew up on the air along with Teddy, married, had two children, and retired, relinquishing her role to Jeanne Bates.

The Barbours are authentic to millions of listeners even though their fiction is often stranger than truth. And behind the Barbours, giving their illusion flesh and voice, wisdom and passion, stands a group of palpable human beings whose truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

The Wheel of Fortune

(Continued from page 55)

mother a small salary. She and her son left us a year and a half later, very much Americanized. I had found her a good job with an English couple who eventually took her back to her native land.

You don't have to be told of my reward in seeing this girl get a new start in life.

Then there was the United Nations incident when their headquarters was at Lake Success, just a few minutes' drive from our neighborhood. The foreign personnel were getting desperate in their futile attempts to find a place to live. Now, I had a perfectly good reason for wishing the UN to be successful. My own brother had returned from World War II physically disabled, unable ever to work again. If the UN would save young men's lives from being ruined by war, it was perfectly clear that my duty was to contribute to its success by helping their personnel find homes.

Well, we have three bedrooms. I moved the children into one room and rented the front room to a French girl who worked as a translator at the UN. I managed to convince some of my neighbors to let out rooms. I was able to find several furnished homes for UN workers with families. I hope you understand my personal satisfaction at being able to help.

It was in Brooklyn Heights, at the home of a friend, that I first saw the letter of Mrs. Backer, who years later was to be my sponsor on Wheel Of Fortune. Mrs. Backer had written from Germany, where she was with her husband, an American officer on a postwar mission. Mrs. Backer told of the destitution, of orphan children walking icy streets with rags around their feet, using old cut-up carpeting for makeshift shoes.

As a mother of three, I followed my instincts. Each of my daughters had spare underwear, shoes, mittens, hats, coats. I

depleted their wardrobe and then went to my neighbors. In the end, I managed to ship several hundred pounds of children's clothing to Mrs. Backer for war orphans and displaced children.

It was these incidents that Mrs. Backer told about on Wheel Of Fortune. Honestly, I was as excited about being on the show as a child with his first Christmas. I had never been on a quiz program, but I had entered a number of essay and letter contests and won quite a few prizes.

Mrs. Backer and I met in Manhattan two nights before the telecast to be interviewed by Todd Russell. He was perfectly wonderful and gracious. We were told to show up in the studio at eight o'clock Friday morning. I went home and told my family all about it but made them promise not to tell anyone else. I was embarrassed.

Well, those two hours Friday morning before the show began were quite an ordeal. Nerves were hopping. Mrs. Backer had to do most of the talking and even answer the quiz to win prizes for me. I couldn't help but turn to her and say, "Let's go home." She admitted that she was feeling a little nervous, too.

Frankly, the telecast itself was so exciting that I don't think I said over four words and can't even remember what they were. Mrs. Backer must have done a wonderful job, for I won fine prizes—but I didn't know what till I got home and the children told me. I had won a cedar chest, blankets, a gas range, a sewing machine, a Savings Bond, plus this typewriter.

And my neighbors and friends were so jubilant. You see, after I had left the house Friday morning, my girls had ignored my instructions and phoned dozens of people, telling them to be on the watch.

Of course, my husband was quite proud and pleased. In spite of his occasional teasing, he wholeheartedly supports my hobby.

Any wife would agree instantly that he deserves much of the credit, for she can realize that he must, at times, suffer certain inconveniences—especially when I gave away his "pet" work suit or topcoat.

"What are you going to do with all the prizes?" my neighbors have asked. Well, I'm going to keep them. But I have a philosophy and that is to share my happiness with others. Maybe it's an old superstition but I never receive a gift that I don't try to reciprocate.

My old stove goes to a faithful friend who has needed one for a year. My old typewriter goes to a twelve-year-old boy who was born with a harelip and now is having all his teeth out due to the malformation of his mouth. The only thing he wanted last Christmas was a typewriter—so Santa Claus arrives late, but better late than never. My old trusty sewing machine, which has seen me through three layettes and all the dressmaking three growing girls entail, goes to another friend who has had to rent a machine when she wants to sew.

Frankly, when it comes to helping people I have certain rules. I was brought up with the idea of helping myself, to be independent. I like people with a backbone, not a wishbone. Therefore, when someone needs a little boost, I like to keep them anonymous so they may save their own pride and feeling of independence for the future. As a child I was once told that God never closes one door that he doesn't open another. I like to think of myself as merely a person who once in a while finds herself in the position to lend a hand to someone groping for that door.

As for the Wheel Of Fortune, I think it is a wonderful kind of show. I am just one of many people who have been on the program. It has turned for many, and long may it twirl.



Eugenie Haven's ring:
a family diamond.

She's Engaged

All their friends know that charming Eugenie Haven of New York and Ernest Greeff of Quogue, Long Island, will be married in March at St. James' Church in New York. But they're not telling *anyone* their honeymoon plans!

She's Lovely

Eugenie Haven has that typical "American girl" attractiveness. She is tall and slim, with a complexion that is radiant, and beautifully smooth.

She uses Pond's

"I love the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel satin-y...so very clean. I don't think there's anything as good as Pond's for my skin," Eugenie says.



A fascinating, immediate change
can come over your face!

Every night be sure to give yourself this double skin-helping Pond's treatment:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl up from your throat to your forehead. Tissue off—*well*.



"I've found
such a
wonderful
care for my
skin" // Eugenie says

"I NEVER REALIZED how much *better* my skin could look—really smooth and so much clearer—until I began using Pond's Cold Cream," Eugenie says. "It's so good to your skin... you must try it, too!"

Especially if you've hated to see your skin look harsh and rough, have a "muddy" look—see how daily Pond's Creamings can help *your* skin.

This famous cream is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients. These ingredients work together on your skin as a team—in interaction. And, as you use Pond's Cold Cream, you help *both* sides of your skin.

On the outside—embedded dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. And, *at the same time*, your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. Your skin feels silky-smooth, never harsh, never feels "dried out."

On the inside—the circulation is stimulated...helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night, as Eugenie does. You'll be delighted with the difference in your skin, as it becomes so smooth, fresh, glowing!

Today—get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream—see your skin improve.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again—*lightly*. Your face is immaculate, glowing.

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK



Easy to Use

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's *almost too attractive!*

Makes the Sweetest Kiss

Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to *your* lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips...

...they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION

You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no grease or paste give your lips a tempting charm they have never had before. Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Mail it at once and I'll send you costume sizes of all shades you order. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be!



Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 3142

2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose 25c coin for each one.

- ☐ Jewel—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Cyclamen—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.

☐ CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

Miss

Mrs.

Address

City

State

They Say We're in Love

(Continued from page 44)

on his show.

"Can you be ready to leave for New York in the morning?" he said.

She showed up for the guest shot, was duly introduced to Mr. Parker, a thin man about five-foot-eight, who smiled pleasantly. "How do you do, Mr. Parker?" said our girl. And that was that.

The next show was something else again. To begin with, she hadn't known Godfrey was going to keep her around as a permanent feature. To end with, she was terrified when she found out he wanted her to do a duet with Parker.

"You got through it last week," she told herself bitterly, "but this week you'll have to be twice as good, and how can you feel at ease when Parker's a big, famous star—"

The big, famous star, it turned out, was a Rock of Gibraltar to the frightened newcomer. They did "You and the Night and the Music," and, once they started to sing together, Marion vows she forgot the audience, and meant every word she was saying.

Later, Parker paid her a couple of quiet compliments, nothing effusive, nothing phony, and she wouldn't exchange the memory of his words for the columns of praise she's had since from other sources.

The date of that auspicious Marlowe-Parker debut as a team was January 16, 1951.

One of the ties that appears to bind Marion and Frank together is a loathing of the light of day. At least the very early light.

"When he comes in in the morning, he sits in the corner with his lip hanging down," Marion says approvingly, "and he never comes to life until a quarter to ten."

Frank razzes Marion about her figure and her feet. "You have a little waist, but you sure make up for it everywhere else. And look at those big, flat feet—"

"Why do you think they compare us to Garbo and Gilbert as a team?" his co-star demands cheerfully, refusing to rise to the bait.

The main thing Marion teases Frank about is his immaculate dressing. "Everything he wears has to be just perfect. And always a hat, even when he's ice skating."

She claims that, on the rink, he looks like a Philadelphia lawyer, "right until you get down to those silly skates."

Frank doesn't care much for the ice stuff, but what one member of the Godfrey organization does, the others do, too, so he sticks it out.

The outfit considers itself a family, even if that sounds corny, its members will tell you defiantly.

"No prima donnas here," they say. "Everyone does a different type of thing, there's no competition, and we're together so much it makes for close friendships."

They take music lessons together, skate together, will soon be swimming together (that's planned as one of the next collective efforts) and often go on weekends together.

To Marion, one of the more horrifying Godfrey gang activities involved riding horseback on the show a while back.

"Not me," she said firmly, when the plan was put forward. "I'm a city girl myself. Never been very close to a horse. Think it's better that way—"

"You," they said. "Everybody. The whole cast, all on horses."

"The stage'll crumple," she said, ignoring the fact that the stage had stood up under ice rinks and other such abuses. "The horse'll be smarter than I am. I don't know what you say to a horse."

"You don't say anything to a horse,"

they told her. "Sit on it, don't talk to it. That's what a horse understands."

Frank, who's a wonderful polo player, tried to give her courage. "I'll be right next to you, nothing bad can happen. You'll have a gentle animal—"

Came the day of the show.

The gentle animal took off, with Marion on his back, and Frank beside her on his own steed, alternately calming Marion and her horse.

Marion responded beautifully, but her horse was an independent soul. It turned around, bared its teeth, and thoughtfully bit Frank in the leg.

Enraged, Frank muttered something threatening in Italian.

Later, Marion, laughing with a small touch of hysteria, gasped: "It must have been an Italian horse. From then on, it behaved—perfectly!"

Marion's been in show business eighteen of her twenty-two years, and says she was "no greenhorn" when she met Frank, but she's still learned a lot about her trade from him. "He can guide you by a pressure of his hand. He's always poised. If anything goes wrong, he can fill in so the audience never knows—"

Undoubtedly, this true professionalism is one of the most thrilling things about Frank to Marion. Because this girl is really stage-struck.

"Show business is my whole life," she says simply. "I could talk it twenty-four hours a day and never get tired. I read every movie and every radio-TV magazine that's printed; I know about every star's private affairs, and all the gossip, and I love it. Ask me who's directing whom on what program, or who produced which picture—"

Ask her, for that matter, what Frank Parker likes to eat.

"Crabmeat," she says. "Italian coffee with a twist of lemon peel. Wine with his meals, chopped lettuce and anchovy dressing—and he drinks lots of soda."

Ask her his favorite colors. "He wears mostly blue, and gray," she says, "rather than brown." And adds, "His eyes are blue-green. They photograph black." And a chuckle comes into her voice. "When he's mad, they're green; when he's not, they're bluer—"

And then ask yourself if she doesn't sound like a girl in love.

Sometimes, when she's in a really serious mood, she'll almost admit it. Not in so many words, but it doesn't take Einstein to add two and two. She'll discuss, for instance, the fact that people rush to mention the disparity in age between her and Frank. He's forty-nine, she's, as we've said, twenty-two. "He's Taurus," she throws in, as a point of added astrological information. "I'm Pisces."

"Anyhow," she says, "age has so little to do with compatability. Julius LaRosa's three months older than I am, but I practically feel like his mother. I've been on my own a long time. I've been married, divorced; I went all through the blind-love thing, and got sobered up. You don't have an experience like that and come out untouched. . . ."

"Frank's been through the mill, too. Professionally, and personally. He's kind, he's sweet, we interpret music the same way, we both love animals—"

Maybe you read the things she doesn't say into the things she says.

Maybe you don't.

The heart doesn't care about age, it's true. But is it the heart that's talking? Are they in love, or are they just good friends, kidding the public?

Your guess is as good as anybody's.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
		8:55 Gabriel Heatter		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break The Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary With Baukhage	Don Gardner, News Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Faith In Our Time	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Pickens Party Ev'ry Day	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Frank Singer	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie Hollywood News	Paula Stone Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling	Joe Emmet	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Home Folks
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Local Program Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinny Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	It Happens Every Day 4:05 Cedric Adams Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson* Wild Bill Hickok† 5:55 News, Cecil Brown *T—Sgt. Preston W—Green Hornet Th—Sgt. Preston Fri—Green Hornet † Wild Bill M-W-F Sky King T-Th	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	News 5:05 John Falk

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Field & Stream Rex Maupin, Orch.
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporter's Roundup Off & On The Record	Jazz Beat Frank & Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Merrill, Piazza, And Willson News, John Cameron Swayze Al Goodman Music	Frank Edwards Tex Fletcher Dance Orchestra	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Time For De- fense

Tuesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Mindy Carson Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade Of America Red Skelton Show	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Defense Attorney Paul Whiteman Teen Club	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Martin & Lewis	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends Off & On The Record	America's Town Meeting Of The Air	Luigi
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee & Molly		E. D. Canham News	My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Two For The Money News, John Cameron Swayze First Nighter	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Bands For Bonds	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United Or Not	Louella Parsons 10:05 Doris Day Show News Cedric Adams

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Great Gildersleeve	Crime Files Of Flamond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre Life Begins At 80	FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05	You Bet Your Life— Groucho Marx	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre	Mr. President	Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
9:30	Big Story	Off & On The Record	Crossfire	Boxing Bouts News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Bob Hope Show News, John Cameron Swayze Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards Zeb Carver's Orch.	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra	

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Allen Stuart Show	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeyser Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Mindy Carson Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- ture	Top Guy Newsstand Theatre	Meet Millie Junior Miss
9:00 9:05 9:30	Truth Or Conse- quences Eddie Cantor Show	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Off & On The Record	Escape With Me Adventures Of Michael Shayne	Hollywood Playhouse Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, John Cameron Swayze Jane Pickens	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra	John Daly, News Three Suns Edwin C. Hill	News Dance Band

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Your Hit Parade Name That Tune	Movie Quiz True Or False	Crime Letter From Dan Dodge This Is Your FBI	Mr. Keen Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best Plays	News, Bill Henry Great Day Off & On The Record	Ozzie And Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 News	Mr. Chameleon
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Hy Gardner Calling Critic At Large News, John Cameron Swayze Bob MacKenzie	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orch.	Fights 10:40 John Daly, News 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room Dance Band

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00	Farming Business			News Of America
9:15				
9:30	Mind Your Manners			Garden Gate
9:45				Robert Q. Lewis
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		Galen Drake
10:15				Space Adventures Of
				Super Noodle
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Sylvan Levin's Music Meetings	Space Patrol	Smilin' Ed McConnell
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	My Secret Story	Coast Guard	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle, News		11:05 Grand Central Station
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Farm News Conference	Payroll Party	Give And Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man On The Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre Of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Coffee In Washington	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm And Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Fun For All
1:15	U. S. Army Band	Sports Parade	Shake The Maracas	City Hospital
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	U. S. Marine Band		Metropolitan Opera	Music With The Girls
2:15		2:25 Headline News		Make Way For Youth
2:30		Georgia Crackers		
2:45				
3:00	Musicana	Bandstand, U.S.A.		Overseas Report
3:15				Adventures In Science
3:30		Sports Parade		Farm News
3:45				Correspondent's Scratch Pad
4:00	My World's Music	U.S. Army Band		Stan Daugherty
4:15	What's The Score?	Mac McGuire Show		Treasury Bandstand
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Preston's Show Shop	Tea & Crumpets	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
5:15	Author Speaks		At Home With Work	At The Chase
5:30		5:55 Cecil Brown	Club Time	
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	News, George Hicks	Dance Orch.	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn		Faith Of Future	UN On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony	Country Editor	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45	Arturo Toscanini, Conducting	Preston Sellers	Speaking For Business	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	Broadway's My Beat
7:15		Pentagon Report	Women In Uniform	
7:30	Public Affairs	Down You Go	Dinner At The Green Room	Vaughn Monroe
7:45	Who Goes There?	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Inside Bob & Ray	20 Questions	Saturday Night	Gene Autry
8:15			Dancing Party	
8:30	Reuben, Reuben	Take A Number	News Summary	Tarzan
8:45				
9:00	Pee Wee King Show	U. S. Marine Band	No School Today	Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Gunsmoke
9:45				
10:00		Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock	Steve Allen
10:15				
10:30	Duke Of Paducah			Country Style

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Jack Arthur		Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	Thy Neighbor's Voice			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:45	Faith In Action			Organ Concert
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message Of Israel	Church Of The Air
10:15				
10:30	Art Of Living	Voice Of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Frank And Ernest	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Viewpoint, U.S.A.	Farm News	Christian In Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand		11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:45	The Living Word			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Sammy Kaye	College Choirs	News	Bill Costello, News
12:15			Brunch Time	Story
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News
12:45		Merry Mailman		
1:00	Youth Wants To Know	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	String Serenade
1:15		William Hillman		
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	Galen Drake
1:45	Round Table			
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	The Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	American Forum	U. S. Military Band	Wings Of Healing	New York Philharmonic Orchestra
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	Elmo Roper News Desk	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines In Review	
3:15		Musical Program	Hour Of Decision	
3:30	Bob Considine			
3:45				
4:00	The Chase	Under Arrest	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	America Calling
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Drama		Quiz Kids
4:45		Ed Pettit, News		Cedric Adams
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	This Week Around The World	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Counterspy		Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30		True Detective Mysteries		5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	Nick Carter	Drew Pearson	December Bride
6:15		6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Gardner	
6:30	Juvenile Jury	Squad Room	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00	Meet Your Match	Affairs Of Peter Salem	Songs By P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Jack Benny
7:15			Three Suns Trio	
7:30	Aldrich Family	Little Symphonies	Time Capsule	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild Of The Air	Enchanted Hour	Cafe Istanbul—Marlene Dietrich	My Little Margie
8:45				
9:00		Jazz Nocturne	Walter Winchell	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15			Taylor Grant, News	
9:30	Dragnet	John J. Anthony	Melody Highway	Escape
9:45			Alistair Cooke	
10:00	Barrie Craig	Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15			Gloria Parker	10:05 Choraliers
10:30	Meet The Press		Science Editor	UN Report

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 JANUARY 11—FEBRUARY 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

Riding the rising sun, Dave Garroway, with Bob and Ray, in a two-hour edition of news, reviews and interviews.

9:00 A.M. Breakfast With Music • 4

Morey Amsterdam butters toast with laughs while coffee perks to the music of Milton DeLugg, singer Sue Bennett.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)

Your man Godfrey and his gang simulcast segment of radio show. Tues. & Thurs. at 10:00 A.M.

11:00 A.M. There's One In Every Family • 2

Happy combination of quiz and variety, latter supplied by contestants. Jovial John Reed King, your emcee.

11:00 A.M. Morning Chapel • 5

Devotional services each morning for a different faith.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Warren Hull emcees as needy contestants try for \$500 cash.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2

Brides blush, grooms, too, in this moment of great happiness. Phil Hanna with wedding song. John Nelson interviews.

12:00 Noon Mid-day Playhouse • 7

Take your lunch with this hour-long Hollywood film.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 6

Daytime drama starring Peggy McCay and Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 6

Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring star in this video serial.

12:45 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited • 2

Ernie's whacky capers with Edith Adams, featured vocalist.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

Bristle-haired, bristle-witted Garry backed up by king-sized Durward Kirby and vocals of Denise Lor, Ken Carson.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)

Ball-of-fire Bert Parks quizzes, interviews, entertains.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 & 6

Jone Allison stars in the tale of Meta and Joe Roberts.

2:30 P.M. Here's Looking At You • 4

Tips on your appearance and grooming from Richard Willis.

2:30 P.M. Nancy Craig Time • 7

Important subjects of interest to milady with guest experts.

2:45 P.M. Linkletter's House Party • 2

Lively goings-on as Art interviews stars and audience.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6

A wonderful jackpot: a mink coat and trip abroad, plus other prizes for your wardrobe. Randy Merriman, quizmaster.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5

Disc-jockey variety show with Dot Mack and Wanda Lewis.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4

Tommy Bartlett's unique interviews at air and rail terminals.

3:30 P.M. Homemaker's Jamboree • 7

Happy Johnny Olsen emcees this favorite housewife-gathering.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Hour • 4 & 6

Kate mixes fun, music and advice. A great full-hour variety.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4

Homey, warmhearted dramatic serial of small-town life.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2

Top of the evening enjoyment in feature-length films.

7:15 P.M. Short, Short Drama • 4 (T,Th)

Capsule-size stories with a twist ending. Ruth Woods, femcee.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T,Th)

Lovely gal and lovely voice in hit songs new and old.

7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9

Famous Broadway plays presented with live cast, unabridged.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M,W,F)

Pop music supreme with personable Perry, Fontane Sisters.

7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2 (T,Th)

Jane Froman lends beauty and grace to musical half-hour.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6

Swayze with world-wide news bulletins and newsreels.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7

Eager candidates for motion-picture spurs perform teleplays for host Neil Hamilton. Guest star lends helping hand.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6

Romance, thrills, adventure in this star-cast series.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4

Hilarious variety with ventriloquist Paul and wooden Jerry.

8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad • 7

Home, sweet homicide cases solved by urbane Inspector Saber.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Grand entertainment as Arthur talent-tests up-and-comers.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

Virtuosos of concert and opera halls. Howard Barlow conducts.

8:30 P.M. The Hot Seat • 7

Noted personality in news interrogated by Stuart Scheftel.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6

Screamingly funny comedy with Mr. & Mrs. Desi Arnaz.

9:00 P.M. Hollywood Opening Night • 4

Via the coaxial cable, live drama with big-name stars.

9:30 P.M. Life With Luigi • 2 & 6

Lovable Luigi (J. Carrol Naish) in hilarious predicaments.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4

Superior video drama deftly directed by the notable actor.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6

Highly acclaimed teleplays from the famous drama studio.

10:00 P.M. Feature Boxing • 5

Ted Husing announces bouts from Eastern Parkway Arena.

10:30 P.M. Dangerous Assignment • 4

Brian Donlevy stalks murderers in this whodunit series.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Chuckle time with Louise Beavers as witty housekeeper.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2

New comedy extravaganza.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6

Uncle Miltie, Bobby Sherwood et al., make merry madness.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2

Fast-paced crime documentaries based on Kefauver Report.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

Tales of love and/or adventure cast with screen stars.

9:00 P.M. Where Was I? • 5

Photo quiz as Eddie Dunn snaps questions at erudite panel.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Tremble-time as taut tales of crime unfold.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Real-to-life stories based on true American problems.

9:30 P.M. Quick On The Draw • 5

Hair-trigger response from panelists to Robin Chandler's quiz.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Nerve-freezing suspense in masterfully spun stories.

10:00 P.M. Two For the Money • 4 & 6

Herb Shriner plays hayseed quizmaster, but prizes ain't hay.

10:30 P.M. Embassy Club • 4 & 6

Sizzling satire by Bob & Ray, abetted by Audrey Meadows.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6

Grand hour-long variety starring Arthur with the Chordettes, Mariners, Tony Marvin, Janette Davis, Marion Marlowe, others.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4

Joan Davis as unpredictable wife of a judge (Jim Backus).

8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4

Rubber-faced comic Frank Fontaine and honey-voiced Patti Page in variety. Alternating, Cavalcade of America.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The show with a heart gives from the heart to needy contestants. Warren Hull as host and quizmaster.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Engrossing, skillfully produced, hour-long, video drama.

9:00 P.M. Adventures Of Ellery Queen • 7

Ellery continues his exciting career of death-deduction.

9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2

Tough Mike Barnett (Ralph Bellamy) in crime adventure.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6

Yours is a ringside seat for headline boxing events.

R
M

TV program highlights

10:00 P.M. *This Is Your Life* • 4

Thrilling personal stories of the life of a living individual chosen and narrated by Ralph Edwards.

10:00 P.M. *Wrestling From Rainbo Arena* • 7

Grunt and groan specialists with Wayne Griffin in foxhole.

10:30 P.M. *The Unexpected* • 4

Extraordinary adventures with Herbert Marshall narrating.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. *Burns And Allen* • 2

Comedy galore as Georgie burns to Gracie's nonsense.

8:00 P.M. *You Bet Your Life* • 4 & 6

Madman Marx with quick quips and ready cash for winners.

8:30 P.M. *Amos 'N' Andy* • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)

Those very Mystic and very funny Knights of the Sea. Alternating with Four Star Playhouse, Hollywood drama.

8:30 P.M. *T-Men In Action* • 4

U. S. agents tangle with and expose big-time racketeers.

8:30 P.M. *Chance Of A Lifetime* • 7 & 6

Fine variety in this lively talent showcase as pros vie for cash and bookings. Personable Dennis James emcees.

9:00 P.M. *Biff Baker, U.S.A.* • 2

Slam-bang international adventure with Alan Hale, Jr.

9:00 P.M. *Dragnet & Gangbusters* • 4

Two great crime shows alternate weekly. Fast-paced, real-to-life, both are based on authentic cases from police files.

9:00 P.M. *Trash? Or Treasure?* • 5

Nelson Case emcees as expert Sigmund Rothschild appraises old or interesting relics from the attic.

9:30 P.M. *Big Town* • 2

Cracking crime sprees is crack reporter Steve Wilson's job.

9:30 P.M. *Ford Theatre* • 4

Top screen personalities in adaptations of plays, novels.

10:00 P.M. *My Little Margie* • 2

Comedy series resumes, featuring Gale Storm.

10:00 P.M. *Martin Kane* • 4 & 6

A corpse yields clues and clues yield murder for Lee Tracy.

10:00 P.M. *Author Meets The Critics* • 5

Verbal mayhem ensues as critics and author come to grips.

10:30 P.M. *I've Got A Secret* • 2

Absorbing panel fun with garrulous Garry Moore in charge.

10:30 P.M. *Foreign Intrigue* • 4 & 6

Terrific espionage stories filmed abroad. Jerome Thor stars.

Friday

7:30 P.M. *Stu Erwin Show* • 7

Sparkling episodes from domestic life of a school principal.

8:00 P.M. *Mama* • 2 & 6

Charming, humorous account of a Norwegian family in Frisco.

8:00 P.M. *Dennis Day Show* • 4

Amusing, confusing events in the day of Dennis.

8:00 P.M. *Steve Randall* • 5

Melvyn Douglas as brilliant private eye who blitzes crime.

8:00 P.M. *Ozzie And Harriet* • 7

TV version of the famed high-comedy series about the Nelsons.

8:30 P.M. *My Friend Irma* • 2

Uproarious upsettings by the secretary de luxe, Marie Wilson.

8:30 P.M. *Gulf Playhouse* • 4 & 6

First-run teleplays cast with glamorous name-stars.

9:00 P.M. *Schlitz Playhouse* • 2

Outstanding stories of top-flight writers adapted to TV.

9:00 P.M. *Big Story* • 4 & 6

Hard-hitting dramatizations of authentic reporters at work.

9:00 P.M. *Life Begins At Eighty* • 5

Rare fun and talk from octogenarians. Jack Barry emcees.

9:30 P.M. *Our Miss Brooks* • 2

Saucy, delightful Brooksie (Eve Arden) draws laughs.

9:30 P.M. *Aldrich Family* • 4 & 6

Henry (Bobby Ellis) involved in a mad, merry whirl.

9:30 P.M. *Tales Of Tomorrow* • 7

Scientific fiction stories keep you on your seat's edge.

R 10:00 P.M. *Mr. & Mrs. North* • 2

Mystery-comedy starring Barbara Britton and Richard Denning.

M 10:00 P.M. *Cavalcade Of Sports* • 4 & 6

Noted sportscaster Jimmy Powers covers ring gladiators.

10:30 P.M. *Down You Go* • 5

Sprightly panel quiz from Chicago moderated by Bergen Evans.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. *TV Teen Club* • 7

Lilting, happy variety with Pops Whiteman's teen-aged friends.

7:30 P.M. *Beat The Clock* • 2

Studio contestants strive to perform tricky parlor stunts.

7:30 P.M. *My Hero* • 4

Carefree comedy series starring handsome Robert Cummings.

7:30 P.M. *Live Like A Millionaire* • 7

Variety with a twist as talented parents perform and compete for first prize, to live like \$\$\$\$ for one week.

8:00 P.M. *Jackie Gleason* • 2

Lush, resplendent revue topped by Jackie's cavorting.

8:00 P.M. *All Star Revue* • 4 & 6

Durante, Tallulah and other greats make this a big show.

9:00 P.M. *Red Buttons Show* • 2

This season's new comedy discovery, complete with witty monologues.

9:00 P.M. *Your Show Of Shows* • 4 & 6

Long-run hit of video spotlighting Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar with Billy Williams Quartet, Judy Johnson, Bill Hayes.

9:30 P.M. *Meet Millie* • 2

Pert, vivacious Elena Verdugo in laugh-provoking tales of the whacky adventures of a Manhattan secretary.

10:00 P.M. *Balance Your Budget* • 2

Bert Parks with "horn of plenty" for people in the red.

10:30 P.M. *Battle Of The Ages* • 2

Gags and grins aplenty, thanks to Morey Amsterdam who emcees duels in variety between the young and the ageless.

10:30 P.M. *Your Hit Parade* • 4 & 6

Top tunes in dance and song with Snooky Lanson, Dorothy Collins, June Valli and the lovely HP dancers.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. *Omnibus* • 2 & 6

Highly lauded as the most significant new show in past three years. The very best actors, writers, dancers, composers combine to make ninety memorable minutes of enjoyment.

5:00 P.M. *Hall Of Fame* • 4

Sarah Churchill, your hostess to inspirational drama.

5:00 P.M. *Super Circus* • 7

A rollicking time for all. Circus variety with Claude Kirchner.

6:30 P.M. *See It Now* • 2

Brilliantly executed news magazine with Edward R. Murrow.

6:45 P.M. *Walter Winchell* • 7 & 6

Journalistic "scoops," dynamic editorials.

7:00 P.M. *Red Skelton* • 4 & 6

Carrot-topped comic with boisterous skits and monologues.

7:30 P.M. *Private Secretary* • 2

Ann Sothern as beautiful, but unconventional, secretary.

7:30 P.M. *Mr. Peepers* • 4

Try this on your screen for Wally Cox's very different comedy.

8:00 P.M. *Toast Of The Town* • 2 & 6

Glamour, spectacle, laughs make Sullivan's shows a must.

8:00 P.M. *Comedy Hour* • 4

Jesters to the nation: Hope, Cantor, Donald O'Connor, Martin and Lewis rotate weekly in an hour crammed with variety.

9:00 P.M. *Fred Waring Show* • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)

You and the night and music of the Pennsylvanians.

9:00 P.M. *Television Playhouse* • 4 & 6

Orchestra seats are yours for a superb, full-hour drama.

9:30 P.M. *Break The Bank* • 2

Parks and Collyer with big cash prizes for winners.

9:30 P.M. *The Plainclothesman* • 5

Strong, terse whodunit starring Ken Lynch in title role.

10:00 P.M. *The Web* • 2

Compelling stories of people caught in a web of mystery.

10:00 P.M. *The Doctor* • 4

Warner Anderson as sympathetic M.D. and story-teller.

10:00 P.M. *Arthur Murray Party* • 5

Eye-popping comedy and dance revue with Kathryn Murray.

10:30 P.M. *What's My Line* • 2

Bright guess-your-occupation show. John Daly, moderator.

Elaine Rost

(Continued from page 38)

Right now, Elaine is one of the most sought-after girls in radio, both professionally and personally, which is right because "Of course," she laughingly reveals, "I believe a woman can live alone and be happy, but only if it's a temporary state, a matter of waiting until the right man pops the question." From the security of a beautiful little apartment, a well-established career, Elaine can look back on her days in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she was born and where she dreamed bright dreams that were eventually to come true.

No one in her family had ever been in show business, although her father had an excellent voice and sang in local choirs and quartets. Elaine, who wanted to sing and sang well, frequently teamed up with her father to sing duets of old favorites, such as "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and "On Moonlight Bay," when the family gathered around the parlor piano.

"Dad had studied voice at the Cincinnati Conservatory," she tells you. "I, too, went there after high school and studied music and acting for a year."

But Elaine was already proving her capacity for work. While at school, she sang with local dance bands. And it was a local maestro who submitted her photograph in a beauty contest. One of the judges was the director of the Players' Club. He not only gave Elaine a first-place vote in the contest but asked her to join his dramatic group.

"That was the break that eventually led me into network radio," she says. "But it didn't happen overnight."

Out of school, Elaine carried on her band vocalizing and little-theatre work, and added to it a full daytime job as receptionist at Station WCKY. There the fun began. One afternoon she was asked to pinch-hit for an actress, and the next day Elaine was no longer a receptionist but on the station's acting staff.

"In the next year and a half, I played perhaps several hundred different parts," she recalls. "I was once cast as a ninety-year-old Chinese woman. It was wonderful experience."

Her parents were 100 per cent behind her. It was a simple case of what made Elaine happy would do the same for them. They gave her a little push only once. Her mother suggested that she audition for a visiting New York producer who was organizing a road troupe. Elaine made the grade.

"But I never gave up singing," she says. "And it was very lucky for me that I

rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY to body tissues in feminine hygiene



Unmarried Women as Well as Wives Should Benefit by These Intimate Facts!

For years, modern-thinking women have realized that vaginal cleanliness is a *must*. It's just as necessary as brushing one's teeth or taking a bath. The big problem is what is *right* to use for a cleansing antiseptic douche solution. What product can a woman BE SURE is powerfully effective, deodorizing yet soothing and absolutely safe to body tissues? Any woman worried about this intimate problem should read these facts and find out WHY ZONITE is a perfect solution.

Developed by a famous surgeon
and scientist

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be *powerful enough* yet positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating*.

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet harmless as ZONITE. And ZONITE is *more* than an antiseptic and germicide. It is also an amazing cleansing and healing agent. Because of this, ZONITE may be used as

often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE's Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It guards against infection. ZONITE kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but ZONITE *immediately* kills all reachable germs. It flushes out waste substances and leaves the vaginal tract so clean and refreshed. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health.

Always use as directed.

Tests made under methods developed
in a government research laboratory

Tests of ZONITE's safety to body tissues were made to meet strictest scientific standards. ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put *twice* daily for three months into rabbits' eyes. *Not the slightest irritation appeared.* During the tests, Mr. Bunny lived like a pampered prince. He never had it so good all the while he graciously helped prove ZONITE is *absolutely harmless to him—harmless to you.* In fact, ZONITE is wondrously soothing.



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always studied voice."

The tour, like all good things, came to an end. Elaine spent Christmas with her folks, then moved in with friends in New Jersey so she could make the rounds of producers' offices in Manhattan. In January came a telegram from Miami Beach. There would be auditions at Lou Walter's famous Latin Quarter there for a vocalist. Would Elaine gamble the trip? Elaine would, did, and won the audition hands down.

The impression may be that Elaine practically fell into one good job after another. Remember, that's the way she tells it. Hard work, a cheery outlook and lots of study are things Elaine takes as a matter of course. Actually, she admits to only one period when she was on tenterhooks and that was when the tourist season was over and she left the Miami Beach Latin Quarter.

Returning to New York, she began making the rounds with her agent. She was auditioned for night clubs, theatres, movies. The reaction was: "Lots of talent—but get some experience."

Her agent took her around to network auditions, which were held about once a month. There, each actor was allowed five minutes, and Elaine gave four or five pieces in different moods.

Elaine had returned to New York in March. It was during this period that the bright lights often looked pretty dim. Came June, she was still without work. Luckily—or attribute it to good sense—she had saved money while in Florida; the club had furnished her gowns and she had lived like a resident rather than a tourist. Also, back in New York, she was fortunate to share an apartment with a girl from her home town, and this cut expenses.

One day in July, Elaine returned to her apartment, nearly hysterical. Her frightened roommate finally managed to unscramble what Elaine was trying to say: she had landed her first network dramatic role. It was in *My True Story*.

Elaine, today, is one of radio's top actresses. You have most likely heard her in *Best Plays*, *Cavalcade of America*, *City Hospital*, *Whispering Streets*, *Mystery Theatre* and *Aunt Jenny*. She has played teenagers, sympathetic housewives, heroines, and even bad girls in *The Chase* and *Gangbusters*, where she usually gets "killed off."

One fruit of her success is a two-and-a-half-room apartment in midtown Manhattan. Elaine decorated the rooms herself. All the walls are cocoa-colored, the rugs a shade deeper—just about chocolate brown. The sofa in the living room is chartreuse, her fan chair is a deep red; the drapes, white, brown and chartreuse.

Elaine's closets offer evidence of what a pretty blonde actress will wear. Brown is her favorite color, but she also leans toward pastels. She's partial to sport and casual clothes; even her formals are simple in design. While she has no prejudice against silver for others, gold is her favorite in jewelry. Her choice piece is a heavy bracelet with a solid cube holding a watch. She disproves the theory that diamonds are a blonde's best friend, for she owns none—only rhinestones and pearls.

"Shoes, however, are my mad passion, my great indulgence," she states. There are twenty-five pairs in her closet—but, when she relaxes, she walks around in stockinged feet.

Elaine's ideas on relaxation correspond pretty much to those of other New Yorkers. Elaine likes to get away from noise and the crowds. The quiet of her own apartment on a dateless evening is like a short vacation. She has a radio, a TV set, and plenty of books at hand. Of course, some evenings are spent in general tidying up, keeping her clothes in good repair and,

occasionally, cooking. . . .

"Not for myself, you understand. I don't particularly enjoy cooking for myself. It's most fun when you're making dinner for others."

Elaine's many friends get a gleam in their eyes at the mere mention of her spreads. She has parties for sixty, buffets for half that number, and does it all by herself in nothing more than an "efficiency kitchen"—a fancy name for a small closet. She excels with Beef Stroganoff, makes chicken a dozen delicious ways, and—like few other New Yorkers—does her own baking. Pies are a Rost specialty.

Her day usually starts about nine in the morning and she wakes up smiling. Her apartment is convenient to the studios and she can easily make a ten o'clock rehearsal. For one thing, she never has more than fruit juice and coffee for breakfast, and she plans the night before exactly what she'll wear.

Lunch hour usually finds her with other actors at Colbee's in the CBS Building or at the Cromwell Drugstore in Radio City. There she gets a chance to see friends, get trade news, check on messages and catch a sandwich before making the one-fifteen rehearsal for Perry Mason. After the broadcast, she may have an appointment with a producer to read a new part, or a singing lesson, or rehearsal for an evening show. On top of a full day's work, Elaine has often gone home and prepared dinner for a party of eight, cleaned up the apartment, dressed in a manner to which men have become accustomed—and made her entrance looking radiant.

"And I'm a woman who is always ready when the man shows up," she states proudly. "As a matter of fact, it's my private opinion that men are more often tardy than women."

Elaine gets as much fun out of just visiting with friends as she does in a night club. More fun, actually, except that she does enjoy dancing and, if her date can find a club where the floor isn't too crowded, she'll stay on her feet till the band folds.

Elaine's many friends, an equal number of men and women, describe her as a happy, remarkably well-balanced creature. They admit Elaine is their goal when they feel like crying on someone's shoulder. Elaine, on the other hand, does not restrict her social life to people in show business. That, she finds, is too confining.

"I am choosy in friends, but only in that I don't like phonies—people who think the only important things in life are fancy cars and apartments. They're always trying to impress you, and they're always mixed up." Elaine is very down-to-earth, and there is a certain kind of man she will not date. "That's the kind who is brash and blown-up with his own self-importance. His attitude is that you're a very lucky girl to meet him."

Elaine looks forward to marriage, to a home as happy as the one her parents built. She looks forward to the day when she will be playing make-believe with children of her own.

"The man I marry must have warmth, understanding and intelligence," she says. But she doesn't care whether he's tall or short, handsome or homely—"Looks are unimportant."

She's in no rush. A number of eager suitors will testify to that.

"Anyway, I suppose you don't know what kind of man you're going to marry until you fall in love," she says. "It's like trying to predict next week's headlines. Of course, when you meet the right man, that's good news."

Good news for Elaine, perhaps—but very, very bad news for a couple of dozen hopeful bachelors.

Our Children Shall Teach Us

(Continued from page 53)

someone's valuable pet. We placed an advertisement in the Hollywood paper, and tried to keep from growing too fond of him.

Days passed; with fingers crossed, we scanned all the lost and found columns morning and night, but Nick was never the subject of one of those pathetic notices. I had to argue myself into answering the telephone whenever it rang, but Nick's owner never answered our advertisement. Nick became ours.

Of course, the boys loved him, and he adored the boys. He knew the instant they turned into our street on their way home from school, and bounded to meet them. During the night he made noiseless trips through our bedrooms, checking the family welfare.

He fell in love with a circular, crocheted rug which belonged in front of the fireplace, and on it he curled up to rest or nap, never trespassing on the chairs or sofas. The rug grew worn and faded from frequent washings but, when I tried to replace it one day, Nick was confused. He looked everywhere for his tattered friend, refused to lie on the fancy new replacement, and stood whimpering in front of the fireplace. Naturally, I salvaged the old rug and returned it to Nick's favorite spot.

Nick was a respected member of the family, greeting guests with dignity, never misbehaving, always contributing an air of well-being to any group.

But, as it must to all dogs, death came to Nick one night. I behaved badly. I cried furiously. I couldn't accept his dying while he was still such a young dog. Whenever I entered the living room and—out of habit—glanced at his favorite spot only to find the rug vacant, I burst into fresh tears.

Friends, upon hearing of Nick's departure, said to me in sympathy, "The boys must be heartbroken."

The boys were sad, but I was the one who was desolated.

Finally David said to me one afternoon, "Mother, you shouldn't feel the way you do. You're looking at this the wrong way. We don't know what happened to Nick before he came to us. We think he had been starved and abused, but when he came to us he had a happy home for five years. That's the thing to think about—that he was happy with us. All dogs have to die. Everybody has to die. You can't change that. The important thing is—life was good to him during some of the days he lived."

I was comforted and, more important, I was instructed.

Although this was a valuable lesson, my training really began when Ricky was about two and David was five. I came scorching into the house late one afternoon, knowing that seconds counted if I was going to get to the radio station in time for rehearsal.

It had been one of those days when everything had gone wrong. I had made a frantic shopping trip to downtown Los Angeles to buy a birthday gift, and hadn't found what I wanted. Traffic had been heavier than usual, and I had had to stop for gas. The filling station attendant had been alone, changing a tire, so I had been further delayed. You know how it is: You reach the point where one more mosquito bite is going to send you into a tantrum.

I had to shower, change clothing, make up and zoom to the broadcast in several less minutes than I had.

The boys, who have always been good company and have since babyhood entered



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into the full life of the family, came along upstairs with me. I was too harried to do the sensible thing and say, "Better stay downstairs and play, and we'll visit to-night. Right now I'm in a bad mood."

Instead, I gritted my teeth and went about my tasks with what Ozzie calls my "gasket-blowing" expression.

Ricky had opened one of the dressing-table drawers and was happily sorting cosmetics when David intervened. Taking his younger brother's hand, he led him away, giving me an apprehensive backward glance.

At the door he told Ricky, "Never bother Mother's things when she's in a hurry. Just go away and let her hurry, and she'll let you play in the room another time."

I thought afterward, Now why didn't I have poise enough to explain my state of mind to the younger boy as well as my five-year-old son had done? I think I learned in that moment that there is always time to offer a few words of explanation to anyone who needs insight into one's state of mind.

I grew up another notch when the boys joined us on the radio program. The idea of their making their debut was theirs alone. Ozzie and I had never discussed their becoming a part of the show, although Ozzie had read his scripts to them on many occasions, asking, "Does the dialogue for the two boys sound okay to you? Is that the way you would have expressed that particular idea?"

There came a show, one of the first of a new season, when Bing Crosby was to be a guest and volunteered to bring Lindsay along as an added attraction. We were delighted, of course, and proudly told our boys about it.

"Why can't we be on the show, too?" Ricky asked.

"Yeah. Why?" asked David, backing up his brother in a tone that indicated this was a project on which they had agreed in advance. We learned afterward that our boys had heard about the guest appearance of their friend "Linny" from young Mr. Crosby himself.

Ozzie and I simply stared at one another. We said we'd think it over, but discovered that we were under enough pressure to make a "yes" answer mandatory. Instead of using David and Ricky in the broadcast proper, we decided to write a skit for the three boys to do in the warm-up show before the broadcast.

I'll never forget that night as long as I live. The boys were casual and at ease. I was a nervous wreck. I held my breath over every line; I almost clicked like a metronome in an attempt to convey my idea of proper timing.

Ozzie was a little more relaxed, but not much.

We could have spared ourselves the emotional frazzle. All three of the boys sailed through the script as if they had been cradled in a series of backstage bureau-drawers.

Ozzie and I were in no position to refuse when the boys decided, after that demonstration of radio know-how, that they wanted to become a permanent part of the program. That first year of the total Nelson Family on the air almost sent Mother Nelson to the tizzy institute. Not because of what happened. Because, mainly, of what didn't happen. I kept anticipating catastrophe. None occurred.

Ricky was eight that year; he sat at a table (especially built by the props department so that the mike was attached to the table at proper height) and he made it a habit to kick off his shoes the moment we were on the air. There he would lounge, elbow on table and chin cupped in hand, swinging his stockinged feet back and forth in nonchalant ease while he stared at the ceiling.

I would think, He's going to miss a cue, sure as we're born. He's going to drop a line and dissolve with embarrassment.

He never missed a cue. He never dropped a line. He never experienced that horror of all performers, a moment of being totally lost amid a page of script.

Of course, like every entertainer since time began, he had a bad moment. He had a comedy line one night which he misread. He waited for a laugh which didn't come, then he realized what had happened.

I thought, I could save him. I could throw him a quick ad-lib line and bail him out. But my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth.

He gritted his teeth and flew into the line a second time. Again he misread it. By that time the audience was beginning to shuffle. Once more I told myself I should rush to his rescue, but my tongue remained paralyzed.

A third time he bore down on the line, his tone deadly. He enunciated each word, staccato and clearly. Then he glared at the audience and uttered an angry but triumphant sigh. The audience simply fell into the aisles. They loved it—and him.

I almost missed my next cue because I couldn't see to read. However, I had learned a new lesson: Ricky had the stuff. I would have been mistaken to have gone to his rescue. He didn't need rescue; he was a responsible individual who needed only time enough to be able to win his battle in his own way.

Ozzie and I have never urged any particular profession upon the boys. Granted that we have been successful in show business, it would be foolish not to admit that we could guide the boys into satisfactory public careers, if they indicated both talent and an inclination.

Yet we have wanted other experiences for them, too. Ozzie took his B.A. degree from Rutgers, and then earned his law degree from New Jersey University, which has now been absorbed by Rutgers. Through the years, in discussing business problems incident to our careers, Ozzie has been deeply grateful for his business and legal training.

Furthermore, he has made use of his knowledge of Eastern life when writing our scripts; and his years of touring the country have been "mother lodes" of material. Repeatedly he has said that a performer must be a student all the days of his life. He must continue to learn about places, people, and ideas.

This sort of discussion has been a part of our family life; no emphasis has been placed upon it. It just happened.

Not long ago, Ozzie asked David whether he wanted to go on to college and, if so, what he wanted to study. David was entirely ready for the question. He said that he wanted to go to college and he planned to study law—"just the way you did, Dad." He went on to explain that he might want to return to show business, but he also wanted to know about other life activities, too. He wanted to be a well-rounded person.

Ozzie and I have always felt that the four of us had what might be called, if it didn't sound so pretentious, "the Nelson family code." It included our keeping one another in close touch with day-to-day developments, and seeing that someone in the household always knew where we were, how long we would be there, and what we were doing.

Ozzie would call from a business conference to say, "I'm going to the golf course with George, Al, and Henry. I'll be there about two hours, then I'm coming straight home." If he happened to be delayed, he would give us a buzz to let us know.

I've always done the same. Our tele-

phone directory has always included telephone numbers for the beauty shop, the dressmakers, the dentist, and other places where we might be reached. There has been no conscious emphasis on this practice. We just do it out of courtesy to each other.

Not long ago David went out with a group of boys, on his first evening on the town. We knew that he was going to a movie with the gang, and that they might wind up somewhere for hamburgers. Mentally, I had promised myself that I wouldn't begin to worry until midnight.

At eleven-thirty the telephone rang. It was David. He told me where he was (at the home of one of the boys) and said he could be home in thirty minutes if necessary, but added that they were in full possession of the rumpus room and wanted to know if we would mind his staying out until about two A.M.

Naturally, I said he might stay out as long as the boys didn't bother anyone. After hanging up, I told Ozzie about the call.

"He's a great guy," said David's father. "Very thoughtful."

So I had to point out, "He's picked it up from you, dear. Both of the boys have learned good manners and consideration from their dad."

He looked a little surprised, but eventually he said, "I suppose youngsters teach a conscientious person to put his best foot forward on a permanent basis. Everybody has had the disturbing experience of hearing a child repeat some unfortunate word or phrase overhead from an adult conversation. That sort of a mirror, held up by the innocent, must have improved the behavior of many a parent."

He walked away, shaking his head in wonder.

As a closing note in what could become an endless recital, I'd like to suggest to any parent attempting to master some sport or skill, that the parent take up his problems with a bright youngster.

For a long time, I have been intensely interested in figure skating. I took up the recreation when my doctor suggested that I get some enjoyable, not-too-strenuous, exercise to relieve the kinks caused by working under conditions of constant strain.

I'm never contented to do a thing lackadaisically, so—before I knew what had happened to me on blades—I was hypnotized by the desire to make beautiful marks on ice, and to look graceful while doing it. I ran into trouble.

One day I invited the boys to accompany me to the rink, saying that I thought I had shown some improvement, then my progress seemed to stop.

All three of us put on skates and then I set off to demonstrate what I had learned. And what I had missed.

When I skated back to their vantage point, both boys were grinning. "You're pretty good," David said. "You have to learn just one vital thing: Keep your free leg energized at all times. You're inclined to let it hang in the air. You concentrate so hard on what you're doing with your skating leg that you forget you have another leg which should be used for conscious balance and control. Now try some figure eights again, keeping your attention on your free leg."

Before I skated away, Ricky called out, "And stop turning your shoulders so fast on a three. Shift your weight a little slower and you'll cut a cleaner line."

If I ever get to be a Gold Medalist skater (I can dream, can't I?) I'll have the two boys to thank. They've been a powerful influence in teaching me the technique of skating. But, beyond that, they've been a powerful influence in teaching me the technique of contented living.

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IN LOVE I TRUST

By Wendy Warren

I DON'T know how long I had been sitting, my hands idle on the typewriter keys, my eyes staring at the words I had typed but seeing something entirely different . . . Mark's face as it had looked across the breakfast table this morning. A faint sound at the door of my office brought me to, and of themselves my hands began to type again. *And so, in this matter, why should we not bend, so long as we never break?* I wrote briskly. I glanced up at the door. I'd known, somehow, that it would be Don Smith who would be standing there, watching me.

"Checking on the help, boss?" I gave him my brightest smile. The nuisance of working with a man as sharp-eyed as Don was that he had a way of seeing things you didn't want him to see. No matter how bland the face, how confident the smile, Don went beneath it. Just as he was on to the other discrepancies that were so likely to pass across the desk of the managing editor of a big city newspaper. I lifted my chin and preserved the smile. The dry little smile that answered me, the half-raised eyebrow, made me annoyingly certain I hadn't fooled him a bit.

"That's an awful lot of teeth you're showing me, Warren. The better to bite if I don't go away?"

"You're not bothering me, Don. I've just finished tomorrow's column, my conscience is clear, and I'm going home to a well-earned dinner."

"Lucky you. Sometimes I wish I had caught you for my wife, instead of leaving you around for Douglas to capture. The picture of a well-earned dinner with you across the table in front of our own cosy little fire makes me go soft all over." He was smiling easily now, but whenever Don talked like this it made me uneasy. It would be silly to get angry; the long-ago time when Don and I had been pretty close to marriage was so nearly forgotten, so nearly unreal that it couldn't possibly hurt. And yet . . . why joke about it? And why look at me like that, with eyes that didn't seem to be joking at all? Abruptly I handed my column to him.

"As long as you're here, maybe you wouldn't mind checking this now. Just lean against the door while I put my things on. You won't bother me a bit."

"That's the bitterness of it. I know I don't. Darn it, Wendy, how can you be so in love with that man? All he thinks about is that novel he's writing. He is writing it, by the way, isn't he?"

I flushed, and went over to the window under pretext of

needing the light to put my lipstick on. "Frantically. He stayed up at the farm most of the week because it was coming so well. I don't mind playing second fiddle to a work of art. My time will come."

"Let's hope." Don's eyes went swiftly and sharply over what I'd written. There was a short silence while his pencil flicked in a few changes, and by the time he looked up I was all ready to leave. "So the novel's coming well, is it?"

"Don, what are you getting at?" I was beginning to get annoyed. Mark's novel *was* delicate ground.

"Nothing. I just like to see you looking happy, Wendy, that's all. And you haven't been. Tell me it's none of my business—"

"I do. And it's not true."

"Nuts to that," Don said rudely. "I say it is my business because I—care what happens to you. And not because it interferes with your work either, because of course it doesn't. I just want to be sure Douglas isn't giving you a dose of artistic temperament." Suddenly, with that maddening talent Don had of knowing just when you'd had enough, his whole manner softened. He put his hand on my arm and said soberly, "Wendy, I'm not needling you. You know that, don't you? It's just that Mary was giving me an earful at lunch today, about what Mark put you through when he did that job in Hollywood. About that actress—"

"That was before Mark and I were married, Don."

"Mary said the gossip was that that female—what was her name, Fallon? Maggie Fallon—hadn't gotten over Mark yet."

I said quietly, "Don, this is in the worst possible taste. I love you and Mary dearly, but I won't discuss my husband even with the two of you. Let's not cause trouble, shall we?"

Don took his hand away. "Quite right, and I'm sorry. Call me Ill-bred Smith, and put it down to the concern of a—" His wide, mobile mouth quirked whimsically, "a family friend."

I got away quickly, quickly enough to hide my real anger. What right did they have (*Continued on page 87*)

Wendy Warren And The News stars Florence Freeman, CBS, M-F, 12 noon EST, for Maxwell House. Nat Polen and Patricia Hosley are pictured at right in their roles as Mark Douglas and Geraldine.

"UNLESS A MAN AND A WOMAN CAN BE TWO HALVES

It took so little to set off the first explosion—just Geraldine's insistence on cleaning up while Mark was working, her hovering around while he was typing.



OF A WHOLE, THERE CAN BE NO MARRIAGE," I WAS LEARNING. . . .

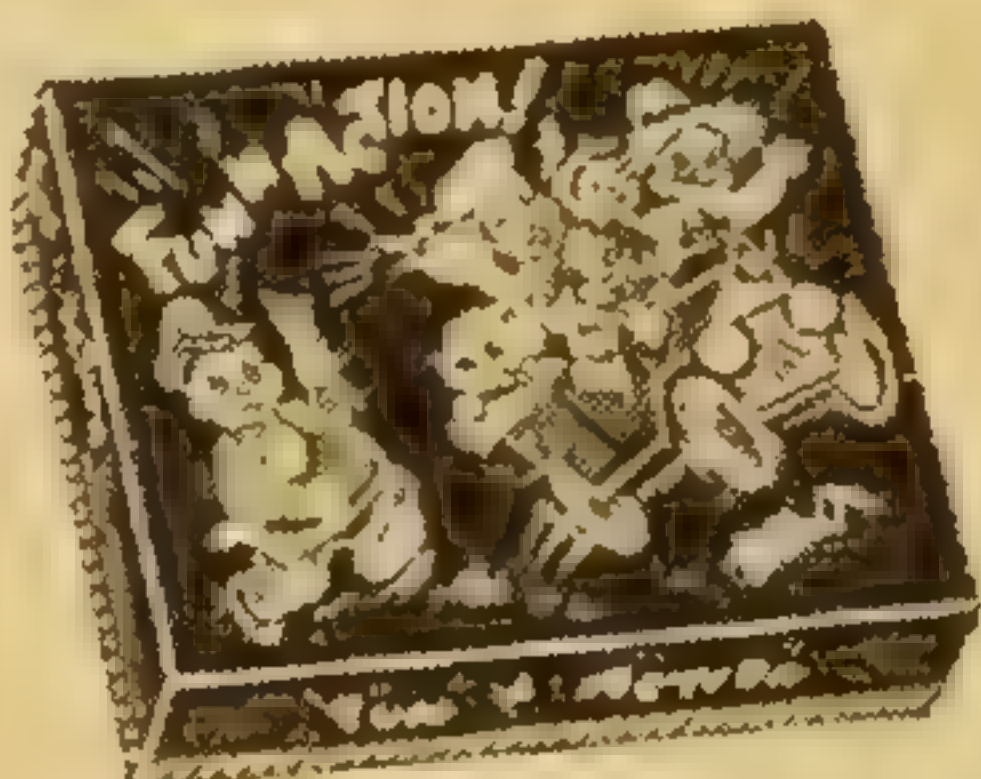
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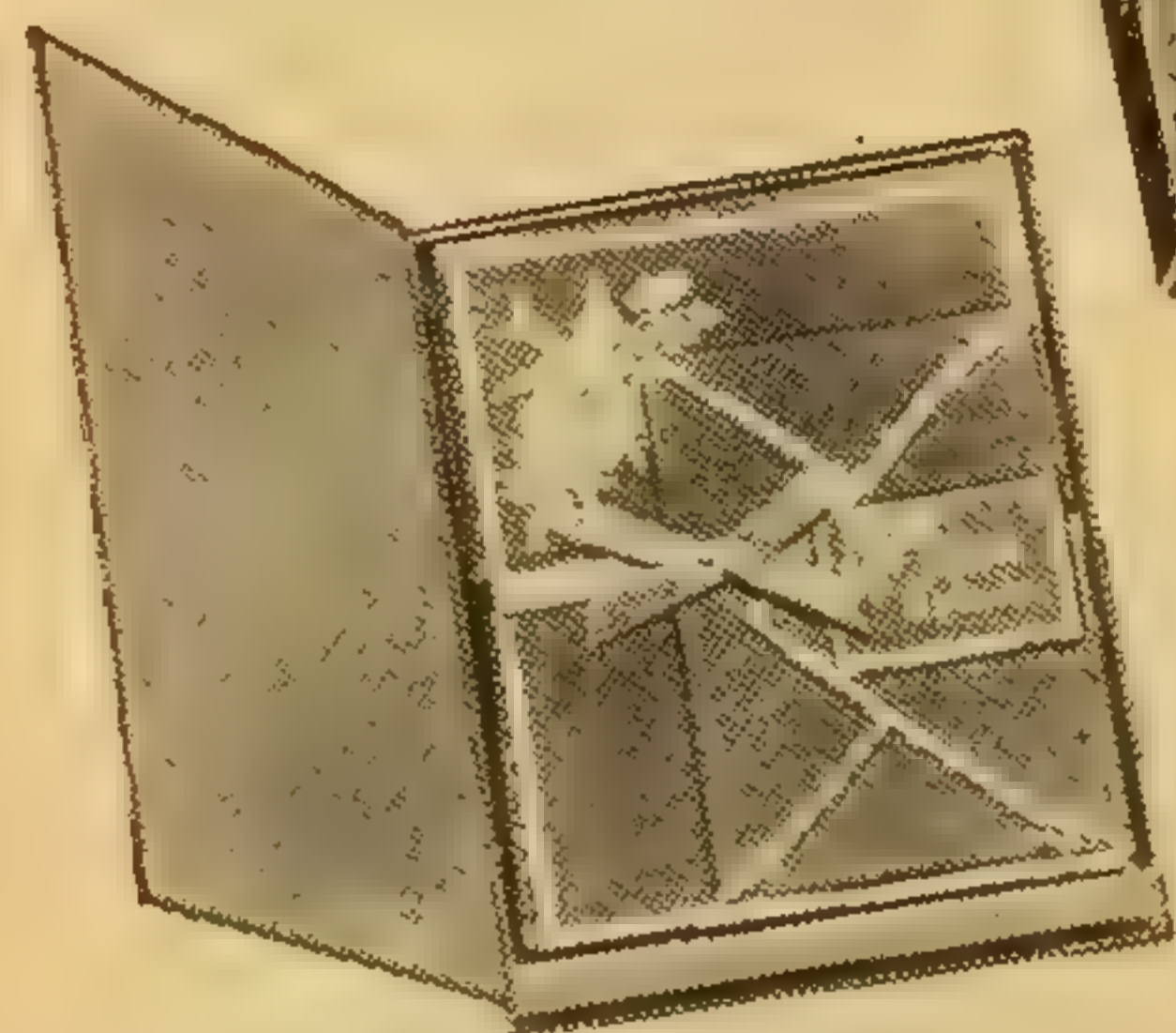
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to drag up the past like that. And if they had to—well, I could understand it, Mary McKenna not only owned the paper but had been a family friend for years—but if they had to gossip, why tell me about it?

I was passing through the lobby, my eyes already scanning the street outside for a cab, when the impulse suddenly took me to call Mark. The way I'd left him this morning, sitting down to the typewriter as though a man with a large whip were waiting there for him, his eyes somber, his mouth set and joyless . . . I was so terribly afraid I'd find him just that way when I came in. I veered and went into the phone booth near the lobby door, and dialed the apartment.

"Douglas residence," Geraldine's young voice came over with the determined formality she had decided was fitting for a writer's housekeeper. I suppressed a giggle.

"It's Mrs. Douglas, Geraldine. Is my husband busy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am." Her voice lowered. "Like anything, Mrs. Douglas. I was scared to even take his lunch in to him. He was just glaring at that typewriter, and talking to himself—"

"What am I, a panting tiger?" Mark's voice broke in as he picked up the extension in the study. "Conspiring, colluding—"

"There's no such word as colluding, darling! How are you?"

"Exhausted, my lass. And lonely. When are you coming home?"

My heart lifted at the unmistakable excitement in his voice. He'd hit a working streak, then! Geraldine was right. "I was thinking, Mark. How would you like a break? Meet me for dinner out, and maybe take in a movie? If you've been hard at it all day, the change—"

"Dream girl!" Mark clucked to himself in thought. Then he suggested a very smart, very glittery East Side restaurant, and I countered with a slightly dimmer one, and we finally compromised on a place we hadn't been to since our marriage. Wrangling with Mark over places to eat, movies to see . . . as I taxied uptown to the Coronet I caught myself humming snatches of a song.

This was a singing evening. I'd been half afraid to put too much reliance on the vigor of Mark's telephone voice, but when he came cutting through the crowded restaurant toward me, a short time after I'd gotten a table, and bent over and gave me a smacking kiss, I knew it was safe to be happy. He was fairly glowing with accomplishment. His laughter came easily, and his words came fast. This was Mark in a successful working mood, all right. I couldn't remember the drawn, moody man I'd left this morning.

we drank to his successful day, and ordered a lot of indigestible delicacies. "I was just about written out for the time being," he confessed when the waiter had gone. "Written out but still jumping with ideas—"

"We can go home at once—I wouldn't think of stopping the flow," I said, reaching ostentatiously for my bag and gloves. Mark's hand on mine pulled me back to the banquet beside him. His taut fingers interlaced with mine all through the meal; he ate with his left hand. If only life with Mark could be like this more often!

"Oh, Mark. Darling, I'm so glad. That novel's so fully developed in your mind, I knew it would just write itself when it started coming." I squeezed his hand hard.

Mark frowned. "Novel. Who said anything about—oh, but I didn't tell you yet. I'm not working on the novel, Wendy. I was ashamed to tell you, but you know the week I stayed up at the farm and was supposed to be working like a house afire." I nodded, puzzled. "Well, I wasn't. Not a chapter. What am I saying—not a page! I didn't get a word of my novel done up there, darling. I—just let you think I was coming along. When I came back to town I was pretty nearly desperate."

Some of the glow around us dimmed faintly. I didn't look at Mark. I had to digest what he'd said, conceal the hurt. Not hurt that the novel wasn't getting done. But that he'd kept the truth from me.

"And the minute I stopped pushing myself on the novel, and sat back with a cigarette, it popped right out of the back of my mind—a neat little gem of a short story." He hadn't noticed my abstraction, and I covered it with quick attention. "A novelette, really. I think you'll like it, Wendy. It needs this and that done to it, naturally, but in the main I think it's there."

"You mean I can read it? So soon?"

"I told you—it's nearly done. A couple of pages tomorrow, and at least I'll have finished something. That's more than I've been able to do in weeks!" He summoned the waiter. "Could this call for a little wine with our dinner, do you think?"

Tenderness flooded out the disproportionate fear that had chilled me. Over the glasses our eyes met and held, and the happiness of loving Mark, being loved by him, knowing that each of us could go on loving and making allowances until the end of time, filled me with a warm elation that had nothing to do with the wine. I didn't have to worry so about hurting his feelings or saying the wrong thing . . . except that somehow, especially since we'd been married, I'd picked up the habit of worrying about it, worrying like mad, and I

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didn't seem able to stop. As though some instinct were telling me that Mark's past success, all the confidence he'd built up over the past few years, didn't count right now. Ever since that Hollywood fiasco of his, he'd been—well, shaky.

It was a shame, because "The Captain's Lady"—that was the picture he'd worked on—was a big success. Maggie Fallon, who'd been known only on Broadway before the picture, was already a fair-sized movie name. But whatever had happened to Mark while he was out there—his trouble with the studio, his resentment of being pushed around, his involvement with Maggie—they'd shaken his confidence. I suppose, in my heart of hearts, I knew what the trouble really was. He'd known, when he went out to the Coast to work on the script, that it was only a matter of weeks before he and I would be married. And yet even the knowledge hadn't kept him from being drawn into the exhausting emotional mess Maggie had created. Maggie hadn't become a symbol of hate to me. In a way I respected her. It was easy enough for a woman to fall in love with Mark—who should know better than I? And for a woman like Maggie—magnetic, demanding, possessive—it must have been very hard to face up to the fact that she had attracted Mark to her against his will, and that slowly he would have regained his balance even if I hadn't forgiven him. Even if I had broken our engagement when I learned the complete truth about Maggie, it would have made no difference in Mark's feelings. He would have broken away from her anyway. But nevertheless, because of that affair with Maggie, Mark had grown to distrust himself. Mark felt he'd been unworthy of me, and that made me feel sometimes impatient, sometimes a little foolish. It implied a certain idealization of me. I was afraid of it, for how can you go on loving someone you are convinced you will never live up to?

This could be the turning point, though. Mark's gaiety this evening wasn't assumed. He was really bubbling, excited over the work he'd done. Exhausted as I was by the time we tumbled into bed that night—for we'd discarded the movie idea in favor of going dancing, instead—I still remembered to cross my fingers and say a little silent prayer that this Mark was the one who'd be around from now on.

For the next couple of days my prayer appeared to have been answered. He couldn't wait for me to get through my second cup of coffee, mornings, and leave him alone with his typewriter. I even dared to phone him once a day, to say hello, because he was so wrapped up in what he was doing that nothing really distracted him and it gave me an almost childish amount of pleasure just to be in contact with him during our eight-hour separation. And when I got home Geraldine reported to me in whispers, as she took my things, that she had dared to run the vacuum cleaner because he'd been so absorbed, or he had absent-mindedly eaten an enormous lunch because he'd kept on typing between bites. This was the way I'd thought all along that our marriage would be. Both of us busy, productive, happy in our work; happier still when the day's work was over and we could sit around talking about it or ourselves or anything else we were thinking out . . . or not talking at all, if we happened to feel that way.

Wednesday night, though, I knew by the very atmosphere in the foyer that he had struck a snag.

"Wendy?" Mark came out of the study and kissed me lightly on the cheek. "Gosh, I thought you'd never get home."

We sat together before the dancing fire in Mark's study, and I read the last page of the manuscript for the third time. It



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wasn't good. Oh—it had something. Everything of Mark's had a special brilliant quality. He couldn't write badly. Characters he'd invented, one or two of the situations he'd created—they were wonderful. But . . . I searched for the right, uncritical words to express my faint sense of dissatisfaction. It didn't hang together. It didn't exactly say what I thought he was trying to say. I was afraid to raise my eyes, because I knew he'd read more into them than I was ready to express.

"Okay. You can look up now." His voice came tiredly to me across the room. "I get the message. I knew it wasn't any good."

"Now wait a minute. I didn't say—"

"Listen, if it's good you jump up and start cheering. I'm not a complete fool, Wendy. I know without your telling me that it's good enough in spots. But all along I've been feeling that it doesn't quite jell. I've got to get a new view on it, a new angle."

The next day he was again eager to get to it when I left, and all morning long I was as cheerful as a bride of a few months is generally expected to be. I met a couple of darkly searching looks from Don with a mischievous brightness that probably annoyed him. Why on earth did he insist on expecting the worst of my marriage to Mark?

I was startled, when my phone rang that afternoon, to hear Geraldine's voice come shakily and tearfully over the wire. My first thought was that she was ill, but to my anxious question she said, "No, ma'am, perfectly all right except you've always been so nice to me I wanted to—to tell you goodbye." There was a sob, to add to my blank astonishment.

"Geraldine, what in the world are you talking about? Take a deep breath and tell me slowly, now. What's happened?"

She gulped and obviously made a tremendous effort to gain control. "Mr. D—Douglas, ma'am. He fired me! But I couldn't go without telling you goodbye no matter what he said. And it wasn't even true, ma'am." Anger helped dry her tears. "I never went near his papers! I know better than that, I should hope, after all you've been so nice to me and taught me and everything, about how not to disturb things around him . . . And the things he said!"

"Let me talk to Mr. Douglas, please, Geraldine." I spoke quietly, but inward dismay was growing by seconds. I was enormously relieved when Geraldine explained that he'd gone out for a walk—"Right after he bawled me out, ma'am. Oh, he was angry!"

Tears threatened again. I told Geraldine I'd cancel an appointment and be home in twenty minutes, and hung up before she lost control and before I lost control, too.

Mark still hadn't come in by the time I reached the apartment, so I calmed Geraldine down and sent her home with the promise that I'd call her that night and clear everything up. By the time I heard Mark's slow steps in the hall, I had myself well enough in hand to be sure I wouldn't make things worse by losing my own temper. And, when I saw the misery and weariness that engulfed him, all question of anger fled. I went to him and put my arms around him, feeling the tension in him give way a little as he bent and kissed me.

It wasn't necessary to ask too many questions. Obviously the work hadn't gone well today. Obviously he'd been taking his anxiety out on the only person around. I wanted to say, "But it was so unworthy, Mark, attacking someone who couldn't possibly hit back." I didn't say it.

After he'd talked about it for a while, Mark saw and admitted that he had been quite unjustified. He wasn't certain his papers had been disarranged. He'd begun

on a new version of his story—he'd cast it as a play, in fact—and he was nervous and tense and unsure of what he was doing. When he hadn't been able to lay his hands on a particular bit of dialogue he'd jotted down, his nervousness had exploded against Geraldine. "Somebody moved the thing from where I'd put it," he argued. "And besides that humming of hers out in the hall was getting on my nerves. It kept me from concentrating." He met my eyes, and his own suddenly cleared and became honest and rueful. "Well—cross that out, will you, like a good girl. We both know it wasn't the humming or the disappearing page. It was me." He drew a sigh that seemed to come from his boots. "What are we going to do about me, Wendy? I'm getting to be my own worst nuisance, let alone what I'm doing to you."

"Oh, darling." I went over and bent down till my cheek rested against his short, rough hair. In spite of myself I smiled. "Even your hair feels jumpy. Relax, darling." Slipping into his lap, I pulled his head over against my shoulder and soothed it. "Nothing's happened. You had a temper tantrum and Geraldine was in the path, that's all."

Mark's arms tightened around me. "Temper tantrum—what an attractive picture. Wendy, when are you going to get fed up with this idiot five-year-old you got yourself stuck with?"

"None of that," I said firmly. "None of that, Mark. Now, tell me about the play. It sounds right, Mark—it sounds as if you'd hit on the right way to say what you meant in the story. Tell me about it."

I had a feeling that was becoming all too familiar—the feeling of another crisis averted. I'd known it would be difficult, being married to Mark. I'd known for years how moody he was, how up-and-down, how wonderful when his work was going well—and how miserable when it wasn't.

His mood was up again the next day, as Mark got started on the play version. There was a particularly hard day ahead for me, too, and I was in and out of the office so fast all morning that it was well after lunch before I noted the scribble on my desk calender that said, *Call Aunt Dorrie about party*. Dad's birthday—I'd almost forgotten! Thank goodness, all the plans were made—the tickets for the theatre neatly tucked away in my wallet, the special new underpinnings bought so the new dress would look its very best. But still Aunt Dorrie would be waiting for me to check over last-minute plans; I'd better call her.

"Wendy?" Aunt Dorrie's voice was eager. "Dear, I've been wondering what you've been doing with yourself! Almost made up my mind to call from up here. Is Mark all right?"

"We're both fine, Aunt Dorrie." I crossed my fingers in the old childhood formula that meant you were telling a small white lie. "All excited about tomorrow night." All excited! If I'd so nearly forgotten it, what about Mark? I was sure he hadn't given it a thought since the day we'd talked enthusiastically about plans for making Dad's birthday a big night. I said with all the gaiety I could muster, "We really are, darling. Have you got Dad all primed—you know, black tie and all?"

Aunt Dorrie chuckled. "He's kicking a bit, but I'll have him whipped into line. I haven't been bossing that brother of mine around for years without learning how."

At dinner that night I watched Mark closely when I reminded him about the party, and I was divided between impatience with myself for this habit I was falling into of treating him so warily, and relief when he lit up with genuine eagerness. "A real party, no fooling?" he teased.

"Long dresses for the ladies, stiff collars for the gents?"

"You know, Mark—we planned it two weeks ago. Dad will complain about all the fuss but he'll be so tickled, secretly. Certainly a stiff collar."

"I'll have to go through my hope chest," Mark mused. "I haven't been that dressed up since Hollywood." A sudden dark tide swept over his face, embarrassing us both. Hollywood. The studio parties he'd gone to with Maggie Fallon. The glamour and bedazzlement that had seeped in under what Mark thought was his pretty thick protective shell. He'd been a successful playwright, beautiful women were no novelty to him, even beautiful and brainy ones . . . but Maggie was a fascinating personality. Mark's voice, low and unsteady, pulled me back to the present.

"Wendy . . . don't look like that. It hurts." I glanced up with a quick, resolute smile. "Like what, darling? I was just remembering with absolute horror that I forgot to get new slippers for tomorrow night! Can't possibly wear an old pair with that dress."

"Were you?" Mark said wryly. "Were you, indeed?"

I hadn't convinced him. I would have been sorry if I had. One of the things I loved most about Mark was being able to count on his knowledge of me, just as I wanted him always to count on my knowledge and understanding of him. After a minute, Mark suggested that we give Geraldine the next afternoon off, and the subject was thoroughly changed. "I've apologized, I've said kind words, I've been as considerate as a maiden aunt," he said ruefully. "But still she treats me as if I were a time bomb set to go off any minute now. Maybe I can buy her trust back with a half day off." And, laughing at himself but moved by a real desire to make the jumpy girl a little more secure about working for what we were sure she told her friends was a "crazy writer," he said that he would give her the news in the morning. Then thoughtfully he said, "There's a funny thing, darling. How long has it been since I've taken thought to make someone else happy? You, for instance. How long has it been since I sat down and said to myself, *Now what can I do to make my girl happy today?* I sit here like a leech, drinking in all your love and care and thoughtfulness, getting fat and sleek on it, giving nothing . . . and when I finally do take some thought for another human being, it isn't you at all, it's the maid!"

"Do you really think you have to give some special thought to making me happy, Mark?" I went over and cupped his narrow face in my hands, and searched his eyes. "Don't you know that just being here with you is it? Why do you think I married you?"

"Oh, because you thought I'd write a best-selling novel and be able to buy you mutation minks instead of those measly Persian lambs you managed to get yourself out of your own silly little salary." Mark laughed. "I know it sounds stupid, Wendy. If you'd wanted those things you'd have married a stockbroker. But I find a lot of funny impulses in myself since I've become your husband. I do want to buy you things, beautiful, wonderful things, and give you lavish gifts, and shower pearls on you from head to toe."

I reached up and kissed him gently. "You will, darling. Not those things, but things we really want—travel, and working only when we want to, and a vacation on an island so far away nobody's found it yet . . . you'll give me all those things."

"I wonder," Mark said. "Has it ever occurred to you that so far it's been you who have given me things? Wendy, I've earned almost nothing since I got back from Holly-

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wood." Frowning, he drew away from me and started walking about, restlessly. "And the way I've been going it'll be months before I'm selling anything. I think that's at the bottom of my trouble. Even if I finish this play, or go back to it as a novelette, how do I know it's saleable? I've—I've lost my feel. I think that's why I couldn't get on with the novel—knowing that so few of them become money-makers. I want to write it, but how can I afford to waste that much time when it won't bring in the bread and cakes we need?"

Poor Mark—poor love. Didn't he have a moment's peace of mind? No sooner was one demon of anxiety beaten down than another sprang up in his brain. It was almost as though he wanted to be tormented, wanted to be unhappy. Nobody could live like this, I thought in panic. No mind could stand this much unrest and prodding... but what could I do to help?

Under the circumstances, Dad's party wasn't the happiest prospect in the world. Mark seemed to be looking forward to it, but neither of us was in a genuine, care-free party mood. Still, for Dad and Aunt Dorrie's sakes, I took care to build my anticipation all during the next day. It would be fun. By the end of the day I had resolutely put out of my mind all thoughts except happy ones. It would be so nice to see Dad and Aunt Dorrie dressed up, so nice to see Mark in the formal black and white that became him so surprisingly well in spite of his own taste for tweeds. We'll be real New Yorkers, I thought half humorously and half eagerly. We'll dine at a smart place and be pleased because we recognize all the celebrities and some of them recognize us.

It was a crisp, exciting evening I rode home through. Some nights in New York everybody seems to be going out for cocktails or dinner, as though they'd all decided spontaneously to declare a holiday. This was one of those nights; the lights glittered, the taxis piled up in traffic, everybody was in a hurry to get there... It was a shock to come home to an apartment that just looked like any ordinary day. From the study came the sound of Mark's typewriter going so fast he hadn't even heard me come in. I had a cup of tea before I decided it was time to disturb him.

I had to go right up to him and kiss the back of his neck before he became aware of me. I laughed at his startled jump. "Darling, come out of it! It's half past six. Aune Dorrie and Dad will be here in half an hour."

Mark frowned up at me. "Drat. This thing's right in the groove, Wendy—going like magic. I hate to—look, can I possibly have another fifteen minutes or so?"

I ran a finger over his chin. "You're not shaved. It'll take you at least half an hour, Mark."

"Yeah." His face went strangely bleak. "You're right, you're right, you're right. All right, so you're right." He sighed, got up, and then abruptly sat down again. "Darn it, I won't leave it in the middle like this. I tell you, Wendy, I can have it finished tonight." His eyes flared with excitement again. "Listen, I know it's terrible, but would you mind—how about if I don't go along tonight? You know what it means, if I can get the thing done, finished—and it's good. I might not be in the right vein tomorrow, anything can happen—"

I just looked at him. I felt as though somebody had given me a terrible blow beneath my heart. I moistened my lips finally and said, "Are you serious?"

"Serious! Never more so! You of all people should know what it means to me to be seeing the end of the play! I've got to get on with it, Wendy—I've got a feeling

it's tonight or never! Oh—listen, darling, Sam will understand. Good grief, he's a writer himself! He knows that sometimes it comes and sometimes it just won't." He wasn't even looking at me; he was fingering the typewriter, almost unable to wait for me to leave him alone.

I said slowly, "Yes, Sam will understand. Aunt Dorrie will understand. But I don't, Mark. It will be a long, long time before I can make myself understand how you can possibly be so cruel and thoughtless toward two older people who are very fond of you. It makes me ashamed, Mark . . . ashamed." I went out and closed the door between us.

In the end, although I could hardly believe it, he did stay behind, and I went with Dad and Aunt Dorrie and tried hard to pretend it was really a party. They were good sports about it, too, but Aunt Dorrie's sportsmanship wore a little thin in spots when she talked to me without Dad's hearing. "I can't understand Mark doing such a thing," she said, quite sharply for her, and there wasn't a thing I wanted to say in his defense. I couldn't understand it either.

He was asleep when I got home, and in the morning I deliberately slipped out without breakfast so that I wouldn't have to face him. *Let him come to me this time*, I thought as I attacked my own work without really being aware of it. *I can't reach out this time. He'll have to come to me.*

He did come—at lunchtime, with misery and remorse in his face. We went to a small, quiet place near my office, where the other lunchers were mostly men discussing business and we wouldn't be likely to see anyone looking for gay luncheon companions.

After a while Mark began to talk, and the disheartened bitterness of his apology made my anger seem selfish and trivial. He couldn't explain how he could have done such a thing, the night before. But he made it plain enough that, after we had gone, all the things I had thought about him—the cruelty, the selfish, thoughtless way he had tossed off as negligible everyone's feelings but his own—all those accusations he'd swept in upon him intensified a hundredfold by the gnawing self-contempt that was always lying in wait for him just below the surface. "I just can't trust myself to act like a human being any more." In the dim light of our corner table his face was pale and shadowed with lines I'd never seen before. "It's all very well to keep beating myself on the head, but when I start taking it out on you, Wendy—and on others I love—it's gone too far. Something's got to be done."

Pain and pity had driven out the last trace of resentment. I reached for his hand. "Darling, you're overtired. Don't think of it any more. We'll cross it off."

He shook his head. "Not that easily, Wendy. I—didn't do much sleeping last night. I thought I had it figured out." He drew a deep breath. "I got the idea that things would be better with me if I just started earning some money. I went to see Phil Warner, my old agent, the one who used to handle all the stuff I wrote. And he showed me the door. In the nicest way, of course, but there was no misunderstanding. He said, in effect, that I'd behaved so temperamentally out on the Coast that there was now a big sign around my neck—*Hard to Handle—Keep Off*. And good old Phil was taking it seriously. Thank you and goodbye."

Indignation stirred in me. "You made a lot of money for Phil Warner a couple of years ago. How dare he—"

"No, he's right, Wendy. Why bother with me when the woods are full of writers who mind their manners and don't get into trouble? Writers who don't pull blanks

and disappear for a couple of weeks when a deadline is pressing. Writers who don't get into fights in public. Writers who don't fall apart in emotional swivets as if they were coloraturas from the Met."

If this were the old Mark, the old tough, cocksure Mark, there would have been many things for me to say. That there were plenty of other agents. That he still knew all the editors in town, that I had friends who'd be glad to give him assignments if he was really willing to do the kind of stuff he was talking about . . . other things. But, although I did say them, they didn't carry conviction to either of us.

I did my best with words, and when I reluctantly went back to the office I had at least the comfort of his smile, and I saw when he walked away that his head was high and his shoulders square. I'd cheered him up a little, at any rate. But what next?

The last thing in the world I really expected was that the answer to that question would come, neatly and sharply like an arrow into the target, that very afternoon. I was working, trying hard to concentrate, Mark's face drifting continually between me and my work, when Miss Buelow said there was a long-distance call for me. It was Hollywood, she said, and before I could even form the question, "Now *who* . . ." I heard the unmistakable, unforgettable voice that was one of Maggie Fallon's greatest assets as an actress.

I don't think I've ever been so grateful to my newspaper training. Where else—except perhaps on the stage—could I have learned to marshal a swift, sure-seeming poise to cover myself in the most unsettling situations? It worked for me now, well enough, as Maggie and I exchanged brief amenities that would have convinced any listener that we were nothing but casual, not-too-close acquaintances. But underneath I had leaped to fierce alertness. What did she want? What was coming?

She didn't waste any time. As I listened, I remembered with reluctant admiration that another of Maggie's assets was her unexpected directness. She told me almost at once that she was calling me as a preliminary to calling Mark himself. "I'll explain at once before there's any misunderstanding," she said. "You may know that my picture career hasn't been altogether rosy of late—"

"I've heard some talk." Maggie Fallon . . . hard to handle. Like that writer she was mixed up with before he got married. "I'm sorry," I said.

"Don't be. I'm not. At least I don't think I will be if you and Mark will help. It's like this, Wendy. A girl out here—clever girl, but a beginner—has written a play and I want to do it. It's got some tremendous stuff in it. I know it can be great." She smiled! I could tell from her voice. "It'll have to be—I'm sinking every cent I own in it. But Jeanne and I know it isn't quite right, not quite finished. And what I want more than anything is for Mark to go over it. I think he can make this play what it ought to be. That's why I'm calling you, Wendy. It's tremendously important to me, and I have a hunch that if I just call him cold, he'll turn me down. For—lots of reasons." She drew in her breath. "I'm asking you to put in your weight on my side when I talk to him about it."

I said slowly, "I see. Mark's so—touchy about his work, though, Maggie. I've never interfered—"

"Just one more thing. I'm embarrassed to say it and I know you'll be embarrassed to hear it, but it's got to be said. It's pure business, Wendy, all business and a yard wide. There's nothing involved but a good play, a man who can make it a perfect play, and the balance of my career. And it would be good for his, too."

I thought silently, *You don't know how*

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good for his, Maggie. You don't know what's been happening to the thing you call his career of late. And I knew suddenly that I'd do what she asked. The past was completely past; I trusted that with all my heart. Mark had never loved Maggie, and Maggie was telling me that she had put Mark out of her heart as well. Mark was my husband. What did that mean if not perfect trust, perfect faith that between the two halves of a whole no outside factor could intervene? And Mark needed something like this so desperately... real work, constructive work, something he could see the end of and the results of. Yes, whatever weight I could throw to Maggie's side, I would. I told her so, and she said with quiet gratitude that she would call Mark as soon as we hung up.

Mark was jubilant, eager and reluctant all at once, as I entered the apartment. Maggie had played completely fair; she had even told him of her call to me.

"She's sending a copy of the play. She outlined it, and it got me, Wendy. It's a tricky plot, but it could be smashing on the stage." He was off on ideas for it already; his hair was rumpled and his eyes were alight. "That double-twist ending—dangerous, but if it comes off the most effective thing you can imagine." He gave a short, sharp laugh and really looked at me for the first time. "But what am I thinking. Go back to Hollywood? I'd be crazy as a loon. Nothing but trouble. And Maggie."

I said steadily, "Make believe it's not Maggie, Mark. How would you feel about it then?"

"I'd jump at it like a dog going through a hoop. But—it is Maggie. And how do you feel about that?" His eyes were almost pleading. "I must be crazy. How can I even think of working with Maggie Fallon after the twist she almost gave the two of us? No, it's ridiculous."

I smiled over at him as he jumped up again from the chair he had briefly dropped into. He couldn't sit still; his mind was tumbling with ideas. He was working on the play already. It was the work he needed. Maybe having it now, at this moment, would be the very lift upward he needed. Maybe this coincidence, coming when it did—by this unforeseen gift out of the blue—maybe this was the very moment when his whole future would be decided. Turn it down out of caution and fear, turn it down because I didn't quite trust him enough? But the whole point of our relationship, the whole truth I'd been trying to convey to him by my words and my love in

the past difficult weeks, was that I trusted him completely. Wasn't that what had been so troubling him—the secret fear that my faith in him wasn't any stronger than his own? I had to prove that I did trust him—that as a husband, as a man, as a writer, I had all the faith in him a woman ever had in a man.

"Then jump at it, Mark," I said "Believe me, please—I want you to. The fact that you'll be working with Maggie Fallon has no meaning to me one way or the other. If this is a play you want to work on, if you think it can be a good play, if it stimulates you the way I can see it does—for heaven's sake, what are you waiting for?"

Mark looked at me like a little boy who has been handed a Christmas present he's half afraid to open. It wasn't that easy to convince him, but, little by little, he began to believe that I really did mean it, that he was free to accept the boon the gods had handed him. He never knew that that night, after he was asleep, I cried a few shame-faced tears of relief that he himself felt nothing but eagerness to get out there and start working. If there had been anything at all in his mind about Maggie, if he'd felt any doubts about his own reactions toward her, I knew better than he did that he wouldn't have been so completely, wholeheartedly anxious to accept the job. I could trust him. I did trust him.

Luckily, there was no time to re-examine or regret. Your second thoughts aren't always as clear or courageous as your first. There were only a couple of days after Mark phoned Maggie his acceptance. There was practically no time to do anything but pack, taxi out to the airport and wave goodbye as his plane took off. I could still feel his arms around me in that last fierce hug, still feel his lips against mine, but already I was lonely for him. And, in spite of myself, I was just a little scared. Three thousand miles... and Maggie at the end?

But as I rode back to town alone the comfort of Mark's last words came back to make me smile again. "You're sure?" he'd whispered, and I'd answered, "You're my husband, Mark. I'm sure." And Mark said, "Yes, I'm your husband. And you're my wife. Know what that means? You're my heart and my armor. You're going with me, Wendy, you know that? You can be sure. Nothing but good will come of it."

Into the lonely taxi, behind the stolid driver, I spoke the words I was thinking. *Nothing but good will come of either of us, as long as we're together, as long as we love.*

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The Man Behind the Cigar

(Continued from page 36)

Groucho's beetle brows shot up. "Eggs! For breakfast! I don't like eggs..." but the doctor was going out the door and didn't hear him.

"Well," said Mattie, recalling the incident of a few weeks before, "he just turned to me, and we stood and looked at each other. He knew that I knew that he knew he should take better care of himself. But he just eats the food he likes and has been used to. Juice, or maybe grapefruit, and toast for breakfast. *Never* any eggs. So I said, 'Mr. Marx, those are the doctor's orders. Eggs are good food. Good for every one of us.'"

"Then you eat it," he said, and that's the last I ever saw of that prescribed diet. Plain old *no more* was said about it."

In fact, Groucho doesn't say much about a lot of things. Although he's especially sensitive with his daughter, little Melinda, like many men, he's not handy with the little praise women like to hear, especially about their housekeeping. Mattie loves to make the big, handsome Marx home sparkle, and she's clever with flower arrangements (whether company is due or not). A centerpiece for the cherry-wood dining table, a vase full of cut flowers for the corner of the living room, or even a single rose from the garden resting by itself on the mantel.

"I've seen Mr. Marx come in," laughed Mattie, "and he'll know right away something's changed about the place. He'll kind of sense it, you know, and cock his head to one side and peer around. Then he'll see the vase or the rose, and he'll take off his coat slow-like and go into the living room and just stand there and study that rose. From all sides, he'll just look at it. While he's contemplating that flower, a little twinkle'll come into his eyes and then I'll know he's pleased. Mind you, he doesn't ever say anything, just that twinkle like a little candlelight in his eyes. I don't care if he never tells me... as long as that twinkle keeps coming."

"And then, of course, when Melinda comes in, he's all smiles and they romp and play together like two kids. There seems to be no end to his affection... it's just as deep as the Bay of Portugal... and he spends all his free time making little toys for her—like black cotton Halloween mustaches or Valentine crowns—and taking her with him on trips and such."

If Groucho and Melinda are going on a vacation, Mattie sometimes goes along to help. Last summer, the pair (without Mattie this time) went to La Jolla. When they had returned from the popular beach resort, and were all standing together again in the kitchen, Mattie asked Melinda, "Did you take a bath every day?"

"Whaddaya mean," said Groucho. "She went *swimming* every day! She didn't need to take a bath!"

But Mattie saw the twinkle in his eyes—and she *thinks* she knew he was kidding. "That Mr. Marx," she said, "I never know when he's serious."

But two can play the same game and, since Mattie knows that Groucho takes his television show seriously (he even put a TV set in Mattie's quarters so she could watch his show), she gets to him by saying, "My, isn't that Jack Benny the funniest man! And Mr. Martin and Mr. Lewis... I just think they're a scream!" Generally there's no response from Groucho, but about once a month he comes down and announces from the doorway, "Your friends are on tonight."

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favorite television star is, there's no hesitation in her answer. "Daddy!" she says and means it.

Speaking of television stars, Melinda is also quite an accomplished performer, having appeared on Groucho's show, among others. She and her daddy have a number of cute little routines they perform together.

Melinda does it all with a straight face. In fact, according to Mattie, she's quite an accomplished actress. "Yes, sir, she can turn the tears on and off like a faucet. If she wants to go out and play, and maybe dinner's about due, she'll go to Mr. Marx and ask for permission to go out. Of course he'll say no, and then Melinda'll make a face and the tears will start to fall, and poor Mr. Marx will have to give in."

"All right. All right," Groucho usually says, "you win. But come when I call you."

Then as quickly as they came, the tears are gone, and Melinda is all smiles again. "See here," says Groucho, "I don't think there was really anything wrong with you. . . ." But it's too late. Melinda's already out the door.

"It's like that most of the time," explained Mattie. "But then you can't love a child the way Mr. Marx loves little Melinda and expect a man to be wise, too. He just can't help himself—he has to give in to her a bit."

But then Groucho gives in graciously to most everyone he likes. When Mattie first came to work for him about five years ago, there were only a few things that Groucho would eat (and highly seasoned at that). In fact, there were only a few things he would have served in the house! This boded ill, for there were—and still are—quite a few dinners given. The guests, for the most part, didn't seem to enjoy Groucho's enthusiasm for pepper (Groucho calls it "European-style" cooking) and dishes were sometimes returned to the kitchen after only a single taste. But Groucho insisted for a time that Mattie keep preparing the food in the same way.

"Of course, lots of folks like the same food Mr. Marx did . . . like Mr. Benny—and Mr. Jolson, before he passed on—but then there were those that didn't touch it. So I just took it on myself to fix Mr. Marx's separately and he never knew the difference. But, when it came to salads and desserts, I was stuck because lots of people like mixed salads and whipped cream on their desserts and things like that. But not Mr. Marx. Well, one time I just made

two salads and two desserts, one with whipped cream and one without. I gave Mr. Marx his plain. My, you should have heard the noise! Why didn't he have what the other folks had, he wanted to know. So I said, 'Now, Mr. Marx, you know you don't like whipped cream.'

"But he said: How do I know he doesn't like whipped cream? So I sent some in to him, and he ate part of it. It went on like that for a little while and, as you can see, he gave in 'graciously.' My! He almost never gave in!

"But he did, finally," continued Mattie, "and now he comes downstairs of a Sunday with the home section of the Los Angeles Times in his hand. He'll have found a new recipe that he thinks he might like. 'Mattie,' he'll say, 'here's something that looks good. You keep it and we'll try it on somebody else to see if it is!'"

Mattie loves Melinda, too. "She'd catch anyone's fancy, and Mr. Marx, he only has eyes for her when she's around."

The feeling is mutual, for Melinda worships her daddy, and goes with him whenever and wherever she can. "We play golf together," she will say proudly. "That is, Daddy plays golf and I go along. There are ice cream carts at the golf course and I eat ice cream, too. I like golf because there is always plenty of ice cream."

When Mattie is too busy, Groucho looks after Melinda's dressing, too. One day last week, Melinda reported to Mattie for good-byes before going off to school. "Lands," said Mattie, taking in the pink hair bow, red dress and blue socks, "who dressed you?"

Indignantly Melinda said with pride, "Daddy fixed me."

"Well," laughed Mattie, "he sure didn't pay much mind to the color of the hair ribbon or socks. Though, when you're about, he only has eyes for you and that explains it."

And it's true about Groucho and Melinda—his feelings toward her have more of heaven in them than earth. When they're together, he's not too interested in the clothes she wears, for he only sees the smile she gives him.

Groucho knows the mainspring of life is in the heart, though not much of this is seen on his television show. Behind the cigar and the leer, that are his trademarks as a very funny man, lives a man of great sensitivity, of fine affection. Just ask Mattie and Melinda—for they share his home, and know him better than anyone.

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We Live Like a Millionaire

(Continued from page 49)

invented the giveaway show, the Johns have given away an average of \$2,500 a day, which adds up to a total of \$4,000,000—making them the leading philanthropists of the airwaves, even though the loot they dispense, from baby shoes to aeroplanes, is provided, they tell you (giving credit where credit is due), by the companies and manufacturers of same. The Johns think it's "nice," they say, that they can make people happy by spending the manufacturers' money—on other people who are also made happy. They have also managed to parlay their own take into an income of more than \$1,000,000 a year, share-and-share-alike.

"The Robin Hoods of the Airways," the three Johns are called. But Robin Hood, in any tattered schoolbook, never had it so good.

It was with "Robin Hood" Nelson (who was her boss) that, in 1941, young Arnell Nelson (who was his secretary) fell in love.

This is John Nelson's version of his own boy-meets-girl story:

"I was in San Francisco with my partners when Ray Morgan offered me the job of radio and TV director for his agency in Los Angeles. In San Francisco at the time, we Johns were doing a fifteen-minute radio program called Candidly Speaking, for which we were paid seventeen dollars and fifty cents a week. By applying the blitz method, however, we managed to get free guests like Maureen O'Hara, Eve Curie, John Charles Thomas and other people who customarily get \$1,000-and-up for an appearance. I guess most of them figured it was easier to submit and come along quietly," John attempted a sinister expression, "than having us spring out at them from behind potted plants in hotel lobbies.

"So then Morgan offered me this job in Los Angeles. The next day I walked into his office. First person I saw sitting there was Arnell.

"The minute I looked at her! Nothing. Nothing happened. Pretty soon, though, I noticed that when clients called from San Francisco they all asked for Nell. When people dropped in at the office they dropped in, or my eyes deceived me, to see Nell. She got along so well with people that I asked her to be my secretary, and it wasn't long before I was asking her, at the end of each day, 'Have a drink with me?' The drink soon turned out to be dinner-and-the-evening with me. Got so I hated to take her home. I'd known all along, of course, that she was blonde and blue-eyed. And built. Now I learned that she was half-Swedish, half-Norwegian, and that she'd just moved West from Superior, Wisconsin. Nell from Superior, Wisconsin, I from Spokane, Washington—that made us two of a kind, the folksy kind.

"In Superior, Nell had worked at Station WEBD, first as a switchboard operator and then as a musician, playing piano and organ. I sing a loud, sour note but I like a lot of music around the house. With Nell, I thought, I'd have it. I do.

"By this time we had Breakfast In Hollywood on the air, which meant an early-morning-to-late-at-night working day for me and, in the natural course of things, for my secretary!

"Next thing I knew I was writing my mother: 'I'm thinking of taking a very serious two-step, Mom, with Arnell.' To which my parent replied: 'I've known it all along. Thank goodness, it is Arnell. We've had some very narrow escapes!'

"When the situation reached proposal point, I got the idea of being a comedian.

Playing it cute. That sort of thing.

"Nell," I said one morning, 'I want you to go out and buy a ring for me.'

"What kind of a ring?" she asked, real stiff and indignant-like, 'what size?'

"Any kind you like," I said, 'any size you wear.'

Nell's version jibes with John's—except that the ring episode, she declares, didn't fool her for a moment:

"He was so nervous it took him twenty minutes to get it out," she laughed, "and when you consider that John's speed of speech was once clocked at an audition at more than 400 words a minute—and, as an announcer, he's said to have 'jet-propelled' speech—you get the idea. . . . So I had to help him along by asking, 'Ring for whom?' I said 'Yes' right away. After all I'd been waiting—and wondering—for a year!

"A year later," Nell added, "we were married, in Santa Barbara, and have been living dangerously, happily ever since. . . ."

The boys were filled with happy ambition, Nell said, from way back . . . after they succeeded in getting John Masterson elected as president of the student body at Gonzaga, they saw themselves worthy of bigger things in politics. They persuaded a hardware dealer they knew to run for county sheriff, hit upon an ingenious way to spread propaganda in the politically-unknown Buckley's behalf, and got him elected. As the retort courteous, Buckley then appointed John Masterson as a deputy sheriff and, as a sleuth, Masterson became noteworthy for capturing the only man ever known to have escaped from Alcatraz up to that time. The fugitive, Virgil Tolliver, had made his getaway by stealing some clothes from the warden's wife, whereupon some guards politely bowed "her" aboard a launch for the mainland. Tolliver had been at large for several years when John Masterson and a fellow deputy, Pat Rooney, nabbed him in a shack on the Spokane River.

"It was then," says John Nelson, "that we came to what we refer to, without longing, as our newspaper period. I got a job as a reporter in Sausalito, California; Masterson in San Francisco, and Reddy in Washington, D. C."

After a brief career as members of the Fourth Estate, the Johns got together again. They handled publicity for the East-West football game in San Francisco and ballyhooed it to the first sell-out in its history.

"We took stock one day," John Nelson related, "and figured out that since leaving school we had promoted a patented laundry tray, a jazz band, a Hawaiian football team, a Dust-Bowl exhibit, a deodorant, a fuel-less motor and a service to pipe news into cocktail bars—all with conspicuous lack of success. So why, we said, should radio escape us? Forthwith, we all sat down to start thinking up programs. After months of sitting (in outer offices) we managed to sell San Francisco's CBS station the fifteen-minute Candidly Speaking idea previously mentioned."

Speaking of ideas, Nell recalled another anecdote which was responsible, could be, for John Crosby labelling the Johns: "Evil but exuberant geniuses."

"Because they place such stock in the value of ideas," Nell said, "and all three of them do, they guard their ideas like watchdogs trained to protect a baby. And so, when Station KLAC-TV in Hollywood put on a program called Wedding Bells, the Johns charged it was an imitation of their Bride And Groom show and brought suit against the station and its owner, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, who also owns the New York Post. After a month-long trial, the



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jury awarded them damages of \$800,000—the largest judgment ever handed down in a television or radio program litigation. The Johns took this unprecedented victory with customary aplomb. They agreed to discuss an out-of-court settlement, during which a deadlock developed over an odd expense item of \$882.07. As a matter of principle, both sides refused to budge an inch, until—"Tell you what we'll do," said John Masterson, "if you give us the \$882.07, we'll use it to throw a party for Mrs. Schiff at New York's Twenty-One Club."

"That broke the tension—and the deadlock. Both sides shook hands and the Johns duly hosted wealthy Mrs. Schiff and her lawyer at Twenty-One on caviar, champagne and grouse—all on her money!

"They really are fictional characters," Nell laughed, "someone, if not Dumas, 'made them up.' They have the vitality of ten. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, something of an authority on the subject, once remarked when they were working with her on her radio show that she was 'often appalled by their energy.'

"In their private lives, if any, the Johns are also teamed," Nell said. "At one time we all lived within a few blocks of each other on New York's Park Avenue. All three Johns got married the same year, became fathers at the same time, and each has a son named John.

"Our John is one of our blond six-year-old twin sons, John Christopher and William Gregory," Nell grinned. "They're fraternal twins, completely unlike in temperament and personality but so alike in looks that even we have to look twice, at times, to tell them apart. The fifth member of the family is Miss Penelope—Penny, aged four.

"In our neighborhood the twins, just because they are twins, always get the spotlight. In order to compensate for this, Penny," laughed Penny's mother, "has the loudest voice in town! Her father describes her as 'the most spoiled little femme.' Actually, she's the apple of his eye. Very firm with the children, for the most part, John will suddenly decide he's been too firm whereupon he goes off and buys all three of them a load of presents. He's a softie! Or maybe he can't escape the giveaway pattern which is his daily bread. . . .

"Now the Johns are no longer practically next-door neighbors, but they make up for that by being constant visitors in each others' homes. Where one is, in other words, there also the other two are—or, at least, one of the other two is. A few weeks ago, for instance, my John and I flew to Bermuda for a couple of weeks' vacation. At the last minute John Masterson (I couldn't have been less surprised!) went with us!

"Come on—a our house any day or evening and, ten to one, you'll find at least two of the Johns. Usually all three of them—and their families—and, also usually, a dozen or more other people. We're described, my John and I, as 'extremely convivial.' I guess we are—we're both as gregarious as grigs; we both love to entertain hordes of people. For meals at our house, anywhere from five to fifteen extra is just normal. The minute it gets down to five at the table, 'Who'll we ask over?' John is asking.

"By lunch-time, any Saturday, I've cooked my legs and arms off—and love it, although my Mr. Nelson is very hard, let me tell you, to cook for. He doesn't like casseroles. Likes everything cooked in wine (a new kick we've both been on this year) . . . and is, in short, a real connoisseur of food as well as of wine. We do an awful lot of running around Westchester and Connecticut trying out new restaurants, a favorite sport of John's."

With all this interest in and appreciation

of food, there is none of the chef in John. The only cooking he does is Sunday-morning breakfast. He usually scrambles eggs with cheddar cheese, and makes sausages any one of a dozen different ways.

"This reminds me, I don't know why," Nell laughed, "of how, about once every six months, John goes out and buys a pair of crepe-soled shoes. 'These,' he then announces solemnly, 'are my work-shoes.' He now has a collection including some that cover his ankles, others that reach to his knees—and never does a lick of work. He is not particularly interested, let's put it this way, in gardening and home-planning.

"When we bought our home in the San Fernando Valley in California and remodelled it, turned it inside out until it became the low, one-story, green and white with picture windows ranch-house of our dreams, the one thing John focussed on was—a swimming-pool. 'As a kid, I always wanted a swimming pool, my idea of luxury,' he said. So he got his swimming pool before—quite a time before—I got my rugs and draperies.

"He can't 'stay put' very long. Neither can I. We're both gypsies. Go off on weekends—last winter it was Cuba, Haiti, Sea Island, Georgia. This winter, Bermuda. Or our family goes over to Long Island and stays with friends who have just stayed with us. We trade.

"In the past year we've lived in four places, winding up, at least for a year—we have a year's lease—in an old cream stucco with brown rafters in Rye, New York. A typical old Rye house, it has a terrific living room, great big fireplace, antiques, mauve and yellow rugs and draperies, and a lot of silver ashtrays and pictures of our own to make it look like our house. Victorian type, real old—too old for me—but we do love Rye," Nell said, "and may decide to buy here.

"Every Saturday afternoon and Sunday of our lives, barring a blizzard, we go off and play golf or tennis. Our guests either play with us or sit and watch us. We play at our own club, the Hudson River—or, when asked, at the clubs of our friends.

"In the summertime we have picnics with the kids at beach clubs or lakes. When John is able to be home at their bedtime, he reads stories to the kids. Now that they've started school, he prints with them, does numbers with them. He wants them to be smart. The outlook is good," Nell laughed, "they get wonderful report cards.

"Since they've been going to school, the twins watch John on television. Someone told them 'Your daddy is on TV.' They got the idea, from Hopalong Cassidy, no doubt, that he was a cattle rustler or one of the sheriff's posse or something. So to straighten them out John took them to the studio to watch his show. 'So what did they care,' he told me that night, 'about Bride And Groom?' About all the attention they pay to his show now is when they come in and kiss the TV screen—and can't see why he doesn't kiss them back.

"It was John's idea, by the way, to give the twins two names each. 'Kids, when they grow up,' he said, 'often dislike their given names—especially boys. So we'll give our kids a break—John Christopher can be Jack or John or Chris; William Gregory can be Will or Bill or Greg.' We rather hope they'll continue to answer, as they do now, to Chris and Greg.

"And now," Nell said, with a sigh, "you do see, don't you, how it is . . . and why it is that marriage with John is high adventure, a day-by-day calendar of excitement . . . a life to be lived to the hilt. We believe completely, with or without a lot of money, it is possible to Live Like A Millionaire."

(Continued from page 31)

composition, had a fair grasp of mathematics, was "awful" at Latin and reasonably good in French. Homework bored him.

"I would start to drum on the table and make funny faces at myself in the mirror, anything to keep from getting down to business. In the end I had to, and I managed to keep my marks fairly good in most subjects, but I was much more fascinated by the projects my brother and I were always dreaming up—ways to manage some extra spending money, ideas for making things, and experiments we wanted to try. Even from our earliest childhood, if there was any project afoot for which we needed parental help or consent, my brother would hang back and send me in as front man to do the talking to our father and mother. I had more nerve, and I could always talk faster and louder than he could."

Bert's parents had planned college for him after high school, but his mother made a visit to the principal during Bert's last school year to talk over the boy's future. The principal reminded Mrs. Parks that there was a strong drive in the direction of radio work, which Bert had already been doing in out-of-school hours for two years, and he thought it might be just as well to let him go on with the career he had mapped out for himself. "Maybe he just couldn't bear the thought of my flunking out and perhaps coming back again," Bert suggests.

Bert's success in local radio at fifteen or sixteen, and in network radio before he was barely eighteen, is part of this typical American boy story—the boy who grew up in a country where radio and motion pictures were a great influence. In particular, the Charlie Chaplin motion pictures of that day helped to shape Bert's life. He doesn't know which one he saw first, but the one he remembers best is "The Gold Rush," when he was about ten years old, because by that time he was doing one of those small-boy imitations of Chaplin, complete to the baggy pants and cane, the over-size shoes, the derby hat and the little grotesque mustache. At first he applied the mustache with a burnt match stick, until his father, who liked this tomfoolery as much as Bert did, made him some miniature mustaches that pasted on.

The local theatre manager had seen Bert do the Chaplin imitation, and he knew him as a kid who often appeared at community and school entertainments and could sing a little and dance a few steps. He suggested that the boy appear in a prologue to "The Gold Rush" on the stage of the theatre. "When I saw those fifteen one-dollar bills with which he paid me, I thought I must be the richest person in all the world," Bert's eyes shone again with the excitement of all that wealth for something he was crazy about doing. "I guess I decided right then and there that there was no business like show business."

All during those next years Bert would be called up on the stage to lead the audience in spirited renditions of popular tunes which were illustrated by slides thrown on the screen, a custom in the movie houses of that day. He had become known as a singer, without a lesson in his life, then or since. All this unrehearsed performing was fine experience in feeling at home in front of large groups of people. When, at sixteen, he won the City of Atlanta Declamation Contest with "The Death of Maximilien Robespierre," by Victor Hugo, no one was too surprised, certainly not his admiring relatives.

Shortly afterward Bert was ready for his first radio chance. A salesman for the local station tried to interest Bert's father in buying spot radio announcements to advertise

his furnishings business. Parks Sr. mentioned that he had a boy who sang and certainly would be an asset to any radio program, far more so than most of the singers he heard. Between the two men, they got Bert a chance on an amateur show where he took the prize and was offered an announcing job a couple of times a week outside of school hours.

The Parks family was just about bursting with pride at this point, and Bert dived into his new duties with that same mixture of composure and energy, that same quiet drive, which has always been characteristic. Being a staff announcer with a local station then meant doing everything and anything, from running the board when required, to filling in on a singing spot or subbing for a technician who was away.

Two years of varied radio experience and Bert wanted to enter a CBS competition in New York for staff announcers. Aspirants for the competitive auditions were supposed to be at least twenty-one and have had at least two years of college. Bert was still eighteen, and recently out of high school, but he took his savings and borrowed the rest he needed from his parents and went to New York for an audition. "I was crushed when they said I seemed a little too young and inexperienced," he says now, even though he had been encouraged to keep on in radio and to try again. Then, luck, which seemed to be always at his side, came to the rescue. Back in Atlanta only a week he got a telegram saying he had been reconsidered and to come back to New York. "In Atlanta I had been drawing down twelve dollars a week. In New York I rated fifty dollars, as a staff announcer. In the depression years of 1932-33, it seemed a huge sum. I was able to send home twenty dollars a week."

Young, filled with a continuing curiosity about the wonderful medium he was working with, and eager to learn everything about it, enchanted with living in the big city of New York, meeting and working with some of the greatest names in show business, a part—even though a small one—of the vast CBS network that spread from coast to coast and across oceans, too . . . for Bert, life was full of promise. He sang. He developed a program of his own, on which he was the vocalist, and finally he got the chance to work for Eddie Cantor as singer and straight man. When Eddie went off the air, the sponsor kept Bert on as a freelance. He appeared with Benny Goodman and Xavier Cugat, and with many of the others. During those six years, the name of Bert Parks was registering in radio and in show-business circles everywhere.

He was now about twenty-six, and well able to think of marriage and settling down, when, early in 1941, he met a beautiful brunette on a blind date. Bert had a friend in Philadelphia who used to come to New York weekends to see his own girl. This girl had a friend who, with Bert, would make a foursome. The friend turned out to be Annette, who had come to New York from New Haven, Connecticut, to be a dental hygienist. "I knew right away she was wonderful," Bert says. "And I knew right away she was for me."

Annette had some slight suspicions along that latter line, too, even that first night. But, when Bert asked her for a date the next evening and she said she already had one she couldn't break, Bert implied: Well, if you're not enough interested, then this is the end for us. Annette went right ahead and kept her date, being a spunky young lady of independent mind. What Annette didn't know then was that Bert went to the country club where she had been escorted by her date and hung around all evening



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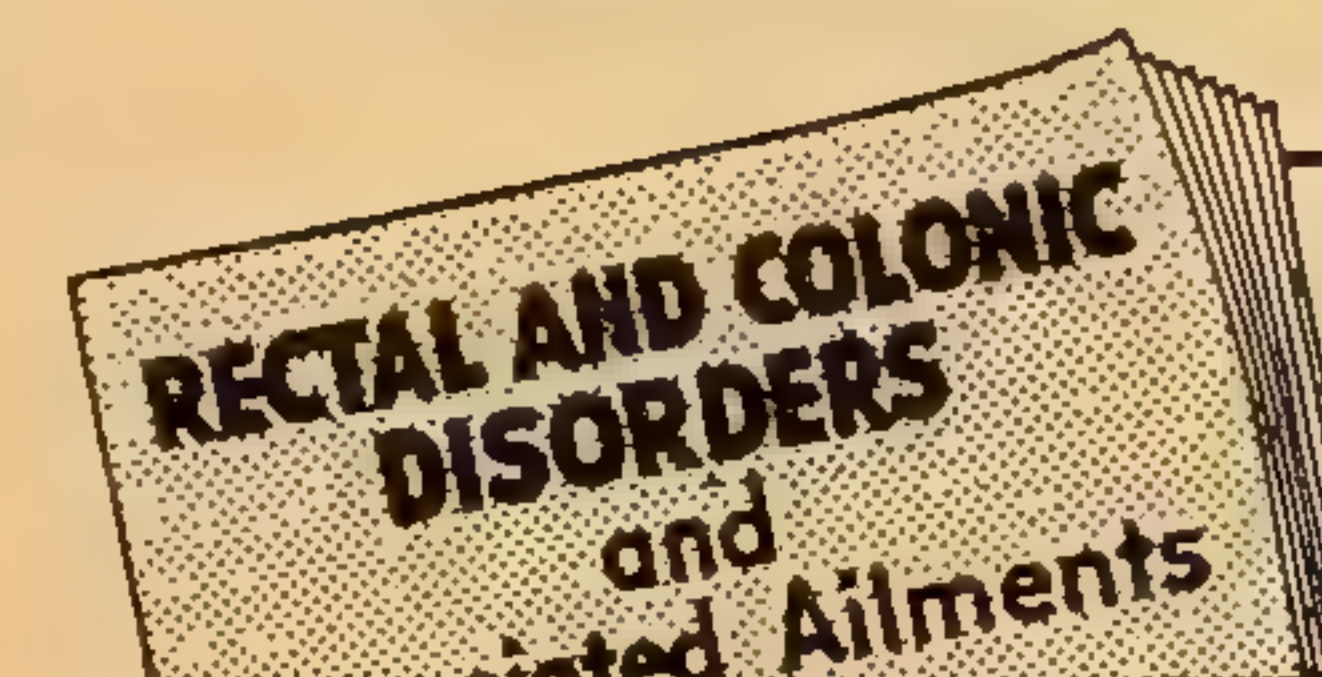
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just to look at her, without letting her see him. He was that far gone already.

As a radio personality, Bert meant little to Annette then. "I'm not sure yet that she had ever heard of me or listened to any of my shows," Bert comments. "It didn't bowl her over to think she might get on the inside of show business. She just liked me."

Pearl Harbor happened, and Bert tried to enlist in the Navy but flunked the color blindness test. The Army decided he wasn't too color-blind for them (he says he isn't, unless the standards are too rigid). It was now 1942, and he and Annette had been going together fairly steadily, except that other young men were still asking her for dates and she was still refusing to stand them up at the last minute when Bert found he could get away to take her out.

Now he was being sent to Fort Benning Infantry School, and three months later Buck Private Parks had become a Second Lieutenant. This was June, 1943. They both knew he might be going overseas any month, and on June 8 they cancelled out any competition from other dates, by being married. They were together just two and a half months before Bert was sent to the China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations, under "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell. He was away two years. When he came back in 1945, he had the Bronze Star and a cluster of Battle Stars, and the rank of Captain.

Annette was joyful to have him back, but radio was a little less demonstrative. There was no question of his having a job, but he had to work his way up again. People forget quickly. To get started, he took any announcing jobs that came along, small things as well as bigger ones. Then Break The Bank was born, and studio executives gave the emcee job to Bert on a week's trial basis. Bud Collyer was already on the show as an announcer. He suggested Bert to the producer as an ideal master of ceremonies. That was more than seven years ago, and he worked steadily at the job, going from radio to television. (Bud Collyer now does the five-times-a-week radio Break The Bank. Bert has concentrated on the Sunday-night television Bank, with Bud acting as host and commercial announcer with Bert.)

While Break The Bank was turning Bert in the direction of the spectacular success that was soon to come, his twin sons were born. They arrived on August 1 1946, were named Joel and Jeffrey, and—when Bert brought them home from the hospital with Annette—the three-room apartment began to shrink in size daily. Annette has twin sisters, so they had been somewhat prepared for babies in duplicate, but had failed to understand how crowded a refrigerator can get with twice as many bottles as one child uses, and how crowded a clothesline is with two sets of diapers and little shirts and vests and socks. They had failed to appreciate the floor space displaced by two bassinets and all the rest of the duplicated paraphernalia of twin babyhood.

"Mornings, when I was free for a few hours, I would wheel the boys to a little park near the East River, down at the end of our street, and sit among the young wives and the nursemaids and their charges while Annette wrestled with the home problems without all of us underfoot. At home, I was the traffic director, as the maid and the children's nurse went bustling around the place. When the nurse left, Annette and I spent every minute with the children. It was really something!"

Their daughter came along in March of 1949, when the boys were only two and a half, but by this time there was a big house for them all and plenty of room. Just a year before little Annette was born (she now answers to "Petty," or "The Pet,"

for the obvious reason that she is one), Bert began a new radio quiz program called Stop The Music. It, and Bert, became the talk of the nation because of the fabulous prizes awarded to those who could guess the correct titles of certain "mystery" tunes and of a "qualifying" tune. People who never listened to radio and knew little about what went on over the airwaves couldn't fail to be aware of Stop The Music's impact. Everybody discussed it, guessed about it. Columnists offered clues to the mystery songs. Folks all over the country kept their telephone lines open in case Bert might happen to call their number and demand the winning titles. The jackpot was fabulous in value, running as high as thirty thousand dollars for one night's loot.

Stop The Music, which started in March, 1948, was the Number One radio show by the time summer came. It began to edge out Fred Allen, who somewhat cynically offered to insure all listeners who stuck with him for the full amount they might have won, if a call came through to them from Parks during that listening period. Then, in 1949, the Federal Communications Commission put a ban on giveaway programs and the networks appealed to the courts, where the case still rests at this writing. Stop The Music, however, continued on its high-Hooper way. When it was converted to television in May, 1949, it retained much of its simplicity and human interest appeal. It wasn't until this season that it disappeared from the TV screens. Bert then took on Balance Your Budget as well as the TV version of Double Or Nothing.

Bert spends two full days at home every week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when he has no afternoon shows. Saturdays he's home a good part of the day and almost all day Sunday. (There's Double Or Nothing on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Balance Your Budget on Saturday night, and Break The Bank, the television version, on Sunday night.) Bert's twin sons and his daughter are in bed every night at 7:30, but Annette waits up for his return on his late nights or occasionally goes into town with him, but only occasionally to the studio. She watches from home, tells him what she thinks about a program—"She's an average viewer and her criticisms are always helpful," Bert says—and then they quit shop talk. "We talk about the kids, the house, what our friends are doing, what we'd like to do—just ordinary husband-and-wife talk. I forget I'm in show business and remember I'm just a guy earning a living for his family and having a fine life with them."

When company comes, and the Parks have friends in frequently but mostly informally, they aren't at all surprised that Bert is the quietest person in the room. "I'm not an extrovert socially," Bert says of himself. "People who know me only from my programs might think I start performing if more than two people are present, but that's when I let others take over and become a spectator. I'm glad to be the quiet one."

For a fellow who never has studied singing or diction, or dancing or acting, or music of any kind, who has never been in motion pictures, in vaudeville, or on the legitimate stage, Bert's is an amazing show-business success story—actually a radio and television success story. His own individual style of putting over a song, the little rhythm steps he sometimes improvises, the mimicry (which is a natural gift), the ability to quiz and exchange quips with all sorts of people, the friendliness and bounce, the enthusiasm and excitement are all part of that story. But the best part is Annette, and the twins, and Petty, and the wonderful life they all share.

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Let Yourself Be Happy!

(Continued from page 63)

pity) Charlotte, who has no children, no career, no interest in her husband or friends—except to goad them into trouble. Charlotte could never understand Elaine, the happy, busy actress, proud of her husband, adoring her two little daughters.

"I think," Elaine says softly, "I get to know Charlotte a little better each time I play her. She is her own worst enemy, always wanting something she can't have. Her sense of values is all wrong. She despises living in the small community of Fairbrook, thinks the Doctor ought to be at the head of some famous hospital so she could have the prestige that goes with being the wife of a fashionable and successful big-city physician. She is annoyed with the details of housekeeping and home-making. Oh, she runs her house well, as a matter of pride, but her home means nothing to her except as it provides a proper background for Charlotte herself. She has no genuine love for the house or the things she and the Doctor have gathered together to make it truly their own."

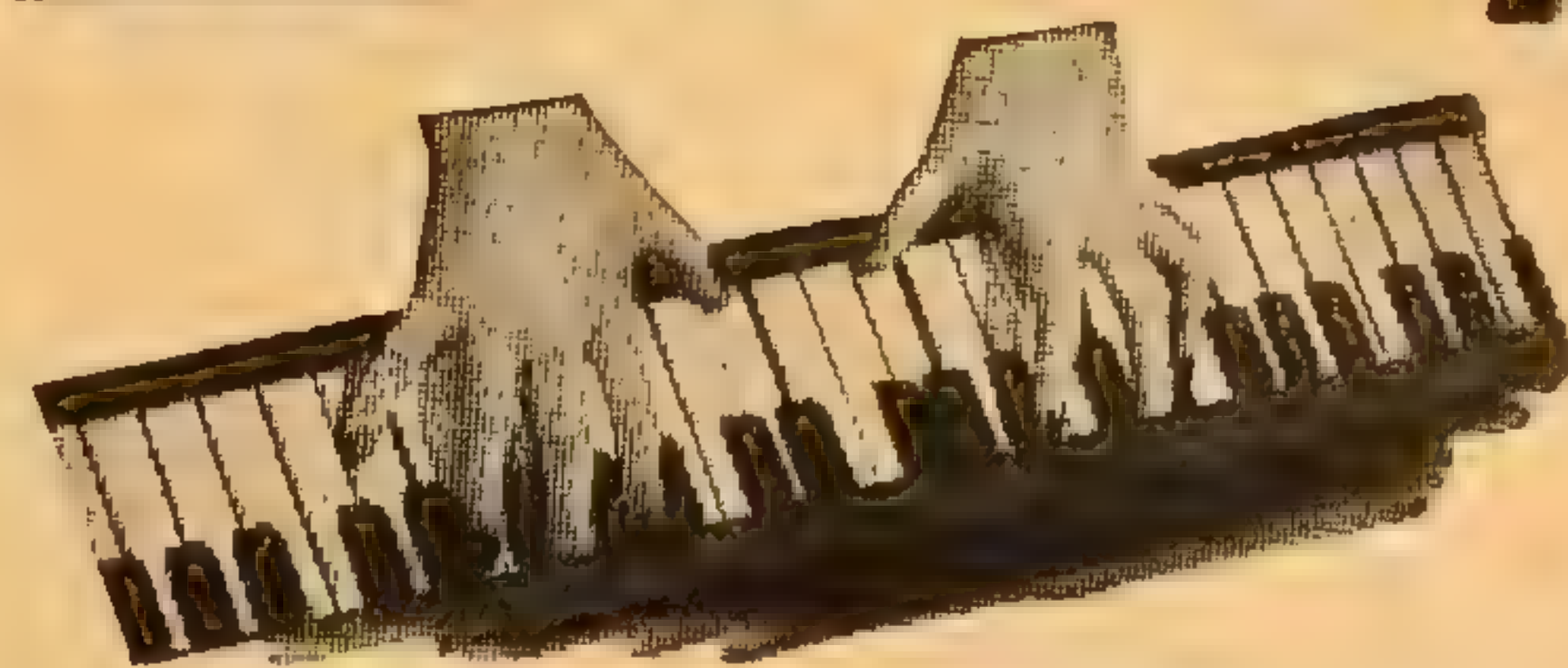
As Elaine speaks, she can't help glancing contentedly at her own large, comfortable living room, done in soft shades of green with some bright accents of red and some soft tans and beiges. An attractive, home-like room which invites a visitor to relax. She looks at the handsome enlarged photograph which hangs over the fireplace, a white New England church, taken by her husband . . . at the bookcases filled with old and new volumes for winter-evening reading, the top of one case covered with antique pitchers she has had such fun collecting, piece by piece. Her eyes travel to the grand piano in one corner, an instrument she has played well since childhood, and to the smiling pictures of her two daughters on top of it—more evidence of Charles' skill with a camera . . . to the big chairs flanking the fireplace, the fine old desk, the antique lamps, the rare and decorative glass bottles on the mantel shelf, the air of things lived with and enjoyed and shared.

"I'm so satisfied, so grateful for everything just the way it is," she bursts out. "I'm so lucky, so very lucky, to have Charles and the girls and our families and this home." There is no hint of smugness in her voice, no sense of being any wiser or better than Charlotte, but only this grateful realization and reiteration of her own blessings.

Charlotte, she knows, has not been so fortunate. As Elaine explains, "Charlotte has such a deep-seated jealousy of Our Gal Sunday, and resents the fact that Sunday is married to the handsome English Lord Henry, the man Charlotte had set her cap for—and failed to win—a few years back. I suppose she married Dr. Abbott, who is quite a bit older than she is, partly because of what he could do for her and partly because even she couldn't fail to be impressed by his wonderful qualities and by his great devotion to her. But even as good a man as he is, even a man as blindly in love with her as he is, cannot help but begin to be concerned about her growing reputation as a malicious gossip and troublemaker, and he is trying to control this tendency in his wife. He doesn't realize that what she really wants is power and position, and that she wants these more than anything else in life."

Elaine herself knows what she wants most from life, but they aren't the things Charlotte would understand. One of the busiest and most sought-after actresses in New York radio, before the birth of her first child, Elaine has always felt it vastly more important to be a good wife and a

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devoted mother. She did much less work on radio, during the babyhood of her two daughters, because: "A child is young such a brief time, and Charles and I both felt we should be home as much as possible during those early years."

Now that the girls are old enough for school (or nursery school), Elaine laughs about the one trait she and Charlotte might have had in common. "Charlotte's greatest fault is that she is completely wrapped up in self, in the things that concern her ambitions, in her appearance, in what she will wear and where she will go. She is clothes-conscious to a marked degree." Elaine hesitates and adds, "I have to admit I am very like her in that—but who can be clothes-conscious with two young daughters to dress up! The greatest fun is in having the girls clothes-conscious for me."

"These days I have to pass a rigid test before I am allowed to leave the house for any important engagement, like going out for the evening with Charles or appearing at their school meetings. 'What are you going to wear?' they will demand. Sometimes they say, horrified, 'Oh, no, not that dress again!' and I have to explain that I have only so many changes of costume. When I'm dressed and ready, they always decide I look just grand and beam their approval. My little one will say, 'Oh, Mommie, you look so pretty,' even though I'm wearing the dress she objected to a short time before."

Barbara (who is six) and Jan (who is four) are proud of their mother's radio programs. Elaine not only plays Charlotte, but appears on several other programs whenever the characters she portrays enter into one of the scripts. She is Gloria Nash in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and has been heard as Iris Sanford in *Backstage Wife* and Lydia Craig in *Front Page Farrell*. The girls listen to their mother occasionally and seem amused to hear Mommie's voice coming from these other women.

Their greatest pride, however, is in having her visit their schools and participate in the parents' meetings. She's a Class Representative in Jan's school and she works for the annual Fair as if it were the one job she had to do during that whole period, giving it every minute she can spare from her home and studio duties. She rarely misses anything important at either girl's school. One day she got off the air at one, raced up to Barbara's school for a two o'clock meeting, left it a few minutes early to get to a parents' meeting at Jan's school at 3:45—all done without proper lunch. "It took some sprinting and I couldn't duplicate it every day, but I wouldn't have done anything else, at such a time," she comments.

Doing things in a hurry seems to be almost a specialty of Elaine's. Consider the way she met Charles—and how they were married two months after that first meeting. "We met through his mother's invitation to me," she confides. "That's usually the kiss of death as far as having a boy like you is concerned," she laughs. "Charles' mother did wonderful work for the Stage Door Canteen during World War II and I was a captain of the junior hostesses. The mutual friend who introduced us to each other at the Canteen had invited me out for a weekend. Charles' mother, who lived near by, invited us both to a party, saying that her son would be there because he was on vacation. She wanted us to meet."

"We surprised everyone by having a date every night after that. We were secretly engaged after two weeks, and the formal announcement was made after three weeks. We got married on Thanksgiving Eve, 1943, two months later. The date was November 24, and now we never know whether to celebrate our anniversary on that date or on whatever date Thanksgiving Eve falls. It's been quite confusing, so

we compromise with two anniversaries."

In the children's sunny-walled room, are two aquariums. "These are Charles' hobbies, too," Elaine explains. "I think the children aren't much interested any more. They like them here because they know their daddy likes them. Charles used to have several more aquariums with tropical fish, but neither of us had enough time to take care of them."

Elaine used to ask the girls to keep their toys off the tops of dressers and bookcases and chairs, until she read somewhere that children ought to be allowed to keep their own room in their own way—"I'm doing it, with my fingers crossed, until it gets too out of hand." To a visitor, it looks like the room every little girl should have, with sensible linoleum flooring, and with books and dolls and toys in abundance. The girls and their parents go ice skating on New York's two most famous outdoor ponds, at Radio City and in Central Park. They all love the beach in summer. "Everything is exciting and wonderful to my children," Elaine says proudly. "They have a talent right now for sheer happiness, above everything else. They talk of becoming doctors—or, as second choice, teachers—never actresses, oddly enough."

"I get a big thrill out of radio," Elaine says, her eyes bright with the joy of bringing these characters to life for so many listeners. "I never get tired of my roles, and I still believe that while every woman's first duty is to her home and family—her first privilege, I should say, is caring for her dear ones—still it is quite necessary for a mother to get out once in a while and see other people and make new contacts. She brings something fresh and vital and interesting back with her each time. Charles has an agile mind, in touch with many things, and I don't want to grow dull and introspective while he goes ahead, always enlarging his vision and his interests. If I weren't an actress, I would cultivate something else to do that could keep me from getting in a rut. I think every woman should, for her own sake and for the sake of keeping herself interesting to her husband and children."

Good advice, perhaps, for the restless Charlotte Abbott. But who could picture Charlotte in this typical scene from Elaine's life?

It is raining, but Elaine ties on a scarf, bundles up in a raincoat, and walks several blocks to the old New York house where Jan's nursery school is located. Elaine is just getting over a severe cold. However—"I can't let Jan down," she explains, almost apologetically. "I promised to come for her myself today."

The welcoming smile which spreads all over the little face—so like Elaine's own—is reward enough. Jan is eager to show her mother a "painting" she has made by pasting pieces of patterned cloth in bright colors on heavy drawing paper, in shapes and sizes as her fancy dictated. "I wanted you to help me surprise Barbara with this," she tells Elaine.

"Well, let's get home before the school bus brings Barbara," her mother agrees enthusiastically. "We'll put it at her place at the table, so she'll see it first thing."

Jan beams her approval of her mother's understanding help. Elaine buttons her into the bright raincoat, tucks the brown hair under the hood. The two say goodbye to the teachers and go out into the murky street, carefully carrying the precious "painting."

A rainy day, a wet walk until the shelter of home is reached. Two figures hand in hand, giggling over the surprise in store for sister Barbara. Happiness is made of simple scenes like this. But Charlotte Abbott wouldn't know. If only somehow she could play Elaine Kent—and learn to let herself be happy!

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Tomorrow the Sun Will Shine Again

(Continued from page 32)

know how famous is the new father who fingers those magic strings which fascinate her so. But already she's his fan, and her two new white teeth stand out like tiny beacons of happiness against the black of her hair and those dark eyes, as she listens to him sing—and laughs at the pretty lady, in the gay yellow peasant blouse and shiny golden earrings, who Little Doe some day will know is her adopted mother, Dale.

"It must have been God's will. He must have worked it out for us," they will tell you slowly now. God must have willed them this new happiness—their two adopted children, Little Doe and five-year-old Sandy, of the taffy hair and eager blue eyes . . . to help ease the heartache of losing Robin, the little daughter they gave back to Him.

Every day now is dimming for young Sandy—of whom Roy says, "He's sharp in mind, but about a year and a half behind in size . . . but he'll grow fast"—the fact that he has not always been the son of the King of the Cowboys, nor always had Dale Evans as his mother, nor had sisters like Cheryl and cute, pert pigtailed Linda and Little Doe, and a new brother he idolizes named "Dusty," for his very own.

Forgotten now, by Sandy, the years in Kentucky when there wasn't enough to eat to grow on—and the pain of the brace he once wore. His cheeks are getting pinker, his legs, supported by heavy correction shoes, sturdier, and he's filling out the shirt so proudly decorated by the yellow "Roy Rogers" suspenders he wears. He swings worshipfully onto the arm of his new father, almost as though to be sure he really does belong there, as he says over and over, "Daddy, I like you," and hears his, "I like you too, son," as Roy pulls him over very close.

Theirs is a child's heaven today—the kind any child dreams about . . . awakening every morning to find Roy Rogers is his father, Dale Evans his mother, and that he personally owns a piece of Trigger—the smartest horse in the whole wide world.

And although they are yet too young to know—Sandy and Little Doe—a fragile little "child of heaven" really brought them together there. A baby sister they will never know—but whose presence seems very warm and ever near in the Rogers' home. A little girl with blonde curly hair and big blue eyes, whose sunshiny likeness laughs down on them from the wall of Dale's and Roy's bedroom now. Little Robin, about whom her mother has written a book called *Angel Unaware*.

"That's from the Scripture, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares,'" Dale says slowly now, her eyes bright with still unshed tears and with the memories of the little child of the picture, who in two short years so enriched and changed their lives and brushed them with a bit of heaven from her own . . . who inspired them to bring all future happiness possible to the hearts of others who, like little Robin, live life with a handicap. . . .

And now two little strangers who might never have found a happy home, a baby who's one-eighth Indian and an undernourished little boy, are theirs—through the grace of God, and their own little "angel unaware."

Although few were aware of it, little Robin's days here were numbered from the moment she was born. So serious was her heart disorder, doctors gave her three years—at the very most—to live. "Take her home and love her," the famous heart

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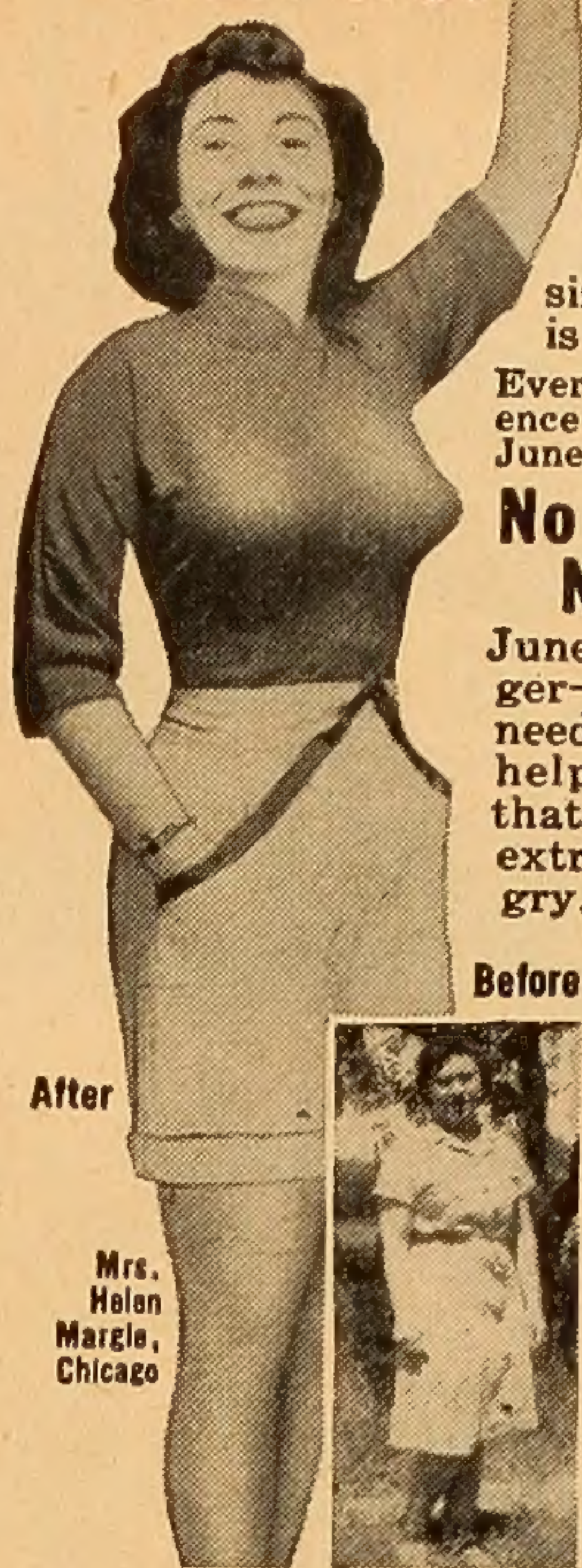
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specialist told Roy and Dale kindly. "Sometimes love can do more than medicine."

Robin's was all the love there was to give. Because she had to live in a whisper, removed from the commotion of everyday living, they fixed the guest house for all the needs of Robin and her nurse. As the months—and then two years—passed, the baby showed she wanted to become a part of the activity going on around her. She was aware of everything and so eager to take part. To talk and laugh and move around. Ever wishing some of their own strength could be hers, Dale and Roy watched with mixed emotions, knowing every move she made, every laugh, every clap of her hands was making the little heart pound harder—and taking her away from them. Yet they wanted Robin to be happy and to enjoy them—for as much time, or as little, as would be hers. "And she did enjoy being here with us. We know she did," they say slowly now.

Her death, however, when it came, was a great shock. For it was caused by complications other than her heart. "She was just sick four days—we didn't even know she was so ill—" they say slowly now. For Robin contracted mumps and, although the doctor gave her penicillin to ward off a second infection, brain fever followed. She had no strength to fight, and very quietly that Sunday—two weeks before Dale and Roy were to leave for the Madison Square Garden World's Rodeo—as quietly and softly as she had lived, little Robin went away. . . .

"I'm so thankful we were home when it happened," Dale says now. "I don't think I would ever have gotten over it—" almost speaking to the picture as she talks. "Looking back, she was so tired there at the last. So very tired. Almost as though it was an effort to stay with us. We should have seen her slipping away from us. But then, you're never really prepared—"

"Roy was so wonderful during this whole bad time," Dale reminisces, going on softly. "He took care of everything. All my life I'll be grateful to him—for the way he helped me through it. . . . The first week, God must have sustained me. Then, all of a sudden, it was as though I'd had a heavy fever, too, and the anaesthetic wore off . . . and it was pretty bad. . . ."

Gravely concerned about Dale, Roy kept urging, "Honey, why don't we adopt a little baby girl right now." But Dale couldn't bear the thought when he first mentioned it. "No baby can take Robin's place," she would say.

Then, as she thought more about it, she suddenly remembered a pair of snapping black eyes in a laughing face she'd seen three months before, when she'd gone back to the adoption home in Dallas to prepare authorities there for a visit from Cheryl. Now twelve, Cheryl was full of the natural wonderment and doubts and fears of her own birth and background, and Roy and Dale felt these were questions the orphanage could better explain. Going through the home that day, she stopped by the crib of a little baby girl whose black eyes laughed back at her. "She was just two and a half months old then, but out of twenty-three babies she stood out like everything. Her eyes were so black, and she was so healthy—the healthiest baby I'd ever seen." When they said she was one-eighth Choctaw, Dale was reminded that Roy was one-sixty-fourth Choctaw, too. "At the time, I remember thinking I hoped she would get a good home."

Remembering the baby now, Dale felt a hunger to go back to the adoption home. "I was missing Robin so. I just wanted to be close to some babies. Play with them. Hold them." Roy was happy, when she suggested it. Going with the superintendent through the home, the face of the one baby

kept coming before her. "Is the baby with the Indian blood still here?" Dale asked. "Yes, indeed," the superintendent smiled. "She's had all her tests, and she's ready for adoption now."

"They brought her out and I held her," Dale smiles, "and when they took her away—well, that was that. I told Roy I'd like to have her." As for him—Roy had fallen in love with her at first sight. "Look at those eyes!" he kept saying. And, "Got a lot of spizzierinctum, too." She was so strong and healthy—"and such a joy, bouncing around," Dale adds, remembering.

"We'll call her 'Little Doe,'" Dale had smiled then, a bit dreamily. But, as she adds now laughingly, "I was really kidding about the name. However, Roy loved it, and he wouldn't hear of changing it." Although she reminded him, "When she grows up she may not like that 'Little' on her name." About this, her husband was very firm. "'Little Doe' is an Indian name, and it sounds just right for her," her father-to-be insisted.

But the baby was not yet theirs—"Little Doe" or no—and wheels must turn, red tape must be untangled, a fight must be made, and legislation amended, and the strict Texas laws about adopting babies and taking them out of the county was to be challenged, before Little Doe could be their own. In a letter, en route to New York, Dale made an impassioned plea to the authorities, stating all the reasons they felt they should have her. "Roy has the same strain of Indian blood," she reminded them. She herself came from Texas.

In Dallas, the school authorities called a special meeting and went in fighting for them. It was strange how quickly it was all effected—almost as though with a *helping hand* too strong to be denied. Two days after Roy and Dale reached New York, high up in their rooms in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel the phone rang, with the welcome news that "Little Doe was ours." The school authorities told Dale, too, what to bring for her to wear, when they picked her up on the way home.

"I didn't think I could face Robin's clothes," Dale says now—remembering. "But, when I thought more about it, I felt Robin would have wanted it that way. So I sent for some of her little things. It helped me to use them, after I got over the first hump, but the first one was hard—"

Nor was it easy, facing an arena full of people every night, riding and smiling and bowing—"especially when we went around the ring and shook hands with the children . . . with the little girls. . . ." But it was rewarding to be able to make little children happy, to see their little faces light up, and as Dale says, "I was grateful that we could. And Roy—well, Roy was so wonderful through it all. . . ."

It was during their Madison Square Garden engagement that Dale Evans wrote her book about Robin, *Angel Unaware*—of which she says now, "I had help—I know I did." Help that seemed destined not to desert them, for even as Trigger was making his final bow there—before leaving for one-nighters that would take them home to Hollywood—on a farm outside Covington, Kentucky, a little boy was being tucked into bed who soon would be going home with them. And their cup—truly, it would be running over. . . .

"We'd been looking for a little boy for a year," they say now, still with a note of wonderment. "We wanted a little brother for Dusty, and we'd had our application in all around—but we hadn't been able to find one."

But while they were making an appearance in Cincinnati, Ohio—suddenly, there he was. Roy received a wire from a woman in Kentucky, asking if they'd

be interested in a little girl she had for adoption. Roy telephoned her immediately, and found she was a farm woman who was also raised in an orphanage and—vowing never to turn down a child who needed her help—she'd converted her own twenty-eight-acre farm near Covington, Kentucky, into a home for handicapped children.

"Do you have a little boy for adoption?" asked Roy, almost holding his breath. "Yes," she said, "one." He invited the woman and her crippled daughter to come to the show that night—and bring the boy. "And there he was—the boy we'd been looking for—just like that." They were going on to Muncie, Indiana, the next day, and they had two hours' time to make up their minds—but who needed it? "We just fell in love with him on the spot." As for Sandy, he was thrilled deep down—down to his Kentucky accent. He knew them from watching their television shows, and he was a devout fan. "Hi, ya—Part-no," he said when he saw Roy.

Cheryl, Linda and Dusty, meeting the plane, were a little stunned when they saw four of them emerge. It was Dusty's sixth birthday, and they'd hurried home for a family celebration. For all seven. "The kids knew about Little Doe—but Sandy was a big surprise. The pupils of Dusty's eyes were dilated twice their size, when he saw Sandy getting off the plane with his daddy," Dale laughs now. And he was almost overcome with happiness, when Roy told him he'd brought him a little brother for his birthday. He kept saying, "Oh, boy, Oh, boy!" all the way home.

As for Little Doe, the children dubbed her "Dodie" on the spot—and, so nicknamed, she checked into the family reservation, and usually answers to "Dodie" now . . . as much as a nine-months-older can.

Sometimes Sandy's joy is almost too much for him. "I want to show I can do flip-flops," he says, and excitedly starts turning one somersault after another on the living-room rug, winding up with some broken-field running towards his father and "I like you, Daddy—" and hearing yet again, "I like you too, son," as Roy hugs him up tight.

Now and then, as follows naturally, there's a tug of heart, too, as when her mother puts a little blue dress on Little Doe—which was once Robin's. And when they watch her playing with her feet and staring intently at the nursery figures painted on the crib—"They fascinate her . . . they did Robin, too. . . ." says Dale, with a sudden catch in her throat.

Smiling down so life-like upon them, Robin seems always to be assuring them she's still with them. Still a living part of the daily scene. As indeed, inspirationally, she is.

"That child helped us so much," her mother says softly, speaking again to the picture. "Robin did so much for my life—and Roy's, too. Helped us appreciate what's really important on this earth. And somehow she's taken the tinsel away from our lives. Those of us in the entertainment business inevitably pick up a little tinsel from time to time. But Robin created a ministry for me . . . of ministering to others. To other children less fortunate. And she did the same for Roy—"

"God has really smiled on us," they say, obviously moved, as with hearts almost too full for words, Roy and Dale Rogers look around them lovingly at their happy brood, who seem as close as though they've been forever a family.

And little Robin seems warmly near, too. As near as their own little "angel unaware." And she keeps smiling on all of them. . . .

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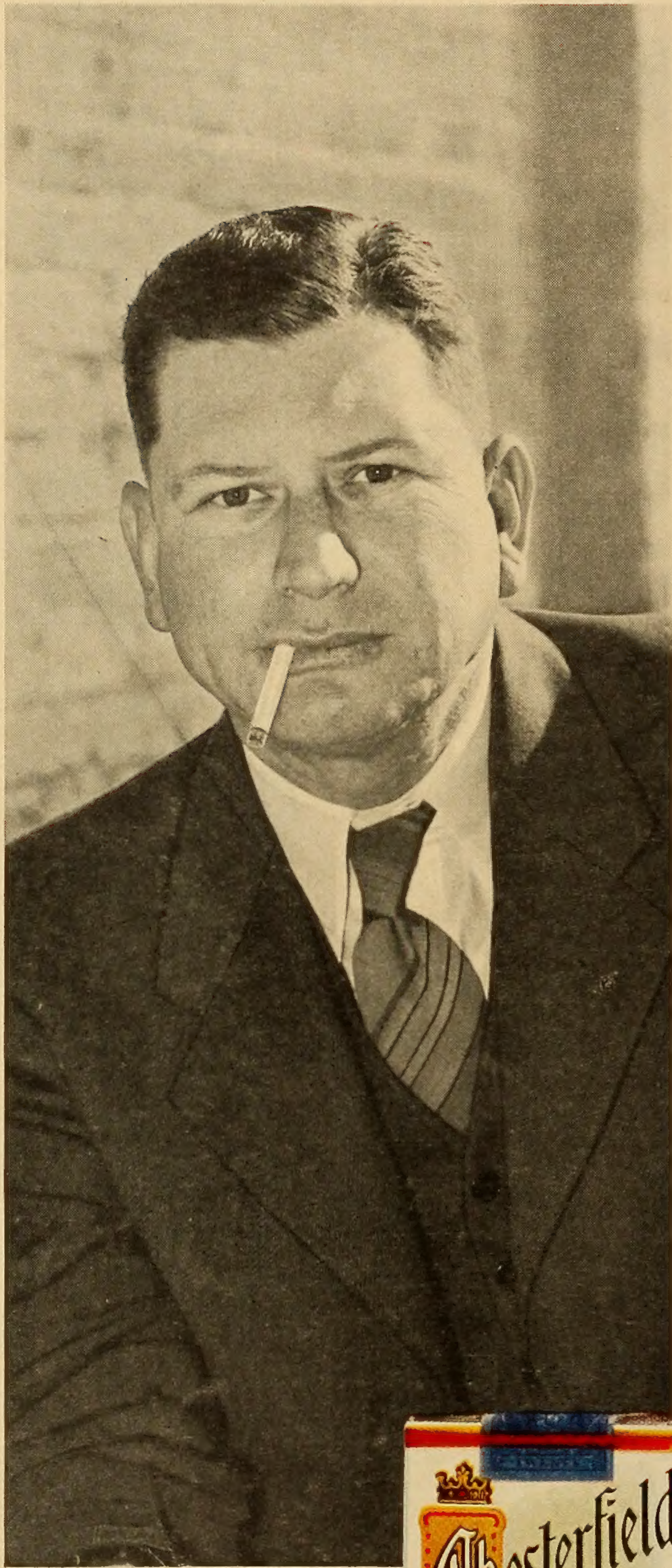
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